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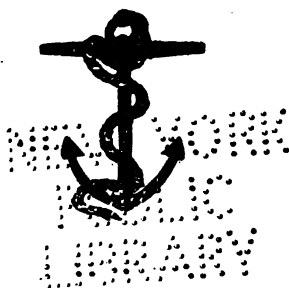


# HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

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VOLUME THE SIXTEENTH.

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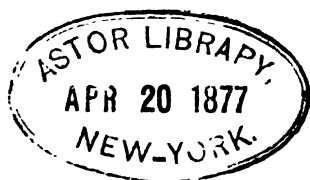
"The security of the Kingdom is increased by every man being more or less a Sailor."—CAPT. MARRYAT'S *Pirate and Three Cutters*.

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JUN 1877  
VIA RAIL



## ADDRESS.

Entering upon another year of publication, kindly friends tell us we have established a claim to the continued and warm support of all the lovers of the sea, its pursuits, and pastimes.

Notwithstanding the flattering assurance of such a claim, we shall endeavour to render it still more certain, by the continued devotion of our best energies, in every way that can advance the cause and the interests of yachting.

As the recognized organ solely devoted to the noblest pastime in which Britons indulge, we have endeavoured to render our Magazine in every way efficient to the duties of its position; and from the commendations with which we have been favoured, are induced to think not altogether without achieving a measure of success.

As reward sweetens labour—even a labour of love, we trust that a rising barometer, in the shape of a still more enlarged support, may confirm these indications of a fair wind, and enable us to attain further success by being prepared with additional canvas.

To our many patrons we are grateful. To our able and kind contributors we address our sincere acknowledgments, and the assurance, that the cultivation of reciprocal relationship in the good cause we are embarked in shall ever predominate on our part.

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# HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY 1st, 1867.

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THERE AND BACK AGAIN. \*

A NAUTICAL, YACHTICAL NARRATIVE.

## CHAPTER XI.

A RECONTE.—CINTRA.—A LUSITANIAN MUSIC HALL.

"Lo Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes,  
In variegated maze of mount and glen."

CHILDE HAROLD.

ON the day after Guendolen arrived at Lisbon, our yachtsmen were sauntering through the streets in the manner common to all tourists in search of "gape seed." There was that purposeless, vagrant, loitering appearance which at once bespoke them strangers, and strangers without occupation; there was that easy "*abandon*," that semi-critical air as though Lisbon with its busy population were some passing scene in a diorama, unrolling for their express delectation; and strong in belief that they were altogether unknown to a single individual, who walked those streets with them, they felt themselves to be abstractions from the world around, and as completely dissociated from it, as though the cap of Fortunatus was on their collective brows, rendering them invisible to mortal eyes.

But the world is much smaller than is usually imagined. Brown comes across Jones in Timbuctoo, and Robinson who goes in for a

\* Continued from page 550, vol. xv.

thousand miles in a canoe on the river Yang-tse-kiang to escape his compatriots, is greeted by the familiar voices of Brown and Jones, as he paddles his way among the sampans of Nankin. "Hallo, old fellow, who'd a'thought of seeing *you* here!"

Of course then, the streets of Lisbon could form no exception to this rule, and so in the midst of their fancied isolation, great was the surprise of the Guendolenians when a stout bearded individual of the true "Mossoo" type started forward from a group of loungers, and throwing his arms around Tom Bowline saluted that gentleman with three kisses, one on each cheek, and one on his lips.

Tom started back aghast. He had the Briton's prejudice against male embracing male, and a notion flashed through his brain that this Judas kiss might be the *ruse* of a pick-pocket, so Tom cleared for action. "Ha! *caro mio* Bowlino," shouted the stranger in stentorian tones—(but as the Chronicler feels shaky in his Italian, he will not tempt his fate further in that language.) "Do you not know me? Behold! I am thine ancient friend Boanergi, first profound bass of Opera Royals everywhere! What, the beard? ah bah! the beard—the beard it comes and it goes; what, do you not remember?"—and he burst forth into deep mouthed song

"Son Dandini il cameriere."

But Tom had recovered his scattered faculties, and with some difficulty evading a second embrace, shook the great singer's hand heartily, after the English fashion, and introduced him to the other three; a courtesy which the Signor reciprocated, by extending the acquaintance to his friends, who turned out to be other members of the Opera company then fulfilling an engagement at the Royal Theatre. By a happy coincidence luncheon time had arrived—the landing steps were within a hundred yards distance and the gig waiting. Two or three trips conveyed the whole party on board Guendolen, and there, over the foaming wine of Champagne, an *ex-sente cordiale* was established, very agreeable and useful to the travellers during their short stay in Lisbon.

Tom Bowline's acquaintance with Signor Boanergi was in this wise. A *fanatico per la musica*, as we have said, the pursuit of the tuneful art had thrown him among those birds of a feather, who from time to time in the form of opera companies warble so deliciously to Dublin audiences. It had been in Tom's power on one such occasion to be of some slight service to the great basso, hence the loving recognition.

As a natural consequence of this fraternization we went that evening to the opera, where we heard "Adriana Lecouvreur," by Vera, a Lisbonian musician, some of whose more fugitive pieces have obtained popularity in England, but we all agreed that to be a composer of "*opera seria*" his "ambition should be made of sterner stuff" than "Adriana" discloses. There was a nice ballad for the tenor, a decidedly good aria, (well sung too) for the baritone, and a masterly quartette and chorus for all hands; but with these exceptions, the only impression we carried away was one of harmonious noise. The orchestra was capital, (perhaps afflicted with a little too much brass,) and the chorus a delightful contrast to the same functionaries at home, who male and female resemble badly made Marionettes, convulsively worked by one stage carpenter in the flies.

The house itself was large and handsomely decorated, and the Royal box a feature worthy of notice. It occupies the toe end, so to speak, of the horse-shoe, and is a vast canopy supported by white and gold caryatides. It extends from the ground tier of boxes to the ceiling! The Royal family however, seemed to consider all this grandeur oppressive, for they sat in a stage box unadorned by any devices which could point out its distinguished occupants.

The next morning we chartered an open carriage to pay a visit to Cintra, the Brighton of Portugal, whither fly all the rich and fashionable from the heats of summer, which are almost unendurable in the metropolis. The road thither is a dull one, and as it is for the most part up hill, we took a long time to accomplish the fifteen miles,\* that lie between it and Lisbon, the only unusual sight to us northerners being the hedgerows of aloes and prickly pear, which skirted the roadside. However, as we approached the end of our journey the scenery began to improve, and finally we confessed that the views we obtained quite repaid the trouble we had taken, and were worthy of remembrance: soon therefore the camera and sketch book were at work and the hours passed pleasantly. The most prominent feature in the landscape is the quasi Moorish palace, built by Don Fernando the king's father, on the site of the old Saracenic fortress of La Pena, and at a little distance it is certainly an imposing structure, being well placed in the view, of considerable extent and most florid in its execution, but a closer inspection dispels the illusion. The little patchy sham bastions and jim-crack cement turrets, such as a cit would adorn his box at Camberwell with, bring

\* There is now a railway from Lisbon to Cintra.

it at once down from the sublime to the ridiculous. It is not however beyond the power of improvement, and only requires a chastened taste to make a really fine thing of it. If they would only sweep away the gingerbread element, converting the plaster of Paris fortifications into broad terraces, and abolishing the present insignificant approach in favor of something more befitting a royal palace, the eye would have something pleasant to rest upon, however "*chaos à son goût*."

But the chief attraction, that which makes it worth one's while to come fifteen dull miles to see, is the splendid panorama that lies beneath the eye of any one standing on the rocky platform on which the palace is built. To the right and left the whole Atlantic-washed coast of Portugal, and the subjacent plains of Estremadura stretch away into blue nothingness, while in the fore-ground, bold crags and dark pine woods fall away to the sea level. No wonder the Lisbonians regard their lofty cliffs and shady fir groves, ever fanned by the cool breezes as an oasis, when the fiery summer sun scorches up everything lower down into an arid desert.

The town itself is dotted up and down amongst the rocks, with a nucleus of houses on a plateau, lower down among which, supreme in its hideousness stands the royal palace, (they seem to be unfortunate in Portugal in the matter of palaces,) we should have guessed it to be a gaol, a glass-blowing establishment, a great malting house—anything but a palace.

A far more tempting looking residence is that of the English Ambassador, a pretty snug looking villa nestling among rocks and fir trees, and somewhat removed from the garlicky town below. It must also come in for a larger share of the daily sea breeze for which the languid inhabitants gasp, and its diplomatic occupants have but a short distance to crawl before they reach the shelter which the shadowy and aromatic pine groves afford. On the whole we agreed that his Excellency's family were not to be pitied, and indeed I think none of our party will refuse the appointment, should government so far open its eyes to our worth as to offer it to us.

But it was not the stucco-built palace of the Pena, or the umbrageous groves with their devious paths starting from nowhere particular, and emerging similarly, (such "spots for lovers and lovers only,") that struck us on our visit to Cintra so much as its deserted aspect. It might have been a city of the dead! Roam

where we would we seemed the only living beings, and there was an eerie stillness about, that was made more palpable by the discordant cawing of a few jackdaws, which—save our own voices alone broke the silence. Every villa had a fortified appearance, shuttered windows concealed the mutual desolation of chamber and street from one another, a repose as profound as that of Palmyra reigned around.

It required a knocking as loud and continuous as that which surprised the guilty Macbeth, before we could arouse mine host of the principal fonda, and when after much unchaining, unlocking, and unbarring he did appear, it was in such semi-somnolent and dishevelled fashion, as to convince us that like the marmot he was enjoying his hybernation, when we most recklessly did murder sleep.

However, as "our stomachs were beginning to think that our throats must be cut," we awoke him *sans ceremonie* and despatched him to do the like by his cook, with many a painful doubt as to whether we should be able to get anything to eat in this land of Morpheus. The suspicion was an unjust one, in the process of a not unreasonable time the viands were served, and it is only fair to report that our Rip Van Winkle provided us with one of the most eatable dinners we had partaken of since leaving Great Britain. Quarry—could the fresh air of the mountain and our prolonged scramble, have affected our verdict? Perhaps.

The day was so well sped before our dinner was over, that we expressed a determination to waive dessert and commence our homeward journey. Against this our host loudly protested, but finding us resolute effected a compromise, by cramming with his own hands the contents of the dishes into our pockets; (Dick Marlingspike the ingrate found fault with him subsequently, for not including the nut-crackers,) and receiving the amount of his bill, (a marvel of moderation,) with lively gesticulations of gratitude returned to his blankets, while our driver who had unmistakeably exchanged the two spurs on his heels for one in his head, charged furiously and skiddesly down the steep hill, up which he had crawled so laboriously in the morning, and so, farewell to Sleepy Hollow. The spur in the head stood well to us and brought us back to Lisbon, in time to spend the evening in a very pleasant manner at a Portuguese edition of our London Music Halls. Here the manager evidently stood in no

dread of a Lord Chamberlain, for while eating, drinking, and smoking was busily going forward in front of the proscenium, the performances on the stage embraced the whole range of entertainments, from opera to comic songs.

There was a comic opera by Mercadante, a ballet, of the French school, a concert, at which, it being an off night at the theatre, all the opera company sang, and finally a monologue farce, performed by the funny man of the establishment, which kept the house in a continuous roar of laughter, somewhat tantalising to us who could not understand the jokes. The curtain which fell on the conclusion of the farce, fell also upon our doings in Lisbon. We had arranged to sail next day, for the "*edax rerum*" had been devouring the hours at a great rate, and we had much to see before we could eat our Christmas roast beef and plum pudding, among our compatriots at Gibraltar; so hey for Spain once more! Cadiz, bitter sherry, bitter oranges and "sweet Seville."

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## CHAPTER XII.

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### CADIZ.

"Fair Cadiz rising o'er the dark blue sea."

CHILDS HAROLD.

NEXT morning Mr. Commissary General Marlinspike went ashore in a great rage with the steward, who "never remembers anything until the last moment," and who stood at his bedside with a long list of wants in his hand, when the anchor wanted but a twist of the windlass to come up. All the bread was eaten, the oil was consumed, a suspicious leakage had occurred in the rum cask, the clothes had not come back from the wash, the meat had changed its type, and from "beast of the field," had become "creeping things," the fish smelt foul, and the fowl fishy, &c., until at last springing from the "downy" and fulminating *επρεα πτεροεντα* against his tormentor, he rushed on shore bent on performing prodigies of marketing before the matutinal meal.

So indeed he did, but it was past one o'clock before that heroic commissary general sat himself down to his breakfast, a meal which the other three called lunch, and partook of as such, during the progress



of which a brisk nor-easter—pray confound it not with its piercing British namesake—drove the good ship *Guendolen* in exhilarating style, down the smooth stream of the Tagus, through the Cacopos—a series of nasty banks in the southern exit, formed no doubt by the washings down of the river—and finally into the blue water of the Atlantic, where she was headed for Cape St. Vincent, and our sea life once more was fairly resumed.

All through that day we enjoyed the unusual pleasure of a spanking breeze and smooth water, but some time during the night while we slept—and therefore were not watching it—our nor-easter stole away and left us becalmed until morning, when it returned repentant, bringing with it as a makepeace, a rather stronger infusion of northerly qualities, which was very acceptable now that we had to haul our wind round Cape St. Vincent. It was well on in to the night however, before we had run our distance for Cadiz, and as ill luck would have it, a thick sea fog arose between us and the land, which completely obscured the lighthouses, so that all hopes of sleeping in harbour that night were at an end. Besides this—let me make a clean breast of it, on this particular occasion the *Guendolen's* navigators made—to use a vulgarism—a mull of it. It is of slight consequence with whom the fault rested, though of course the administrative blamed the executive, and the executive returned the compliment upon the administrative, but the simple facts of the case were, that upon examination a discrepancy was found to exist between the dial of Massey's patent log, and the hourly returns of the ordinary log ship and reel. Patent logs like other human institutions will occasionally get out of order, and as the crew scouted with indignation the idea that any irregularity had occurred in the heaving of the common log, and as the first mate produced an imposing array of figures, with deductions for this and allowances for that, we were over persuaded rather than convinced, and held on for the distance, which he asserted we had got to run before we could make Cadiz. There we hove to and “waited for the day,” it came, driving away the mists and solving the night's problem in a moment. There was Apes Hill on the African coast broad on the bow. Cape Trafalgar not very far ahead of us, and Cadiz goodness knows where astern of us! The “I told you so” recrimination which followed did not help us an inch back upon our road, and it was with some disgust that we began to beat back the distance we had over-run in the

night. Luckily the day was fine, the water smooth and the breeze steady, circumstances which made a turn to windward child's play to our clipper, so that tolerably early in the day we sighted Cadiz, glittering in the sun like a frosted silver ornament in the deep blue enamel of the sea and sky. Soon after, having secured a pilot we sailed in among a crowd of vessels, and dropped anchor at a very inconvenient distance from the shore, on the declaration of our pilot that it would be unsafe to close it more.

Cadiz, situated on the nor'-westernmost extremity of the island of Leon, appears from the sea to possess no such solid foundation, but to emerge like Venus from the wave itself. The anchorage is commodious but not too safe in westerly gales, unless at a considerable distance further up the bay, for the holding ground is bad and anchors are apt to come home. I should not recommend brother yachtsmen who are unacquainted with this port to attempt to enter without a pilot, as there is a cluster of ugly rocks called the "Puer-cinos" lying in ambuscade for him right across the entrance: should however dire necessity compel him to grope his own way in, the best entrance is the northern one, he must however give the shore a wide berth as there are reefs extending for more than a mile.

There are certain penny wise yachtsmen who shirk the expense of pilots, and assert that the book of sailing directions and the harbour chart should be quite enough, but for my part I think no money so well laid out as the five, six, or even ten dollars that relieve one's mind from all anxiety. Surely it is no slight satisfaction to feel that having fulfilled all legal conditions, the insurance company must make good the damage, should your vessels keel unfortunately try conclusions with an Atlantic reef. The harbour chart and sailing directions are of course indispensable, since pilots have the policeman's knack of being mostly out of the way when wanted, but I confess I approach the study of them with diffidence and dislike. To bring a vessel into a strange port—especially at night—is a nervous business at the best, but the book of sailing directions is enough to demoralize the coolest hand. Doubtless it is with the laudable intention of instilling a proper amount of caution into the minds of reckless navigators, that they are so horribly accurate in their announcement of perilous positions, but the objection to them is, that having succeeded in alarming the mariner to a proper pitch of prudence, they rather confuse than assist him by the

oracular directions which are given to keep him out of scrapes. It is only tantalising to inform a stranger, that by keeping the tower of the Church of San Antonio in one with the fort of Santiago, you will clear such and such a shoal when the whole town bristles with anonymous spires and towers, and the coast presents an unbroken line of forts. A man so circumstanced is like the robber in the fairy tale, who found all the doors in the street chalked with the mark that was to have guided him to the house of Ali Baba.

But this is a digression, and I fear I have been keeping my readers too long waiting at the gate of the birth place of sherry, while their lips no doubt have been watering to taste that product of the grape 'ere it has reached the sophisticating hands of a British wine merchant, if so I must entreat them to curb their impatience yet a little longer, for they are in the hands of those who will in no wise be hurried. The Sanidad folk.

Patience is a virtue that must be included in the moral kit of a traveller in Spain, for it is the national habit of Spaniards, and official Spaniards pre-eminently, to do nothing in a hurry. Perhaps it may be this very practise of "taking their time," that has kept them back a full century behind the rest of civilized Europe, the time they have taken, or rather lost, having been put to better use by their neighbours. However, even Spanish procrastination has its limits, and in the mean time there is much around us, that is new and interesting to curb our impatience, and lull a sense of injury which with Britons is apt to find vent in injurious epithets.

There is generally plenty of shipping in the anchorage of Cadiz, and on the occasion of our visit there was even more variety than usual. We had a Dutch fleet, looking sailor-like and serviceable, as might be expected from the countrymen of Van Tromp, a fine P. and O. steamer lazily giving off little puffs of steam, as if enjoying a mild cigarro, Guendolen, representing, and not badly, the yachting interest, rakish looking schooners and brigantines, which in the old troublous times might be expected to carry a long gun or two, and a letter of marque, but now more peaceably employed as fruiters, barques, brigs and other beasts of burden engaged in the coal trade, and other branches of commerce, and most frequent the little felucha so fairy-like under sail, so disappointing when viewed at anchor: like the butterfly her comeliness is in her wings, deprived of them she possesses no more beauty than the same insect when shorn by the ruthless hands of Master Tommy

At the same time there is no denying that in spite of their shapelessness, and the eye-sore of their two or three stumpy masts, raking every way, they sail fast and go very near the wind. The *guarda costas* (revenue cruiser,) are of this rig and of about fifty tons measurement, they carry a long gun amidships, are undecked and boast no better covering for the men than a dirty tarpaulin. Cadiz is after a fashion fortified, and has its military rules about gate shutting and opening as is customary in such places, and though these regulations are arranged on a somewhat more liberal scale than at Coruna, they certainly are a bore to yachtsmen. At five every afternoon the inexorable gates close, and open but once again during the night, and then only for the quarter of an hour before midnight, to give egress to the officers of men-of-war, amongst whom, by a courteous stretch of imagination, yachtsmen are included: several hard runs had the Guendolenians to catch this precious quarter, and more than once did they arrive just in time to be too late.

The gates themselves are bored through the town rampart, and over them runs a broad esplanade. There are two of them side by side, adorned with handsome Roman columns and capitals. Over the left gate is inscribed in large letters

"DEVS CVSTODIAT INTROITVM,"

while the sentence is completed over the right one,

"ET EXITVVM."

This is at all events civil, and in order to avoid confusion in the distribution of the blessing invoked, the town can only be entered through the *INTROITVM* arch, nor can you leave it except through that of the *EXITVVM*.

On our way to the quay steps, an incident occurred which lifted the curtain a little on the way in which business is carried on in the Spanish navy. Wishing to obtain a rate for his chronometer, Bill Binnacle called with that instrument upon the captain of a man-of-war lying near us who civilly, but with a very embarrassed manner got rid of us, with the excuse that his steward had taken his keys ashore, but if we would call again in the afternoon, &c., &c.—Bill thanked him,—said he should call again, and we took our leave, but instead of returning to the yacht with the chronometer it occurred to us that it would save trouble to bring it with us, and obtain the rate ashore; we did so, and on reaching the shop where

such business was transacted, saw through the window the very captain with his chronometer on the counter, evidently on the same errand as ourselves. As he did not discover us, we sheered off for a quarter of an hour or so, and on returning heard from the shopman that our friend's time-keeper was not even wound when brought to him for a rate, and that from its filthy condition he imagined that it had long been so, and would have long continued so, had not the fear of our calling in the afternoon, sent him off to the shop to have it put, temporarily at least, in working order—and this on a man-of-war only just returned from foreign service!

On entering the town through the INTROITVM gate, the traveller finds himself in a sort of straggling market-place, into which numbers of the usual narrow Spanish streets irregularly *debouche*. At the far side stands a town-hallish looking building, adorned with a clock tower and surmounted with the pepper-pot cupola, which seems from its frequency to be a favorite ornament with Spanish architects. Over the houses on the right hand corner rises the shining domes of the cathedral or principal church. Here it was that the great Murillo met his untimely end, while engaged in painting his celebrated picture of St. Catherine. Just at its completion, he stepped back on the scaffold erected for his convenience, to contemplate the effect of his work as painters are wont to do, and fell, as painters too often have done in similar situations, on the pitiless pavement below. So died one of the greatest of the Art Demi-Gods, in the moment of victory, upon whose transcendant works all lovers of the beautiful have gazed, and will gaze enraptured, aye for many a year after, the flippant detractions of Ruskin,\* that rash chrysostom of critics, are clean forgotten.

Having lunched on “spunchados” and four glasses of very pale dry sherry, drawn from the wood into long narrow tumblers, the Guendolenians proceeded to wander about Cadiz in search of adventure and gape-seed, and in so doing stumbled upon the “*casa de correos*” or post-office, whose arrangements cannot be allowed to escape a word of abuse. Instead of the applicant presenting his card or passport, he has to attack a formidable range of frames, which hang on the wall outside, and which contain lists of parties for whom there may be letters lying within: were these names arranged alphabetically

\* Ruskin speaking of Murillo, stigmatises him as “the narrowest, feeblest, and most superficial of all real painters.”

there would be some hope for the enquirer, but this would entail far too much exertion on the lethargic officials. Each batch of letters as it arrives is sorted under the following head, "Senors, Senoras, Etrangeros, and Militares," they are then dated, listed, numbered, and framed, and those who expect letters must, in the midst of a crowd similarly engaged, pore through a list of a week's growth, written in every variety of cramped caligraphy, and spelt according to the vivid fancy of a clerk, who no doubt finds it equally difficult to decipher foreign hand writings. Having at last discovered your name, or the nearest thing to it, you write down the number and proceed patiently to the end of all the lists, to make sure there may be no others of later date, and then you give in your numbers through a hole in the wall from which, when your turn comes, your letters emerge.

Probably you are anxious about some particular letter which should, but does not appear among those extruded, and are impressed with a conviction that it is still pigeon-holed within, under some misnomer. Collecting therefore your most persuasive Spanish you apply your mouth to the trap door, and shout out a bland request for a further search—useless, quite useless—the only result, if any, will be an enraged voice from within bawling back to you, "*Los nombres, Los nombres!*"—the list, the list and nothing but the list!

That evening we went to the "Balon," a pleasant sort of music hall, where for the first time we had an opportunity of judging of the merits of real Spanish dancing. Our unanimous verdict was that it is an immense improvement upon the French school, with its gymnastic posturing, its *fade*, artificial smiles, and meretricious allurements, Spanish dancing is dancing and no mistake, and as the twinkling little feet sparkle out the measure to the click of the castanet with a delightful, crisp audacity, peculiarly their own, the spirits of the most cynical and depreciating audience must rise and dance with them. Tastes differ, but to me that stereotyped French lady with the muscularly extended pink silk stockings, and excruciated satin toe that has so much to bear—who gyrates slowly with her other leg where it ought not to be, is simply a nauseous bore, the whole thing conveying the idea of a premeditated plan, to charm by force of purient posturing, and gymnastic *tours de force*; but in Spanish dancing there is nothing of all this, and when the *danseuse* is execut-

ing her sauciest and most daring *pas*, the spectator is carried away in spite of himself, and can see nothing but a glorious ebullition of spirits which finds its natural vent in a rattling good dance. Of course this is all art, but "*ars est celare artem*," and this they understand to perfection.

It took to raining cats and dogs next morning, which was the more annoying, as we had made arrangements to sail that day per steamer to the fair city of Seville. Lying in his berth the Chronicler could hear intermixed with the heavy fall of the said animals on deck, angry growling peals of thunder, and could see from time to time the somnolent and stertorous nose of his fellow passenger, on the other side of the cabin, lit up by the blue glare of the lightning: all this was an unpromising overture to the day's performance, and considering our anxiety to eat our Christmas dinner under the national flag at Gibraltar, boded ill for a comfortable, unhurried inspection of the Andalusian capital. By breakfast time the prospect was but little improved, and the scene from the deck was hopeless in the extreme. A dense haze rivalling in murkiness a Temple bar fog in November, shrouded everything. Phantasms of vessels moored near us loomed spectrally through the mist, the place of Cadiz knew it no more—and the rain still pattered on the deck and swilled through the scuppers. In spite of appearances however, the "old salts" predicted a fine afternoon, so the breakfast of hope was eaten, and having put on a complete armour of oilskins we pulled for the steamer, and from her decks watched the weather, as also did her little captain with apparent anxiety.

The "old salts" were right in their prophecy and the day began to amend with occasional relapses of fog, and glad of heart were we when the revolving paddle informed us that the good ship "Sevilla" was picking her way slowly among the feluchas and other craft, towards San Lucar, which town forms the northernmost point of the harbour of Cadiz, and the embouchure of the Guadalquivir.

In this way passed a quarter of an hour, and we had begun to congratulate ourselves upon our energy and to speak hopefully of the afternoon, when one of the party descried at no great distance in the fog, something resembling the light-house of Cadiz, then a row of buildings with a strange likeness of those on the Almeda, then a couple of familiar high towers very similar to those of the cathedral; what was all this? Just this, the cowardly little cur of a captain

had repented of his rashness and had returned to his moorings, with the announcement that the Sevilla would not sail for two days! We tried entreaties and abuse with equally bad success, and although while making our expostulations the weather, cleared up gloriously, there was no Seville for us upon that day.\* "Come on," cried Dick in huge disgust, addressing himself to us in ungrammatical but forcible Spanish—"let's go to Seville in the punt and shame the cowardly little skunk."

As Seville is something not much under a hundred miles from Cadiz, it is perhaps unnecessary to say that we did not go by the punt, but betook ourselves ashore to make a further acquaintance with the town. I shall close the present chapter with the description of a little scene we witnessed, which was perfectly Spanish, and most characteristic.

Seated at his shop door a shoemaker while waiting for customers, is occupied in trimming with practised hand a game cock, which he destined for a great "main" which was to be fought upon the next Sunday; his house is situated in the most crowded thoroughfare of Cadiz, yet no one but ourselves seems astonished at his occupation. Ha! here comes a policeman, who will at once vindicate outraged public morals, and apprehend the cockfighter.—Not a bit—he certainly takes the bird, but it is not as the upholder of some Don Martino's cruelty act, which to a Spanish mind would be the acmé of legislative imbecility,—but as a connoisseur he carefully weighs him in his hand, shakes his head despondingly, points to an imperfection in his form, and returns him to his owner with a shrug of disapprobation. We put some questions to the cock-trainer, and were informed by him that next Sunday would be a gala day among "the fancy," that all Cadiz—Xeres, and even Seville would be present. He courteously offered us reserved seats to see the battle, but Britons are a pig headed, prejudiced race, and though not Scotch Sabbatarians, we astonished our Spanish friend beyond measure, by declining to spend our Sunday in such christian and humane avocations.

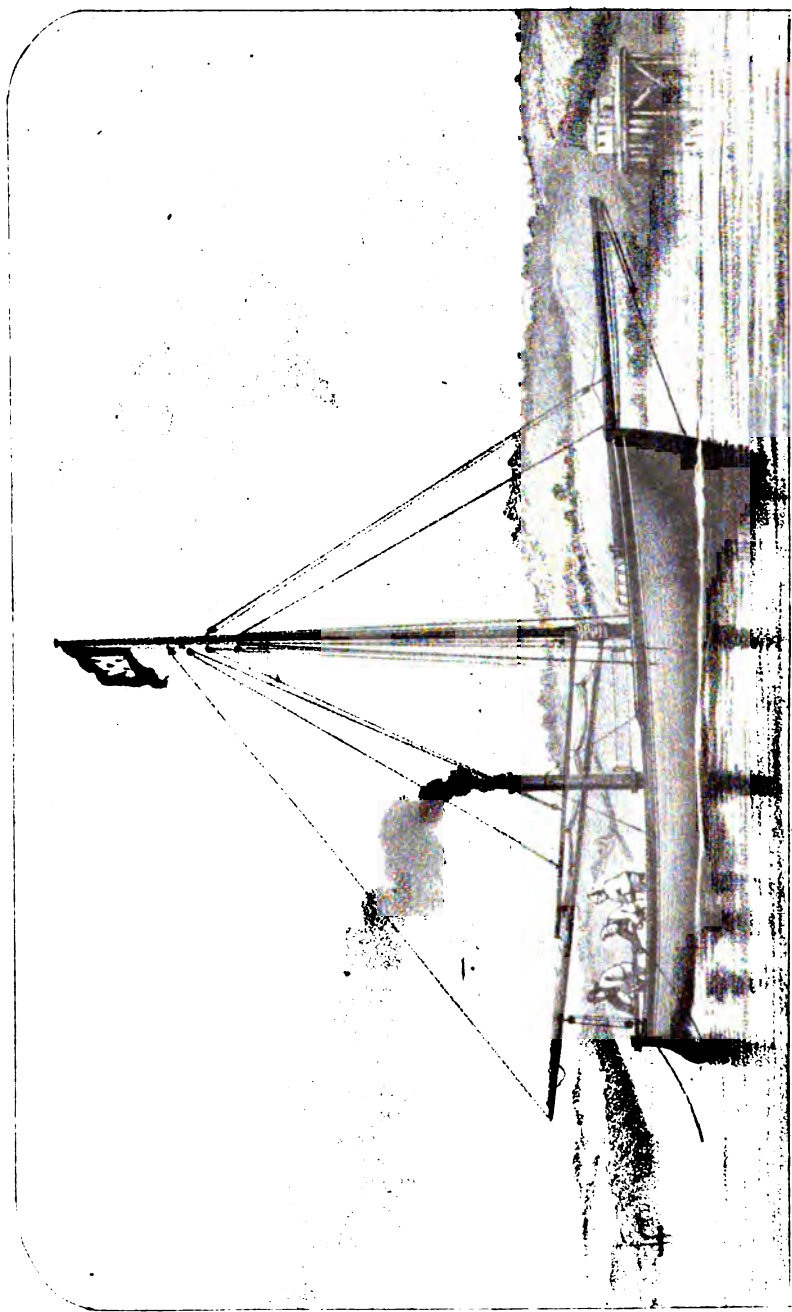
\* At the date of my narrative the present railway between Cadiz and Seville via Xeres de la Frontera, was not fully opened.

*(To be continued.)*

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# STEAM OYSTER DREDGER AND FISHING BOAT,

BUILT FOR THE ISLE OF WIGHT OYSTER FISHERY COMPANY BY JOHN SAMUEL WHITE

W. W. Joyce Imp.

## A STEAM OYSTER DREDGER.

(See Plate.)

ALTHOUGH not coming properly under the category of yachting subjects, yet as everything pertaining to the sea and its pursuits cannot fail in proving interesting to yachtsmen, more particularly the capture of those delicious marine esculents which rank so high amongst the luxuries of the table ; we present our readers this month with an illustration of a vessel specially designed and constructed by *Mr. J. S. White, of East Cowes*, for the purposes of the oyster and other fisheries on the southern coast of England, and in fact suitable to most localities around our shores. That popular conversational opening of railway trains and steam boats—"Wonderful thing steam sir?" very wonderful indeed sir!—only in its infancy sir?—"Yes sir!" however hacknied and bordering on "boredom," is no longer confined to circles that indulge in such means of locomotion, for every rank and class now-a-days unless either directly or indirectly influenced by the universal motor, is considered behind the age. This is the first application of steam in vessels actually engaged in the capture of oysters, and cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence in cheapening that nutritious article of food, at least in the localities of the fisheries ; but as for doing so in London, the monopolists of Billingsgate are too cunning and rapacious to admit such a reform, and it will require steam to be backed by an act of Parliament, before that desirable blessing will be conferred upon labouring London.

The steam fishing boats, of which our illustration is a type, were designed by Mr. White for the "*Isle of Wight Oyster Fishery Company*," and have been found to realize the expectations entertained of their use, in the highest degree ; these boats are 28ft. in length by 8ft. in beam, they are fitted with small but powerful engines, screw propellers, and jointed funnels ; and are cutter rigged, thus combining effectively steam and canvas.

When in consequence of calms sailing dredgers are unable to pursue their avocations, these steam fishing boats are at full work, and should wind fail them on their passage to their markets, the propeller speedily resolves the problem of how to get there.

The oyster grounds in the vicinity of Portsmouth harbour, Spithead, the Horse and Dean shoals off the Isle of Wight ; at Emsworth, Langston, and Chichester, have from time immemorial been prolific sources of income to the local fishermen ; they have been sadly injured

in some parts, particularly in the Horse and Dean Shoals, upon which some years since the black mud dredged up for the purpose of deepening Portsmouth harbour, was cast out by the contractors, to the temporary destruction of what was a most valuable property to the fishermen, and these in their turn being driven to over-fish other localities, a very serious injury was done to this branch of the fisheries, from the recklessness induced by ignorance of the natural habits of the Oyster, and a supposition that the supply was endless; we are glad however to perceive the amount of attention that has been devoted of late years, not only to the Oyster in its natural state on the deep sea beds, but likewise to its breeding and culture in artificial ponds or beds, is promising already most satisfactory results; and the threatened famine of this delicious bivalve which at one time seemed imminent, is now, thanks to the example of our French neighbours at St. Brieux and Ile de Ré, rendered, if not a matter of impossibility, at least one of remote probability; and the discoveries that have been made during the experiments in culture, of the habits, process of propagation, and other important particulars of domestic Oyster life, will enable the fishermen to farm their deep sea supplies with a promise of success which must enlist a general co-operation.

We have in a previous number noticed the steam launches designed for the use of yachts, and which are becoming so popular amongst yachtmen, as also the sporting yachts for wild fowl shooting, one of which has been constructed for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. In addition to these we observe that the Lords of the Admiralty have ordered Mr. White to supply two of his life-boat steam launches to her Majesty's screw ship surveying vessels *Sylvia* and *Nassau*; the trials of these boats have been recently made under the supervision of Capt. C. W. Chamberlain, commanding the steam reserve at Portsmouth, and have given every satisfaction: the dimensions of these launches are as follows:—Length 27ft., beam 7ft. 3in., draught aft 3ft., forward 1ft. 10in., area of midship section 14'2., displacement 10'57 tons., weight of hull 17cwt., engine 4cwt., boiler 12cwt., water 4cwt., coals 4cwt., stores 1cwt., total weight 2 tons 2cwt. The hulls are built of mahogany of two thicknesses, the inside worked diagonally, and the outside fore and aft. Capacious air trunks run fore and aft on each side. The speed attained in these trials was 6'722 knots, with a minimum vibration, and the consumption of coals at the average of  $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. per hour. Their trials as life-boats took place with 30 men on board, in addition to the weights above stated, when on the water being admitted it only rose to the thwarts, and the launches floated with their gunwales 9in out of the water.

## THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN GLORY.\*

## PART XI.

On the morning after Jonas Gilligan's compulsory voyage in the Colleen Dhas, the monotonous routine of that highly respectable and intensely correct establishment, the Bank of — in W—, underwent an interruption that threatened to dismember all social relations within its walls. Such a word as "irregularity" had never sullied the atmosphere of that granite pile, and from the staid, soapy haired young gentlemen, whose financial proclivities were ripening under a course of "pass books," up to the grey haired seniors that administered the secret rites of that temple of mammon, there existed a belief that the world in general was regulated in all its movements by the proceedings of the Bank of — in particular; in fact they had some misty kind of notion that it was a huge clock, of which they individually and collectively composed the works, any derangement of which — and then? chaos.

Self denying worthy men were these conservators of the public credit in W—, a race *sui generis*, whose family traditions were recorded on scratched and be-carved desks, or quaint looking rulers, on patched stools, and musty ledger folios, at which, with which, on which, and in which, fathers and sons, and for that matter grandsons too, had written the story of their simple lives from year to year; arithmetical machines that worked their problems off with quiet perseverance, until they rusted and retired into tidy little country cottages, whereunto sons if they had them, or nephews, if they hadn't, or relatives somehow in default of either, (for the Bank was a close family borough,) paid dinrual visits, laden with legends of what the Bank did, and said, and was going to say, or going to do; and in the fulness of time they passed away to sleep in the ancient moss grown ivy walled patrimony common to all, and were forgotten—no I am wrong—not forgotten, for the legend of their lives spoke out of the lettered grey stone, "for fifty years a faithful servant of the Bank of — W."

Ignorant people in W— connected the name of "Bank" with a grim looking old fortalice of granite, be-gated, be-doored, and be-barred, as such a stronghold should be; frowning solid defiance at burglars, and skeleton keys, and "jemmys," and all those sort of things.

Bless their be-nightedness—within the walls of that fortalice the name had a very different signification; the "faithful servants" had a

\* Continued from page 558, vol. xiv.

language and ideas, not to be understood or comprehended, save by right of succession or length of service.

"The "Bank" is coming up the street!" exclaimed Mr. Doublesum, the cashier, rushing in almost breathless, "Oh! Mr. Ledgerlift that we should see this day!"

The busy chief accountant ceased his methodical scratch, spritsail-yarded his mouth with a goose quill, dropped off his lofty perch, and bringing his arms to attention under the tails of his coat, proceeded to take a vacant stare over his spectacles, as if to assure himself that Doublesum did exist, and that it was daylight.

A hurricane rush of quills, and a regular platoon fire of scratch—scratch—scratch—in the adjacent hall, announced that the "Bank" had entered the Bank.

The "Bank" bowed with frigid courtesy to its grey haired "faithful servants," and the brown haired servants that were hereafter to arrive at that beatified stage, stared with becoming solemnity at the ceremony, and nibbled awe-struck at their quills, as if a slight refectation of that kind was necessary to sustain nature.

Then the "Bank" thawed a-bit, (rather an unusual phenomenon,) and honoured the "grey haired" by some disjointed remarks about gout and rheumatism, as the most appropriate and cheerful subjects it could suffer its dignity to descend to, of which "out" and "rue" sounded to the honoured one's ears dismally significant.

It was the "Bank's" custom to ignore the existence of its manager, until it had been duly installed in that *sanctum sanctorum* which traditional parlance dignifies by the name of the "Bank parlour," so having allowed its "faithful servants" to take a "header" in its sunshine, it proceeded in its orbit, and duly disappeared from the vulgar gaze.

Then the "grey haired" bobbed their heads within frightful proximity of each other, and Mr. Ledgerlift dipped his pen in his tin snuff box, and inserting his finger in the ink bottle proceeded to execute a New Zealand tattoo on his nose; whilst Mr. Doublesum violently blew his corresponding organ with a sheet of blotting paper, and the afore-said organ being long and sharp, and the paper thin and brittle, unpleasant consequences ensued.

The silvery tinkling of a bell resounded in their ears like the crack of doom; who was to face the "Bank" in the majesty of its parlour: never any but "gold stick in waiting" had dared invade those tabooed precincts from the moment that embodiment of all that was banking took his seat upon the throne, until the hour when he abdicated for the

day ; but "gold stick in waiting" had been sought in vain, the traditional customs of that bank must be violated, and less distinguished dust than that carried on a manager's shoes must defile that awe-inspiring carpet.

Furtive peeps were indulged in through the fusty green silk of that glazed door, on which a brilliantly polished plate blazoned forth the word "manager ;" desperate was the hope that the truant might, with his usual stealthy pace, have crept in unnoticed ; alas ! the easy chair was untenanted, the pile of correspondence lay untouched upon the table.

"Oh ! Mr. Doublesum there is his bell !—you had better go,—you are the cashier you know—and the importance of that distinguished office you know !"

But Mr. Doublesum did not know, and could not allow importance or distinction to weigh at such a critical moment against the claims of seniority, and the superior position of accountant in chief ; it was preposterous, he felt deeply the delicacy which could waive its right—!

Another—and this time a furious peal, made the baffled Mr. Ledgerlift flop off his leather covered perch, as though a shock from a galvanic battery had ruptured its tender relations with the delicate portion of his anatomy.

"Mr. Gilligan I rang for ?" smiled the "Bank" suavely, or rather Tom Radley, for thus the "faithful servants" identified the functions of governor and chairman, and prime mover in chief.

"I—I—that is to say—we—ahem—ahem——Mr. Gilligan as you must know, sir——!" stammered the perturbed Ledgerlift, indulging in an imaginary wash of his hands, and peering over his spectacles as if he expected to collect his ideas on their rim.

"Zounds man what do you mean ?" ejaculated the chairman irately, startled in his turn at the knowledge unwittingly implied of his victim's whereabouts. }

Mr. Gilligan has not been here to-day, sir ;——that is—with due respect—a—a—ahem,—we supposed you had——" and Ledgerlift wrung his hands hard as if he was getting rid of the last particle of soap.

"Who the —— gave you leave to suppose anything, sir ?"—let him be sent for !"

"We have——sent !" faltered out the accountant in chief, making a towel of his coat-tails, "and if you will be pl—ple—pleased to understand, si-si-sir—Mr. Gilligan cannot be f-f-found !"

The "Bank" sprang from its throne, executed two strides—glared wildly at Ledgerlift.

"Why don't you wash your nose, sir?—The books—I say—the books!—and harkye—Mr. Doublesum—Mr. Doublesum? bring him too, sir!

Mr. Doublesum hurriedly answered the summons of his colleague—"Mr. Doublesum—my nose—my nose, sir—and the books—and you Mr. Doublesum!" and seizing the latter with one arm and two huge tomes with the other, the half frantic Ledgerlift hurried the affrighted cashier into the presence of the "Bank."

What passed between the "faithful servants" and the "Bank" during the subsequent hour or so, I have not been able accurately to ascertain, but certain it is, that at the expiration of some such period of time, Mr. Ledgerlift and Mr. Doublesum returned to the former's sanctuary; that Mr. Ledgerlift's spectacles were uncommonly damp, and his nose scrupulously free of ink, that both made frantic calculations in which the gross tott of 60,000 always turned up, and that much mild phraseology was muttered between them, such as "the villain," "fraud," "involving us to," "utmost secrecy," "flight," "bank's vengeance," "cannot escape," were curiously intermingled; and when later in the day the other human pillars that were popularly and metaphorically supposed to assist Mr. Radley in sustaining the weight of all that Bank parlour's secrets, assembled in obedience to his hasty summons, and Mr. Doublesum and Mr. Ledgerlift were honoured with further interviews, contrived by Mr. Radley—inadvertently of course—to occur at separate intervals, they, the aforesaid metaphoric pillars—also seemed deeply impressed with similar views, and in buttoned up coats and drawn down hats, all—save one, took their departure, the idea rampant that only for one Thomas Radley, only for the prompt, vigorous, clever, effective, and above all admirably secret measures, that his astute brain alone was capable of devising, the Bank was—whe-w-w—! well no matter—a deep drawn breath succeeded the whistle, and that *was* expressive.

If these Bank parlours could only speak—oh! ye deluded Ledgerlifts, ye confiding Doublesums! but sure then ye might be as honest men as your masters, and the occupation of "faithful servants" would be gone. If these potent Radleys could only be dissected by the magic pencil of a Gustave Doré, how the Bourse would shudder, with what horror would Throgmorton Street regard the portrait, with what unseemly haste would Shorter's Court be converted into a morgue!

But there was one un-impressible pillar, that no chisel or mallet could convert into form: that was Philip Considine—he laughed a gruff—unbelieving sort of laugh, when the public lamented the sudden illness that forced Mr. Gilligan to seek change of air.



A few days' time had been gained, still no tidings arrived at Radley Lodge of the Colleen Dhas. Mr. Radley had been so accustomed to schemes and plots of such compound variety, that he rather felt in his element when up to his neck in them, but the plot within the plot which Mr. Gilligan had indulged him with, was one he did not like, he had pledged himself to secure the truant Jonas, and make everything pleasant at the Bank. A stroke of his pen would do this, but then he must have those papers; however neither that trusty villain Con Sullivan, nor the papers favored him with their presence: lowering looks met him, and confidential whispers did not compliment him upon his activity or success: altogether he felt uncomfortable, he had escaped from the brink of the precipice, but the ground was uncommonly slippery; the shadow of his Nemesis loomed balefully distinct—that genius which so strangely befriends the bold and the bad he found at last capricious.

The principal volcanoes of the world, quoth popular geography, comprise Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, Etna, Vesuvius—*et sic*: popular geography, like Buffon, is not by half comprehensive enough: W—— was a volcano—although popular geography doth not say so in assigning its locality and name: its placid and beautiful exterior encased a latent torrent, that needed but the slightest wave to ripple, and the “bore” of the Hooghly was a mere leak to it; but that lava walked about in the guise of two legged humanity, though never a river of fire leaped down the Alps of Vesuvius more fiercely, than it galloped about the streets of W——, when the spring head was all a blaze. Like the mysterious Geysers, the Vold' of W——, was highly sensitive—particularly after a long rest; then the very tiniest tuft cast into the crater, and as Jack says when his shot racks are well lined, “you might side out for a bend.” Devotedly did Tom Radley invoke a mist of elephants, a sprinkle of whales, or any other light and gentle freak of nature, that would set the Vold' a'going, for nothing short of some such mild miracle could save him being the next votive offering to its insatiable maw. Oh how he wished that a certain £40,000 could be expunged, what a magnificent tuft Jonas would have made! But his cloven footed ally was nearer his elbow than he gave him credit for, Tom served him too diligently to be entirely forgotten, the followers of that ever active Python seldom lack aid on the broad and pleasant highway that leadeth to the City of Gloom.

Bridget the ancient—hurried into Mr. Radley's chamber with his early coffee, “Oh! masthur, dear, git up asthore, shure all W——, is beside idself wid the news!”

“What news?”

" Och musha sorra-one uv meself can make head or tail uv id ; id's all along uv the widow Cassidy—the misforthinate crathur ; git up alanna—may-be ids yerself id be wantin' down there to straighten ther kip-peens\* for thim !"

So up rose Mr. Radley with speed, and went on his way rejoicing, and he found the Vole' of W—— in the most glorious state of activity that his malignant spirit could desire.

W——, as a body would not believe it ; its aristocratic circles refused credence on the exclusive ground of *caste* ; the inferior ten thousand suffered from the violence of envy, although perhaps all were leavened with pretty much the same feeling did candour find expression ; the widow Cassidy's astounding elevation in the social scale was incomprehensible, and as such, not to be tolerated ; such sudden and extravagant good fortune was incompatible with the staid and respectable notions entertained by W—— ; she should have consulted everybody, and satisfied their curiosity, and exhibited all the skeletons in the house of Cassidy that had aided her presumption, she should have asked the permission of public opinion, and allowed it to dictate to her what she was to do with her own, if it was her own, which public opinion very much doubted and was determined to find out, pending which discovery she was an artful, presuming, audacious jade, that would be thrusting herself and her handsome daughter where they had no right to be, and must be subdued, and scouted, and scrunched out accordingly—ugh—how W——, hated that hitherto highly respectable—hard-working female.

When Jonas Gilligan, on the last eventful evening he spent in Mr. Radley's society, handed that individual a certain letter in which Biddy Cassidy's position and prospects were feelingly alluded to, that astute individual considered that letter as the first tangible hint he had received of Mr. Gilligan's capabilities for unmitigated rascality ; in fact he concluded it to be a snare adroitly contrived to distract his attention : it was with little less astonishment therefore than W—— at large exhibited, that he too received the information ; but was not honest Tom the man for the occasion ; was he not the confidential trusty friend of Mrs. Elizabeth Cassidy, and was it not under his advice, and with his assistance that excellent lady had been enabled to convert the legacy bequeathed to her by a distant relative, to such excellent purpose : was it not the arrangement of her affairs that occupied his attention, and was not his pre-occupation basely taken advantage of.

The Bank parlour heard this,—of course in strict confidence, and as

\* Twigs.

it was labouring seriously under the weight of Jonas Gilligan's secret, it eagerly sought a safely valve, and Tom Radley provided it with a most effectual one, through which the pent up steam escaped with such vigour as to permeate half W——, before the sun had set.

People heard it—wondered—doubted, and repeated the strange tale, with a slight addition which crept in nobody knew how—but stories gain additions like snow balls rolling, and W——, would not wonder if Mr. Radley and the rich Mrs. Cassidy were going to be married you know, and then it would be Radley Cassidy you see, of Turlaquin. Oh! but Mr. Radley was a clever man and she was a designing woman! Could W—— do less than wonder and admire, all but one Philip Considine, and he did neither—he only laughed loud and more rudely, but never a word spoke he.

Tom Radley drew a long breath, and his eyes revolved with startling rapidity, as he stood on the great stone terrace of Turla; he could scarcely school down his feelings at the wonders that every where met his gaze; he could not bring his mind to realize the humble work-a-day woman—Biddy Cassidy, as being the mistress of this fair domain, of this stately castle, this almost palace, beneath whose portals he found himself; perhaps he doubted the reality, as my readers may too, and fancy that I have drawn rather largely on the realms of fiction, in thus elevating the whilom hostess of an humble provincial hostelry into the lady of a palatial mansion, the owner of a princely estate; but as truth not unfrequently puts fiction to the blush, perhaps no stranger instance of its vagaries ever furnished materials ready fashioned for the offices of a grey goose quill. Biddy was a fact stranger than any fiction; and Mr. Radley put it to himself in confidence that it would be stranger still, if he did not materially profit by all this good fortune; there it was staring him in the face, that wonderful tide he had so often heard of in the affairs of men, on the flood, waiting for him, sparkling for him—for him the pilot."

"Yes, sir—Mistress Cassidy is at home!"

"Mr. Radley!" and his cunning eyes curiously surveyed the liveried grandeur which bowed him into the inner hall through flowers and statuary, and rare paintings, and skilfully devised trophies of war and the chase. On thro' another great hall with more trophies, more paintings, more faultless statuary, and above all the exquisite perfume and witching beauty of still rarer flowers; up along a broad ascent of marble stair—broken by many landings, on past a vast arched window, through which the light played in all the colours that art could render rare and gorgeous, rich in armorial mysteries and emblazonments that

seemed to have exhausted the whole arcana of heraldry ; on through a great gallery whose decorations of art and nature seemed to vie with those below, and into that wondrous *salon* which for many a subsequent day was famed for its chaste and simple beauty : walls covered with satin of that delicate blush that may be seen bursting from the soft green cup of the young moss rose, a beautiful chandelier of crystal drops hung pendant from the tent-shaped ceiling, the furniture resembled ivory, and seats, ottomans, and *fauteuils* presented the same lovely hue as the walls, crystal vases filled with the choicest flowers were the only ornaments, and a soft carpet of pearly hue presented an appearance as if tiny chaplets of moss rose buds had been scattered beneath the feet of the visitor ; the delicate rose coloured light which pervaded this fairylike apartment, was reflected in a thousand different tints from gracefully arranged festoons of crystal drops, that just relieved the walls from the charge of sameness.

Mr. Radley was almost bewildered as he gazed, but he was shortly aroused to action by the entrance of Mrs. Cassidy herself.

Now Tom fully expected to see the splendours around him more than eclipsed by the magnificence of the hostess, surely female vanity would find full scope, and run riot in indulgence, and he reckoned not a little on finding a powerful ally in this self same vanity : what was his surprise therefore, on beholding the widow attired much simpler and plainer than ever she had appeared at the "Roost," and instead of the assumption of consequence he was prepared to be amused with, to find her quiet, grave, and self-possessed, without the slightest approach to affectation.

Profuse was Mr. Radley in his congratulations at the good fortune that had smiled upon his dear valued friend, how admirably made use of too, what taste and judgment she had displayed ; what pleasure he would experience in going over her improvements, and affording her every assistance ; she was doubtless often perplexed, indeed he felt so frequently in his small way, but she might rely upon him—he was always at her service, she would find his experience in the sphere of life she had now entered upon of use, and he hoped she would not spare him !

Biddy listened with exemplary submission, and with quite as much apparent respect as ever she had exhibited at the "Roost," but certainly not with that eager desire to please that had at one period actuated her : she was naturally contrasting the dictatorial, consequential, half contemptuous manner of Mr. Radley at the "Roost," with the anxiously polite, subservient, almost cringing Mr. Radley before her. Artfully

did that worthy individual endeavour to draw her into confidence, he enquired about Miss Rose,—she was well; he hinted at the success her speculation as a ship-owner had resulted in,—an assenting bow was the answer! he supposed they had made her a fair deduction for the state in which she found Turlaquin,—she had left it all in the hands of a friend! Tom did not like the aspect of affairs, his tactics must be different.

"Although so occupied as to prevent me seeing you, yet I am glad to say I was enabled to relieve you of much annoyance and trouble in your purchase of this property!"

Mrs. Cassidy answered not, but her enquiring glance and astonished expression of features, sufficed.

"Yes!" continued Radley, drawing forth the letter which had been addressed to Jonas Gilligan, "this letter containing enquiries, which you might have found it difficult to answer, reached me whilst you were in treaty for Turlaquin, and knowing your affairs as I do, I was only too pleased to be enabled to set doubts at rest that might have caused unpleasantness!"

"But surely, Mrs. Radley, you could not have been aware of the circumstances under which I was enabled to do so, you have been very good no doubt, and I am much indebted for the confidence you had in me, but was it not rash on your part to answer for what you could have no knowledge of?"

"Knowledge of—knowledge, my dear Madam! there are very few things occur, in which people of W—— are concerned, that I have not most accurate information!"

"Indeed!"

"Of course, of course,—I was quite aware of all your proceedings; quite aware that sums of money had been lodged in the Bank at New York, you see in fact I know all, which will save much explanation between us!"

An exclamation of surprise escaped the widow,—but she was determined to be prudent, and ascertain all this man knew.

"Oh yes!" said the wily Tom, his eyes reading the widow's countenance as he continued "I see you are surprised, but I need hardly describe, for you must have observed it, the deep interest I always took in you and pretty Miss Rose!"

A deep crimson suffused the cheek of his listener, but whether betokening pleasure or anger it was difficult to say, so admirably did Biddy play her part.

"You are aware I have no relatives my dear Mrs. Cassidy, none of

those agreeable ties which are incentives to exertion in this world, and anticipated sharing my prosperity with you, and placing Rose in such a position as would enable her to look forward to the selection of a partner in life, that would make her happy, and set your mind completely at rest for her future."

"You are too good, too kind indeed, Mr. Radley!" exclaimed the widow, with a slight tinge of sarcasm in her tone. "I do not know how we could have secured your good wishes so completely. I never had the slightest idea you gave us so much of your thoughts, and it must gratify you to see us placed so happily, as not to require this great sacrifice from you!"

"My dear madam—it is that very thing that has hastened my visit to you, you never wanted a friend more, you and your daughter are at the present moment in a most critical position!" and he raised his eyes and hands as if deprecating some serious calamity.

Had Mr. Radley announced that Turlaquin was in flames, and that nothing but instant and painful death awaited her and that daughter she loved so fondly, a more terrified expression could not have agitated her.

"What—what is it Mr. Radley—pray explain yourself?"

Tom smiled benignly, he was smoothing away his difficulties, he had touched the right chord at last. Mr. Tom Radley had a most dangerous gift, that of plausible eloquence; he had a tongue like the brush of an accomplished limner, he could paint word pictures to the life, developing light and shade so forcibly, as seldom to fail in carrying conviction.

In solemn and whispered accents, lest even the walls might carry the tale, he painted a picture of the state of mind with which W—— had received the news of Biddy's access of fortune, with what suspicion she was regarded and what hostile feelings were arrayed against her: how he had vainly striven to allay those feelings by setting against them the weight of his authority and patronage; what a miserable thing it would be for Biddy with such brilliant prospects before her, to be made the victim of such feelings, to be excluded from society, pointed at as an adventuress, what a blight it would be to her daughter's fortunes, they would be compelled to leave the country, could not possibly exist in it; yes he knew her feelings too well, she would not submit to it—and then this beautiful place, this Turlaquin, so much money thrown away, would be forced to leave it; but he would not suffer this—not he, he could not bear the idea of seeing her crushed in such a manner, what did he care about the opinion of the people of W——, had he not been connected in business with that good man Peter Cassidy, did he not

attend him in his last moments ; had he not known her husband Bernard Cassidy, that excellent and promising seaman, cut off in the flower of his youth ; had not he Thomas Radley watched over the interests of her and her daughter, and would he desert them now—no—he was not the man to do so, he would place Mrs. Cassidy in such a position as to have the whole of W—— at her feet, he would establish her in the county, and not a murmur should be heard, she should be received in the best society, and her daughter might aspire to marriage with the proudest blood of the land ; he would take care the family name should be perpetuated, he offered her his hand and fortune, and would add the name of Cassidy to that of Radley, he did not mind the sacrifice, he would surrender his establishment although it had become much endeared to him, but he thought it his duty to so old a friend, and one placed in such a helpless position too.

With what varied feelings Mrs. Cassidy listened to Tom Radley her countenance gave not the slightest intimation, but when he had put the finishing glaze to his craftily drawn picture, an expression of great relief, of pleasure, became visible, which he was not slow to attribute favourably, and he drew himself up with the air of one who had discharged himself of a great trust—and satisfactorily to his conscience.

She was thinking over it—sensible woman ! she would not be too hasty—oh prudent woman ! and she would accept it—worldly woman as she should ! and his eyes scintillated and revolved in triumphant anticipation.

No, Thomas, you were wrong, the day before you was not the vulgar dross you deemed all women to be made of, it was young in the mould of a new born life, and unconsciously you matured that life ; she was thinking of that period in a former life, and that not long ago, when the words you had just spoken would have been drunk in as the very joy of that life, and she was thinking of that awful night when your inhuman spirit had wrought to her a great mercy, and borne her comfort and hope from the yawning deep ; she was thinking too of how wickedness, and deceit, and crime were permitted for an inscrutable purpose to exist and flourish, but she was likewise thinking how they ran their course and came to an untimely end ; she was thinking should she in mercy warn thee,—“Not now!” said the little stern relentless voice, “not until the fulness of his time !”

“That I am grateful to you Mr. Radley, truly so—so far as I feel you are sincere, it is needless for me to say ; I have heard you foreshadow to me and mine a serious future, if all were true that you anticipate, a calamitous and a cheerless one ; but now perhaps you will bear my views of it ?”

"Certainly—of course Mrs. Cassidy—too delighted to assist you with help in any way, but the course I have taken the liberty to point out is the only path of safety left to you!" and Mr. Radley felt a cold tremor pervade him as an inward monitor whispered him "are you not a palpable living lie?"

"Listen then!" rejoined the widow, and a wholesome cheerful light shone through her honest eye, a flash of conscious uprightness making her plain and homely face look even handsome, "I have not sought, nor will I seek the society you say views me with scorn; what happened to me has been ordered by ONE whose power neither that society, nor you, nor I dare question. I have never willingly done wrong, nor wrought evil to my neighbour. I have envied no one's well doing, nor sought by covetousness to enrich myself; no fireside has been rendered desolate to my advantage, nor have human beings been hurried to their doom by any act of mine. I have striven humbly and I trust honestly, with the hope that a good name and the reputation of having done my duty, was the most serious evil that could be laid to my charge. If these then be the sins that those of W—— you speak of, scorn me for and would thrust me from amongst them, they are welcome. I can bear it more happily than they, and to escape their scorn under the shield of your name, or any other name but the one I bear, would be to admit a guilt that I am innocent of, and bury a happiness which nothing that that society could bestow upon me would ever replace: this therefore disposes of W——, and its society. With respect to this place I hold it in the name of an ancient race, whose follies and short-comings it shall be my endeavour to repair, and not by imitating them in the manner that I have no doubt would freely purchase the forgiveness and friendship of W——. Its gates or doors shall never be shut when a pure conscience tells me they should be open; and in this, Mr. Radley, I shall ask help from whence neither scorn, nor envy, nor uncharitableness were ever known to come. With respect to the proposal you have made me I might now give you an answer, once and for ever, but there are others will have to be informed of it, and who perhaps may answer for me more satisfactorily than I can at this moment; there are besides two or three questions which you can answer, I have no doubt that will tend much to your own happiness not only here—but——!"

"Name them—name them—most excellent woman!" exclaimed Tom with hypocritical fervour. "I will answer anything that will secure me your confidence, and prove my interest in your happiness!"

"Be it so, Mr. Radley!" rejoined the widow, regarding him with a



serious and even sorrowful expression ; " but I shall not ask you to answer them now, you may require time to consider them and you shall have it : you profess an interest in my loneliness, and your readiness to do me a service ; you say you were with Peter Cassidy in his last moments, I would wish to hear all about them, and who was present when he died ; did he make a will or did he not ?—You say you knew Bernard Cassidy—what did you know of his last moments ?"

Tom sprang from his chair as if smitten with a sore plague " What Mrs. Cassidy—what do you ask——?"

" Nothing now, Mr. Radley—nothing now—only think and think well, in three days from this you will be here—you will come will you not ?"

" Yes—yes—to answer you—yes !"

" Good—then you shall have mine !"—and she was gone.

The shades of evening were deepening as Mr. Radley passed down the marble staircase, by that many coloured window, by those cold corpse-like statues around which shadows seemed twining ; out beneath the lofty pillars of that portico around which shadows seemed twining, across that broad terrace striped with shadows ; out into that broad avenue on which the shadows were deepening ; " No fireside has been rendered desolate to my advantage, nor have human beings been hurried to their doom by any act of mine !"—On—on beneath the tall oaks of Turlaquin amongst whose giant arms great shadows were winding ; winding beneath those spreading laurels ; winding over the waters of the bay ; stealing amongst the rugged cliffs along the shore ; weird shadows—unholy shadows—towering and winding and gliding all about him, great serpent-like shadows that ever kept circling, closer and closer still, as if seeking their home ; serpent-like shadows that hissed at his ear—

" Peter Cassidy in his last moments !"—and " what did you know of Bernard Cassidy ?

" Peter?"

" Bernard ?"

" Both—both ?"—

(To be continued.)

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## REVIEW OF THE PAST SEASON.

**MR. EDITOR.**—As the yachting season of 1866 has now joined its predecessors “in that bourne whence no traveller returns”, I have thrown together a few notes of the doings of the various Clubs and vessels, which I send in case you think proper to lay them before the readers of your Magazine, premising in the first place that a more troublesome or more unsatisfactory season both to yachtsmen and to the chronicler of racing doings has never come under my observation. The weather throughout was simply abominable, and while all the earlier regattas were spoilt by the almost total absence of wind which obliged races to be started two or three times over to the great discontent of the spectators as well as the owners, who had the pleasure of paying their extra hands nearly the full value of the prizes contended for: those fixed for a later period of the year suffered almost as much from the storms of wind and rain which prevailed throughout the months of August and September, and caused a fearful expenditure of spars, sails, and gear, upsetting also all calculations as how best to prepare a racing vessel for coming to the post.

The figures I put forward cannot, any more than those of last year, be vouched for as perfectly correct, owing to the extraordinary way in which many meetings are reported, but will be found tolerably so, and show rather a falling off in the total value of prizes sailed for; amounting in 1863 to £4,541, in 1864 to £5,360, rising in 1865 to £5,718, and falling in 1866 to £5,607, although Her Majesty continued her annual gift of £105 to the Yacht Squadron, and gave two splendid cups, valued at £100 each to the Committees of the Royal Mersey and St. George's Yacht Clubs. In the Royal Victoria the liberality of some of its members has always been conspicuous, and their Commodore, Mr. Broadwood, and Mr. Richardson each presented magnificent prizes to be sailed for, and when their gifts amounting to nearly £300, as well as the Tradesman's Cup value £100, are deducted from the whole money given, the amount which flows from the coffers of the club itself is by no means large, and in fact if the cups given by the Queen, and by various private donors of different kinds, be taken from the totals attached to many of the Royal Clubs, the gift is greatly rubbed off the gingerbread, and it is quite surprising how little most of these Societies contribute to real sailing, especially when it is considered how many privileges they enjoy, and how very great importance they attach to their own membership. The condition of belonging to a Royal Yacht Club being invariably attached to the programmes they

put forth, and some of them still further marring competition by confining their prizes to the yachts of their own members, on the principle no doubt, that "charity begins at home"; others also levying taxes on owners in the shape of entrance fees to the amount of a good twenty-five per cent. on the whole value of the prizes run for, which makes regatta giving rather a profitable speculation than otherwise, and I shall never cease to wonder how yachtsmen are to be found year after year to knock their vessels about in contending for the paltry prizes offered. I wonder what a turfite would say when asked to run an animal valued at from £5 to £8,000 for a £50 cup from which, when extra hands, entrance fees, wear and tear, &c., be deducted there is hardly a ten pound note to be put to the credit side of the ledger. Until yacht owners begin to find this out for themselves, and sweepstakes like those of our Yankee friends come into fashion, yacht racing can never really flourish, and the present system is merely a repetition of the old one of "feeding a dog with joints of his own tail."

The matches which were sailed throughout the season were 187 in number, 66 having been sailed under the auspices of 17 of the Royal Yacht Clubs, 25 under those of clubs not calling themselves Royal, and 46 at 24 of the principal outports as follows:—

Names of Clubs.	No. of Races.	Value £	Names of Places.	No. of Races.	Value £
Royal Yacht Squadron...	3	305*	Babbicombe Bay .....	1	10
" Albert .....	2	100	Beccles .....	2	14
" Cork .....	5	348*	Bray .....	1	20
" Dec. ....	1	20	Carlingford .....	2	105*
" Harwich .....	3	95	Carrickfergus .....	5	128
" Irish .....	1	60*	Dartmouth .....	2	50
" London .....	5	295	Dawlish .....	2	25
" Mersey .....	5	365*	Dover .....	1	60
" Northern .....	6	300	Exmouth .....	2	25
" Southern .....	3	110	Gareloch .....	2	20
" St. George's .....	7	515*	Great Grimsby .....	1	47
" Thames .....	6	590	Llandudno .....	1	40
" Victoria .....	7	626*	Lowestoft .....	3	42
" Western, E. ....	6	167*	Lyme Regis .....	2	35
" Western, L. ....	2	115	Malahide .....	2	25
" Welsh .....	2	75	Ramsgate .....	2	40
" Yorkshire .....	2	100	Shoreham .....	1	17
Prince of Wales .....	2	66	Southampton .....	1	20
Prince Alfred .....	7	144*	Stonehouse .....	1	20
Clyde .....	2	20	Swansea .....	2	75
Ranelagh .....	4	43	Telgmouth .....	2	30
Temple .....	3	30	Torbay .....	4	110
Norfolk and Suffolk .....	7	95	Weston-super-Mare .....	1	12
			Yarmouth .....	3	65
	91	4442		46	1063

Note.—In the foregoing table, where the asterisk (\*) appears, Queen's or other cups are included.

Besides these there were many matches of pilot vessels, fishing smacks, sailing-boats, &c., and especially the race amongst the barges of the Thames and Medway which appears to have excited considerable interest, and though not strictly appropriate to the subject of yacht racing, I may mention the splendid contest between the Tea Clippers, and the extraordinary closeness of the run between the three leading ships after passing over such an immense distance of water, as being well entitled to be included in a review of the racing of 1866.

The principal winners stand as under, and in reckoning their respective gains it will be seen I have credited the Fiona with the Queen's Cup at Liverpool instead of the Christabel, as she won it fairly on merit and no doubt when returned by Mr. Kennard it was at once forwarded to her owner.

## CUTTERS.

FIRST CLASS.				SECOND AND THIRD CLASS.			
Name of Yacht.	Tons	Won 1st 2nd	Value £	Name of Yachts.	Tons	Won 1st 2nd	Value £
Fiona.....	78	7 0	615*	Echo.....	38	3 0	165†
Sphinx.....	47	4 2	230	Glance.....	35	4 0	130
Vindex.....	45	3 3	230	Secret.....	31	2 1	92
Mosquito.....	59	2 0	200	Vampire.....	20	6 0	150
Christabel.....	51	2 1	180	Torch.....	15	5 0	117
Niobe.....	41	2 0	120	Satanella.....	15	3 3	86

## SCHOONERS AND YAWLS.

Names of Yachts.	Tons	Won 1st 2nd	Value £	Names of Yachts.	Tons	Won 1st 2nd	Value £
Leah.....	102	3 0	220	Pantomime.....	140	1 2	175†
Selene.....	273	2 0	190	Egeria.....	161	2 1	160
Xantha.....	135	2 0	180	Blue Bell.....	160	2 1	145
Aline.....	214	2 0	175				

Of these the Sphinx, a composite vessel, with iron ribs and teak planking, built by her owner Mr. Maudslay, on designs furnished by Dan Hatcher; the Leah by Wanhill, and the Blue Bell by Camper and Nicholson, are the only absolutely new vessels, but several, as Fiona, Niobe, Torch, Selene, Pantomime and Egeria were launched in 1865, a year as remarkable amongst yachtsmen for the number and quality of the clippers it produced, as to racing men, for the triumph of the French horse Gladiateur over all the cracks of the English turf; while many of the rest as Mosquito, Glance, and Vampire are old and well-known

\* Including the Queen's Cups at Kingstown and Liverpool.

† Besides the

Duke of Edinburgh's Cup. ‡ Including Queen's at R.Y.S.

favorites, and it is quite extraordinary how such vessels preserve their places and reputation amongst all the new improvements, or intended to be such, which art and money can produce.

The *Fiona* stands pre-eminently at the head of the list, having been second last year, and by universal consent is by far the fastest and finest racing cutter which has been launched for many a year, and but for an unfortunate trick which she seems to have contracted of carrying away spars and rigging, she would have been still further at the top of the poll. She began her career with the regatta of the Royal Western at Queenstown on the 19th of June, and afterwards had little idle time, having gone the circuit of the coast, and started fourteen times, besides races which remained undecided, out of which she won seven, including two Queen's Cups, to keep company with the two of last year; also the splendid vase presented by Commodore Thellusson, having seldom been beaten except when some spar or other has given way.

It was very unlucky when down south that she did not meet the *Arrow* or the *Menai* which may be considered the cracks of the Solent, and with whom she would have been more on an equality in point of size than with her usual competitors. In the runs to and from Cherbourg however, she was pitted against vessels far more than her equal in point of size, and on a course well suited to their rig, but was nevertheless victorious in one instance, while it appears pretty clear that but for a most lucky tack made by the *Selene* the Scotch lassie would have added Mr. Broadwood's cup to her list of victories. The *Fiona* is a noble looking cutter, far from heavily sparred, and, in light weather especially the way she forges ahead, and at the same time creeps up on the weather of all her opponents is wonderful, but in a strong breeze and with a heavy sea on, the race for the Albert Cup at Southampton would seem to show that other craft are her masters. Take her for all in all however a finer or faster cutter has not been built for a long time, and it will take a clever head and hand to turn out a superior for the season of 1867.

The *Vindex* has crept up from the bottom of the list last year, to nearly the position she occupied in 1864, when she was at the top of the tree, and she and the *Sphinx* have had a tight match for the second place which seems to have ended in a tie, both however have been assisted by little slices of luck, as the *Sphinx* dropped on one £50 prize by the disqualification of the *Christabel* in the Dover match, while the *Vindex* had an easy time of it for her £40 plate at Swansea, yet they may both fairly adduce other disappointments to counterbalance their flukes, and on the whole they seem well entitled to their laurels.

Being both from one designer's plan they bear a great resemblance externally, but the Sphinx has greatly the advantage in good looks, and is moreover extremely beautifully put together and finished, while admirably fitted up below, and she will certainly pay her way in racing, though I suspect if Mr. Maudslay had had the old *Volante* in commission, he would have won quite as many cups as in the newer favourite.

The dear old lady stands fourth in the value of her prize list, and as she scored two firsts out of eight starts against *Fiona*, and was second to her on a third occasion, she may be considered to have well kept up her ancient reputation, especially when it is remembered how extremely difficult it is to win cups at the first class regattas now-a-days, when the competitors are all so equal and so well handled, that the slightest slip in judgment, or accident to spar or sail is almost certainly fatal. No vessel deserves better to win as she is sailed in the most liberal and straight forward manner, and her skipper Tim Walker is second to no man living in his method of steering and handling his old pet, in whom he has probably sailed more matches, than any other boat and skipper in England has done, except perhaps Tom Dutch in the *Phantom*, or Harry Truckle in the *Vampire*, and he invariably does his utmost to bring her to the front. She is rather a capricious tempered dame however, especially if she does not get off well, and she is difficult to please in her wind and water, but give her the stiff cold breeze and smooth sea, which suits her heavy spars and a bow rather bluff and heavy above water, and few will see how her bowsprit rigging is fitted, and as she is as strong and sound as the day she was built, there seems no reason why she should not go on for many years in the way she has done for nearly the last twenty.

The elegant little *Christabel* is fifth, and has been extremely unlucky throughout, beginning by going the wrong side of the North Foreland lightship, after sailing most gallantly through a sea which appeared enough to swallow up her long narrow hull, and again losing the Queen's cup at Liverpool by only 40s., to the *Fiona*, entirely by the mistake or bad judgment of her pilot, when she had the race in hand. After Liverpool she went to Scotland and did not race for some time, and when she returned was quite overpowered by the sea and wind during the regattas of the Royal Albert and Victoria Clubs. She is about the prettiest and most dangerous looking racer afloat, and her owner sets an example to his brother yachtsmen by always going about in her, and being generally accompanied by his lady, who showed extreme courage in sticking to it throughout the race from the Thames to Dover last May, when many of the hardier sex

heartily wished themselves ashore, and if other ladies would follow her example of sticking to the ship, much of the absurd practice of clearing cabins and knocking all the furniture and fittings about, would speedily disappear, and racing be conducted on more rational principles.

The Niobe closes my list of winners, in a very inferior position to that which she held in 1865, when she carried away everything before her, a performance which she seemed likely to emulate when she first came out this year, as she won her first two matches in gallant style, but latterly fell off very much, and did not score another win throughout the season. She is however a very fast and weatherly little craft, and undeniably handled by her skipper old Tom Dutch, so well known for his victories in the Phantom, but from her comparatively small size and want of power, can hardly be expected to compete with the vessels she encountered, especially in her tour to the western ports. In the Thames and Solent she will always be a dangerous antagonist, and sailed remarkably well the first day at Kingstown, when the Mosquito had all her work to do to reach out through her lee on their way to the Kish, tho' when once clear she soon went away from her. The Niobe's canvas is beautifully cut and set, and in turning to windward she is a perfect picture. I never saw a mainsail which appeared to me more perfect, or to stand more like the way a clipper's should do, and she goes right up to the winds eye; but when it blows at all she is suspected to like a little trimming up with shot bags, and then the universal prohibition which these articles have met with in all the ports in the Irish channel, may have told against her, tho' in the light weather which prevailed at Dublin and Cork, she could hardly have wanted their help, and as she was beaten by the Vanguard in her own waters at Southampton, she may really have gone off a little in her speed this season. Having now said my say on the performances of the six leading first class cutters, time and space warn me to leave to, but with your permission will say a few words about the smaller cutters, as well as the two masted vessels in the next number, their races having been far the most interesting throughout the season, and in meantime beg as usual to subscribe myself,—Yours very truly,

RED WITH WHITE MALTESE CROSS.

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## THE VICTORIES OF THE CLYDE YACHTS.

THE close of the last yachting season has brought into Gourock Bay an unusually large fleet of yachts to find safe anchorage for the winter. Among the dismantled yachts are the schooner yacht *Selene*, schooner *Aglaia*, the 'schooners *Viking*, *Tana*, and *Red Rover*; the yawls *Talisman*, *Red Deer*, and *Glee*; and the cutters *Æolus*, *Phasma*, *Mabella*, *Denburn*, *Coolin*, *Sylphide*, *Eagre*, *Carolina*, *Wave*, *Phosphorus*, *Vigilant*, *Onda*, *Rover*, *Dewdrop*, *St. Kilda*, and *Star*. The *Fiona* cutter has been hauled up on shore at Port Glasgow for the winter, in order that she may be in the best possible trim for sailing next season—a new and unusual precaution with a vessel of her tonnage. The *Lesbia*, yawl, and the cutter *Fiery Cloud*, have likewise been taken on shore at Port Glasgow, and if the expected advantage is realized this practice will become common enough. During past seasons Scottish-built yachts have not only maintained the first position on the Clyde, but have not unfrequently won envied trophies at the English and Irish regattas. It has been, however, reserved for the past summer to prove that Scottish builders stand unequalled for their skill in modelling fast vessels, and that Scottish yachtsmen are not to be surpassed for their seamanship. The *Fiona* is the acknowledged champion cutter of 'our seas, and the Clyde schooner yacht *Selene* has overhauled the swiftest yachts ever built. English yachtsmen acknowledge that the *Fiona* is a "phenomenon" in yacht building, setting at defiance the ordinary experience of those who are constantly engaged in yacht racing, and about the unexpected speed of the *Selene* there appears to have been created an equal degree of astonishment. A pardonable scepticism was for some time entertained regarding the speed of both vessels by the owners and crews of English yachts, who regard their own clippers as invincible; but as trophy after trophy was won by the *Fiona*, her merits were at length confessed to, and the style in which the *Selene* walked away from all opponents in the ocean matches left no doubt as to what she could do. At the close of the yachting season it seems a fitting time to give, in a succinct form, an authentic account of the victories which placed the Clyde clippers in the prominent position they occupied during the summer of 1866.

Beginning with the famous *Fiona*, we may remind those unacquainted with the history of this cutter yacht that she was built at Fairlie by Mr. Fyfe, and was first raced in the season of 1865. In that summer she won six cups, beating among other yachts the *Mosquito*, at the



Royal Northern Regatta, but was pronounced to be a "fair-weather bird" by those who believed themselves judges of crack yachts. The present season has brought about a sudden reversal of this judgment—the *Fiona* proving herself to be a bird fit for any sort of weather, and quite able to overhaul the best sea boats afloat. Indeed, it is acknowledged by her most envious rivals that it matters not what sort of weather the *Fiona* tries her luck in—fine or foul, she walks away hand over hand from all opponents. In the past season she has had trial of various weathers, and has carried off a locker full of plate. A short account [of her career during the season will sufficiently verify the high opinion held of her. At Queenstown, in June last, the *Fiona* competed for the purse of 75 sovereigns given for first-class cutters, and won easily, beating the *Cymba*, an old Clyde clipper, also built by Fyfe. At the Royal Mersey Regatta, the same month, the *Fiona* again led the way in "catpaws" and light airs at a pace the fair-weather birds could not improve on, and after an extraordinary race, in which Capt. Houston seemed to have had an intuitive knowledge of the weather, the *Fiona* came in winner of the £100 prize. Her claim to the prize was, however, questioned by the owner of the *Christabel*, Mr. Kennard of Falkirk, whose yacht had pressed the *Fiona* closely. The charges of having a flag of undue proportions, and of "bearing out her sails," were brought against the winner, but Mr. Kennard eventually declined to accept the Cup. At the Royal Northern Regatta, held at Largs in the beginning of July, the following ruck of cutters were entered for the first prize of 100 sovs.—*Lulworth*, 80 tons, G. Duppa, Esq.; *Mosquito*, 59 tons, T. Holdsworth, Esq.; *Phryne*, 55 tons, D. Law, Esq.; *Christabel*, 51 tons, A. C. Kennard, Esq.; *Banshee*, 50 tons, A. Wrigley, Esq.; *Phosphorus*, 54 tons, J. Addie, Esq.; *Vindex*, 45 tons, A. Duncan, Esq.; *Niobe*, 40 tons, W. Gordon, Esq.; *Fiona*, 78 tons, E. Butcher, Esq.

As usual the *Fiona* shook herself free of her competitors, and went off at a pace that left no hope for the fastest of them. Unfortunately she carried away her gaff-topsail in a squall, and before the damage could be repaired the *Mosquito* had got a lead that enabled her to come in winner. On the second day a purse of 50 sovs., brought the same vessels to the starting buoy as had run on the first day. The *Fiona* with her damage repaired again walked to the front, and notwithstanding every effort made to collar her, neither old "Ironsides" or the much-vaunted *Lulworth* had the ghost of a chance. It was remarked that the *Niobe*, brought round from England to give Clyde yachtsmen a lesson, gave not very creditable instruction to those who were to profit by her

visit. The Fiona's speed, it was remarked, was something extraordinary, and it was doubted if the same length of course had ever been run over in the Clyde at a similar pace.

At the Royal St. George's Regatta, held at Kingston in July, the Fiona again carried away the first cup from a fleet of redoubtable racers. Upon this occasion the Lulworth endeavoured to vindicate her fame, but the Fiona shook her off, after a keen contest, for the first place. In this race the Fiona carried away her topmast-stay, otherwise she would have considerably increased her distance from her rivals. On the same evening she carried her topmast overboard in a squall, and was thus unfitted to compete for the 100 sovereigns sailed for on the following day, and won by the Vindex. At the Royal Cork Regatta the Fiona again put in an appearance along with Vindex, Niobe, Lulworth, Ban-shee, Mosquito, and the Dione cutter, belonging to Admiral French, and lately built by Hatcher on his most improved lines. On the first day Tim Walker, who knew every step of the road by heart, kept the Mosquito going at such a pace the Fiona could neither get through her lee, or luff across her stern. In consequence of Tim's management the cup was secured for the Mosquito. On the second day Tim's navigation was not successful enough to deprive the Fiona of her lead, but before the first two yachts reached the buoy the Dione and Vindex came up upon them in a leading squall, and with the allowance given for tonnage the smaller boat secured the prize. Unsuccessful at Cork the Fiona next tried her luck at the Royal Albert Yacht Club regatta, and sailed in the Solent in the beginning of August. Here the Fiona met her old antagonists, the Christabel, the Dione, and the Sphinx, the last proving an unmistakeable Tartar. The day was very wild, and under close-reefed mainsails the fleet hammered ahead through a nasty sea. Yacht after yacht bore up until the Sphinx led, followed by the Fiona alone. The Fiona at length touched the ground through some error in pilotage, and was also compelled to bear up. It was unfairly reported that the clipper had met more than her match in a breeze, but the damage done, and fully discovered, when the Fiona was docked for repairs, explained the matter in quite a different light. Indeed the damage done to the Fiona was sufficient to be the cause of her missing some important races.

At the Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta, held on the 14th August, the Fiona had another opportunity of having her revenge out of the Sphinx, and she fairly took it, leaving her the third place in the race. The great ocean match from Ryde to Cherbourg gave the Fiona a new chance of asserting her superiority over the English cutters, and

after a run, in which variable weather tried the most experienced dodgers, the *Fiona* got first inside the Cherbourg breakwater, followed by the famous Clyde schooner *Selene* at an interval of four minutes. English yachtsmen and the reporters of English newspapers, have done their best to account for the remarkable position taken by the Scottish yachts, but have failed to show that they reached the goal by any supernatural agency. The *Fiona* sailed with her competitors tack for tack, and the *Selene* proved that she had also taken about the shortest course for the French coast. In the return match for Mr. Broadwood's cup from Cherbourg to Ryde, the *Fiona* narrowly missed taking first place, but her crew were well contented to take the second place, when they found the *Selene* had got the cup, and had left the "invincibles" behind her. In the Ocean race from Ryde to Plymouth for Mr. John Richardson's cup, the *Fiona* overhauled all the cutters, and came in the first of her class. The *Selene* was again the winner of the cup, but the outward run of the *Fiona* to Cherbourg left it a question with some of the English yachtsmen which of the two Scottish yachts required their best attention. At the Plymouth Regatta the *Fiona* was again mated with the *Sphinx*, *Vindex*, and the redoubtable old *Arrow*, which had renewed her youth after getting a nose put upon her after the fashion instigated by the razor bill snout of the celebrated schooner *America*. It was confidently expected that in the *Arrow* the *Fiona* would find more than her match, but the first turn round the Plymouth course enabled her owner to discover that the *Arrow's* reputation would not be improved by a second run round at the heels of the Scotchman. In the second run the *Fiona* was caught in a squall and carried her topmast and bowsprit away, leaving the *Sphinx* to walk the course. In cracking spars and bursting ropes, the *Fiona* has indeed had her own share of misfortune during the past season, and it is to be hoped will, if possible, be refitted with a heavier rig. Notwithstanding accidents, her success has been unprecedented, and her builder may fairly consider his reputation not second to any in the kingdom.

The review of the *Fiona's* career is naturally followed by some notice of the racing capabilities of Mr. David Richardson's splendid schooner yacht, the *Selene*, 273 tons, built in 1865 by Messrs. Steele of Greenock, the builders of the famous iron schooners *Chance* and *Circe*, previously owned by Mr. Richardson. In the ocean match from Ryde to Cherbourg the *Selene* sailed her first match, and acquitted herself in an unexpected way. Although entered for the race, the *Selene* was in no way prepared for the contest. Her bottom had not been cleaned

since the opening of the season, and she had no racing sails with her. Her ordinary cruising suit served her purpose. It was afterwards found sufficient, and but for the balloon canvas carried by her opponents, there is no doubt she would have left them still further in the lurch. Opposed to the *Selene* in the run to Cherbourg were the famous *Blue Bell* schooner, belonging to F. Edwardes, Esq., and one of Camper's latest beauties; the schooner *Pantomime*, and Mr. Broadwood's fleet schooner *Witchcraft*, and the cutters *Fiona*, *Sphinx*, *Lulworth*, *Hirondelle*, the yawl *Julia*, Lord Willoughby D'Eresby's lugger *New Moon*, and some other vessels of less note. The *Selene* it was expected, would find in the *Blue Bell* a rival not to be conquered. On leaving the Solent, the *Selene* and the *Pantomime* kept company with the cutters working down the back [of the Isle of Wight, finally stretching away for the French coast. The south-west wind was light and variable, but off Cherbourg a breeze of easterly wind was caught by the *Selene*, and with it she rapidly overhauled the *Pantomime* and the *Fiona*, and reached well into Cherbourg before the breeze died away. The *Fiona*, favoured by a fresher puff, came up upon the *Selene*, passed her, and being the lightest vessel, drifted into the harbour before the schooner, which followed, in spite of the heavy run of the tide, in four minutes after the winner. When the two Scotch vessels had got safe inside the breakwater, the English yachts began to drop in as they arrived. In the return match to Ryde the wind was extremely light to start with, and the *Selene* on that account did not manage to get outside the breakwater until the fleet had got fairly away. Leaving Cherbourg, Mr. Richardson's schooner soon found herself an object of particular solicitude to the *Blue Bell* schooner, believed to be the fastest English boat in the match. This English clipper had been evidently warned to stand by the *Selene*, while the *Fiona* was being attended to by some particular friends of her own class. No sooner had the *Selene* got clear away than the *Blue Bell* came down upon her weather beam with the apparent intention of holding on by her to the last. Covering the *Selene* with her enormous spread of balloon canvas, the *Blue Bell* stuck to her antagonist, preventing her from getting through her lee, or luffing across her stern to windward. So the position continued until the *Selene* nearly succeeded in crossing the *Blue Bell*'s stern, when the latter, afraid of risking too much, held on her course, satisfied with having detained the *Selene* so far, and evidently hoping to have it all her own way in the shoal water and well-known navigation of the Solent. Shaking herself clear of the *Blue Bell*, which the threat of a protest might have accomplished at an earlier hour, the *Selene* held on

for the Solent, but from her draft of water was obliged to take the outside of the Bembridge buoy. The Blue Bell drawing less water made her long meditated dash to head-reach the Selene by passing inside the buoy, and so far succeeded by taking the shorter road as that she headed the Scottish schooner for some time. The reporter of the match for the *Times* declared that the Blue Bell headed the Selene from taking the longer course—an inference about as accurate as the insinuation he likewise threw out that the number of sails carried by the Selene accounted for her triumph, oblivious to the fact that the balloon jib of the Blue Bell would have cut up into half a dozen cruising jibs such as the Selene carried. Heedless of the “spurt” made by her antagonist, the Selene held on her course up mid-channel, keeping in deep water and afraid of accidents from pilotage in unknown waters. To save the tide the Blue Bell put about and stood in for the Isle of Wight shore alone, which she reached, but was speedily overhauled by the Fiona, which kept in the Blue Bell’s water. A short board into Ryde brought the Selene first to the winning flag, with the Fiona this time second yacht; and the Blue Bell, notwithstanding her generalship, only securing the third place. It very naturally created surprise to find the two Scottish vessels again first at the winning post, and various surmises were ventured as to the cause of such a run of luck. It was confessed that the Blue Bell, notwithstanding her racing canvas, had only obtained her good position by dodging rather than by sailing, and it was known had she boldly stuck to her own course she would have been left miles behind. It was further observed that when the Blue Bell had to lower her balloon-jib, and work up the Solent under the same canvas as the Selene, the latter yacht walked right away from her. It was again said that the Selene’s sailing was due to a finely fitting suit of sails, the truth being that her sails were originally mis-fitted, and had to be butted at the head to give them more peak. Indeed English made sails don’t seem to fit Clyde boats with sufficient accuracy, and the fact is that our yachtsmen when they want an extra good job to stand well, prefer a sail from Menzies of Greenock to one of Lapthorne’s best make. It would be tedious to relate the various suspicions indulged in to explain away the Selene’s luck, none of which took into consideration the admirable model of the yacht and the able seamanship, which were the real causes of her triumph. A comfort was still left to the Solent yachtsmen in the fact that the Selene had not yet beaten the famous schooner Aline, but the race to Plymouth rapidly dissipated the expectations thus held in reserve.

This race followed immediately after the return match from Cher-  
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bourg, and in it the Selene had, besides the best of her former antagonists, the redoubtable Aline schooner to overhaul. In this course, light winds and heavy tides at the start left the Selene in the rear. Outside the Needles a freshening breeze brought her up with some of the leading yachts, but she was baffled with the wind shifting off St. Alban's Head. Taking a few short tacks inshore, the Scottish schooner again closed up with the leading boats, but to escape a heavy fog that set in with the evening, stood off the land on a long board. Instead of the fresh wind it was reported she met with, she got nearly becalmed for two hours, and only at midnight caught the breeze which enabled her to lay down towards the Start. As day broke the famous Aline was discovered on the Selene's bow, leading several of the fastest boats, but as the wind freshened the Scottish craft hauled further off the land, weathered the Start, and walked into Plymouth 23 minutes before the Aline, and a whole hour before the Blue Bell, which it was reported the Selene had barely beaten in the race from Cherbourg. Of course this victory settled the Selene's claims to the championship, and ought to make both her owner and captain proud of the fleetest yacht afloat in our seas. It is worthy of remark that Captain Campbell has a wholly Scotch crew under him, and no doubt a spirit of generous rivalry was evoked by such a selection. In connection with the Selene's career, it may be interesting to mention the wonderful fortune that attended her crew in the open rowing matches at Cowes, Ryde, and Plymouth. The Selene's gig swept off no fewer than eight prizes, and in doing so even beat English gigs built purposely to compete. The Selene's gig was built at Gourock in Mr. Blair's shed, and those acquainted with the boats turned out by Mr. Robert Shaw will not be surprised at the luck attending Captain Campbell and his crew.

*(To be continued.)*

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## ENGLISH AND AMERICAN YACHTS.

AN immense deal of "bosh" has been written about the superiority of American yachts, but their history in this country by no means bears out the assertion. When the America yacht came over here, she appeared as a 200 ton vessel with the accommodation and height of cabins of one of our 100 tonners; she sailed against vessels that were meant to be comfortable yachts, and even some of them gave her a turn that the Americans surely cannot really be proud of. In the race of the Titania against her, the course was ten miles dead to leeward, and the same distance back to the starting point:

the *Titania*, a full and roomy vessel of only half the *America's* tonnage, in running the above distance was only about four minutes astern at rounding, a very small difference when we look at the different tonnage. So little were the vaunted lines of the *America* to be proud of, that in running before the wind, when they ought to have elicited speed, they fell far short of the expectations of her backers; but mark the difference on the homeward course, by the superior cut and set of her sails she lay at least half a point, or perhaps more, nearer the wind than the baggy sails of the *Titania* would allow her to do, and this arrangement with her superior weight in the sea, enabled her to forge along and come in considerably ahead of her little antagonist: but where were the wonderful lines of the hull? She has been inspected over and over again, and there is nothing to indicate any remarkable genius in her construction; on the contrary true yachtsmen have come to the conclusion, that she, and most likely the vessels now coming over from New York, are nothing but skimming dishes compared to ours.

I believe it is on record that the *America* was not able to carry her stores when she went hence on her Mediterranean trip, without encroaching on her cabin room; she had no space below it, and the places fore and aft were lumbered up with her necessary gear; the speed therefore she obtained, and that probably of the equally faulty vessels now coming over, is not to be attributed to any great or wonderful capacity of the American shipbuilders, but solely to the advanced state of their improvements in the make of their sails. The stuff that is talked amongst our yachtsmen and *yachtmen* about sails is something almost unendurable. Talk of the agricultural mind, there is no mind like the men have that you meet with aboard our yachts, they talk of lifting sails, of depressing sails, of the mainsail lifting her quarter out of the water, of lacing the sail to the boom as pinning her down, whatever that may mean, &c., the whole being the most complete rot, to use a vulgar word, that any intelligent man could listen to.

The fact is that the *set* of sails is an engineering question altogether, you want a propelling power and the problem is to get it to most advantage. The present system of having all parts of a sail at different angles to the wind, is only tolerated by the difficult problem of making it otherwise, but it is impossible at present to get sails to set in the same plane, so the nearer the yachtsman can do this the better his vessel will look to the wind, and the sooner she will come in to the goal. A yacht sailing four points from the wind has to go over about fourteen miles to get her ten miles to windward, if she could look her three points, the course would be only twelve miles, provided she went at the same speed, which there is a great probability of attaining, if the set of the sails can be thoroughly improved. This is now the great point to be aimed at, as Stephenson said many years ago, "when we see yachts of different shapes and by different builders, coming in after a day's hard match, within a minute or two, we may believe that there is tolerable perfection in their hulls." The arrangement of the moving force, the propelling power—the sails, are now to be looked to, and it is to be said

that in this country they are much in the same state of shape and fitness for their purpose as they were a hundred years ago.

The question of the hulls of the American yachts being superior to ours, is simply in the minds of advanced yachtsmen, an absurd one. Our vessels carry a cargo, in the shape of ballast it is true, but still with capacity sufficient to enable them to be good serviceable traders when their racing avocation is gone. What cargo can the American skimmers carry? They are not far from the water's edge now, with weight in them of only about one-fourth of their tonnage, and with miserable height and accommodation.

Let our countrymen look now more to the cut and set of their sails, than the hulls of their vessels, and there is no fear of our yet showing Jonathan that we are far superior in the quality of a real yacht to him, and that if we are beaten it is only because we have sailing machines with well fitted canvas to oppose us.

*December 17th, 1866.*

W. P. B.

### ROYAL HALIFAX YACHT CLUB, NOVA SCOTIA.

THE closing matches of the season for the first and second class challenge Cups, took place on Friday the 28th September last. The wind and weather were all that could be desired. The preparative signal was run up, and a gun fired at 11½ a.m., when the following yachts took up their stations:—Petrel, schooner 14½ tons, W. Hare, Esq.; Wave, sloop 21½ tons, D. H. Pitts, Esq.; Whisper, sloop 14½ tons, Dr. Davies, v. c.; Kate, sloop 8 tons, G. Drillio, Esq.; Spray, sloop 8 tons, C. E. Brown, Esq.; Blanche schooner, 16½ tons, Lieut. Fowler, R.N. The wind being north-west, the course given was No. 2.

From starting point to and round a flag-boat at the North entrance of the Eastern Passage, thence, leaving the said flag-boat on the port hand, to and around the Committee's vessel, leaving the said vessel on the starboard hand, thence to the flag-boat at the Eastern Passage, rounding it and leaving it on the port hand, thence to, and ending by passing between the Committee's vessel and the Eastern shore.

The starting gun was fired at 12h. 1m. 30s., and the start was effected in fine style. The wind being a leading one, the yachts were soon crowded with all possible canvas, and presented a beautiful appearance standing down the harbour.

The run down to the flag-boat was quickly accomplished, when square-sails were taken in for the turn to windward.

The rounding of the Committee's vessel was as follows:—Whisper, 1h. 31m. 0s.; Wave, 1h. 32m. 30s.; Spray, 2h. 0m. 6s.; Kate, 2h. 13m. 0s.

There not being enough wind to suit the Petrel and Blanche, both yachts bore up and ran to their moorings. The race for the first class Cup was now between the old rivals Whisper and Wave. As usual both were well



sailed, but fortune again favored the Whisper, who beat her opponent by 30a., exclusive of her allowance for tonnage.

The final arrival at the Committee's vessel by all the contesting yachts was as follows :—Whisper, 2h. 50m. 20a. ; Wave, 2h. 50m. 50a. ; Spray, 3h. 25m. 30a. ; Kate, 3h. 36m. 8a.

The Whisper thus becomes winner, for the first time, of the first class Challenge Cup, and the Spray, for the first time, of the second class Challenge Cup.

The race on Friday brought to a termination a very successful yachting season. It is rumoured that there will be a large addition to the club fleet by next season, and that the pretty little Whisper will not then have it all her own way, as she has had during the one just closed.

We learn that the Royal Halifax is in a very prosperous condition, no fewer than 20 new members having joined during the present year. We congratulate the Club on its prosperity, and sincerely hope such may long continue to exist.

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### THE AMERICAN OCEAN RACE.

THIS great aquatic event, which has created such excitement in yachting circles on both sides of the Atlantic, will probably have become matter of history, 'ere these lines meet the eyes of our readers ; we shall therefore defer noticing several communications we have received relative to the conditions and circumstances of the match until our February number, when beside being enabled to give the details of the race, we shall be in possession of the necessary particulars to enable us to comply with our correspondents' suggestions.

On Dec., 11th, the vessels took their stations for the start, Capt. H. S. Fearing who was appointed by the owners to superintend that event, being on board the steam tug Rambler. The Fleetwing, 204 tons, George A. Osgood, was well to the eastward of Sandy Hook, the Vesta, 210 tons, Pierre Lorillard next, and the Henrietta, 203 tons, J. G. Bennett, nearest the shore ; a considerable fleet of yachts and other vessels were cruising about, to witness the start of the adventurous yachts for the largest stake that ever yet has been sailed for. Punctually at 1 o'clock the starting gun was fired, the Vesta was the first away, with the Fleetwing second ; the Henrietta being nearest the land did not seem to take as fresh a breeze as the others, but after a short delay she was quickly in their tracks ; the wind was from W. to S.W., a nice fresh breeze and splendid weather, and the three schooners were under mainsails, foresails, main-gaff-topsails, staysails, jibs, and flying jibs. Anxiously were they watched with glass and eye until they disappeared on the horizon—to the E.N.E., all apparently close together.

As the average of passages across the Atlantic in sailing vessels, occupies from 14 to 24 days, they may be expected from the 25th December to the 4th January. On the day they sailed a notice was issued at New York,

and telegraphed to Europe, so that ship-masters meeting might be enabled to report them, that the *Henrietta's* day colours and night lights would be blue, the *Fleetwing's* red, and the *Vesta's* white.

The terms of the race, are "a sweepstakes of 30,000 dollars each—90,000 dollars, £18,750, to sail from Sandy Hook to the Needles, Isle of Wight, the first vessel abreast of the Needles Light to be declared the winner. The yachts to sail according to the rules of the New York Yacht Club, waiving the allowance of time. The sails to be carried are mainsails, foresails, jibs, flying jibs, jib-topsails, fore and main gaff-topsails, main-topmast staysails, square-sails, storm trysails and staysails. The vessels to start from Sandy Hook on the second Tuesday in December, pay or play, blow high or low; no pilot to be taken from New York; the vessels may shift anything during the race but ballast, the 48 hours rule to be suspended: the boats to be started by H. S. Fearing.

"Any points that cannot be settled by the owners, each shall choose an umpire, and the umpires chosen in case of disagreement, to choose two others."

A special meeting of the New York Yacht Club was held at Delmonico's, on Wednesday evening, December 5th, at which forty members were present, Commodore McVicar presiding.

"The subject matter discussed appears to have been, whether, or how far, members of the New York Yacht Club, as an incorporated body, could lend their name to a race with which they had nothing to do, and which had been made up by the owners of the yachts in their capacity as private citizens. Upon the question of the Commodore being invited to proceed to England, and act as judge of the race at the Needles, that gallant officer took occasion to remark, that if he were to go, it would be as the representative of the American Yacht Club, and not to lend the name of that organization to increase the profits of a financial transaction, such as the sale of the yachts would involve. Mr. Bennett expressed satisfaction at the Commodore's views; the race was not an ordinary affair, but a contest of great importance, and intended to reflect credit on the Club; he thought the owners of the yachts should sail in them, as representatives of the American Yacht Club. Mr. Lorillard expressed his indifference whether the Club recognized the race or not; he wished the fact to be plainly understood that he meant to sell his vessel if he could, win or lose. Mr. Lawrence Jerome moved to take the sense of the meeting, whether it was preferable for the yachtsmen to cross the ocean as private citizens or as members of the Club. A motion was made that the Club should purchase a piece of plate to be awarded to the winning yacht; this was submitted and lost. Messrs. Bennett, Lorillard, and Osgood then tendered an invitation to Commodore McVicar to visit England, and act as judge of the arrival of the yachts. The Commodore stated that should he be in England at the time, he would act as such. The meeting then adjourned.

So far it would appear that this match, although the most important that has ever been sailed in point of distance, and the magnitude of the stake involved, is not to be invested with the *prestige* of the great Club to which the owners of the vessels engaged belong,—beyond the fact of its sailing rules being to a certain extent observed.

Since writing the above the vessels have arrived, Henrietta proving the winner, with the Fleetwing second, and Vesta third. At 3h. 46m. p.m., on Tuesday, (Christmas Day), the Henrietta passed the Needles and anchored abreast of Cowes Castle at 5h. 40m. p.m. At 2h. a.m. on Wednesday 26th, the Fleetwing arrived, and was followed at 4h. a.m., by the Vesta, whose pilot mistaking St. Katherine's Light for the Needles, caused her to be lost, as otherwise she must have been close upon the tracks of Henrietta.

The Henrietta is commanded by Captain Samuels, formerly of the clipper ship Dreadnought; her owner Mr. James Gordon Bennet, with his friends Messrs. Jerome, Knapp and Fisk accompanied the yacht: with the exception of the Dreadnought, which under Captain Samuels made the run in 12 days, 9 hours to Cape Clear, the Henrietta's is the shortest passage on record. She experienced no accident, and did not lose a rope. She made the entire passage from New York to Cowes in one tack.

The following is a copy of the Henrietta's Log.

Wednesday, December 12th.—We here begin our sea account, at 1h. p.m., Wednesday (or civil time 1h. p.m. Tuesday), at which time squared away, at a signal given from the Yacht Club boat, in company with Fleetwing and Vesta from the buoy of the bar. Twenty steamers and tugs escorted us to lightskip, which we were the first yacht to pass, at 1h. 39m., the Fleetwing bearing N.N.E., the Vesta N.N.E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E. At 2h. 30m. p.m. all canvas set; at 2h. 45m. lost the Highlands of Neversink, and parted with tug Phillip, the Fleetwing bearing the same, and the Vesta about half a mile ahead. At 6h. p.m. came alongside of and passed Vesta; were compelled to shift our course several times to shake her off, she annoying us very much by keeping so close to us. Wind strong and steady. Lost Vesta at 8h. p.m. in the dark. Midnight wind hauled to the westward, with heavy squalls; jibed ship. At 4h. a.m. very heavy squalls with sleet and snow; all canvas set. Day breaks dark and lowering, with appearances of northerly wind. Wind freshening, and in the squalls blowing hard, at noon ship running under mainsail, foresail, jib and flying jib, light as a bottle and buoyant as a cork. Dark clouds on horizon from North to West with every prospect of a gale. Distance run 225 miles by observation, 237 by log.

Thursday, 13th.—Strong breezes and squally weather. 4h. 15m. passed steamer bound west, supposed to be Cuba; hoisted racing flag, the steamer showed her colours. This steamer will probably carry first news of the yachts to New York. At 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  p.m. passed another steamer bound west; we showed our rockets and blue lights, to which she replied. At 10h. p.m. wind increasing, took in topsails and flying jib; at 12h. double reefed main-

sail; 4h. a.m. set flying jib, heavy snow squalls; at 6h. a.m. weather more settled, let reefs out of mainsail and stowed it to windward. Noon, set gaff topsails; wind hauling to eastward, barometer steady at 30°, experienced a current to W.S.W. of 22 miles; everything easy and comfortable; distance run 210 miles by observation 232 by log.

Friday 14th.—Moderate breeze from North and East, 2h p.m. set topsails and main topmast staysail; at 8h. p.m. hauled them again; squally. From 8h. to 4h. took in and set light sails several times. Midnight, strong breeze and squally, with snow. 3. a.m. blowing hard, furled flying jib. At 5h. a.m. moderating, set flying jib, 6h. a.m.; set all sails. Weather dark and heavy in S.W. Noon cloudy; weather moderate, latitude by an indifferent observation 42° 56', longitude 60° 32'; distance run 203 miles; barometer 29.50.

Saturday 15th.—First part of day moderate breeze and cloudy weather. At 7h. p.m. the wind freshening, took in fore topsail and main topmast staysail. During night very squally; up and down with topmast and staysails as weather required. At 6h. a.m. blowing hard, handed all light sails. Day breaks dark and cloudy, with heavy hail and snow squalls. Ship fairly dancing over the water, often at the rate of 13 knots, at 12h. a.m. weather moderate, fine clear sky, passing clouds; wind N.NiE., as usual; sea pretty smooth; everything as trim and comfortable as on shore.

Sunday, 16th.—These 24 hours we have had strong northerly winds with violent squalls and spits of snow. At 4 p.m. took in topsails, staysails, and flying jib. At 8 p.m., blowing heavy, double-reefed foresail and main-sail, and took bonnet off the jib. Ship running across the seas and behaving well. At 6 a.m. passed close under stern of a brig steering to southward under double reefed topsails and reefed foresail. Noon, sky overcast; no observation; very high sea from northward; weather a little more moderate; let reef out of foresail; barometer 29.70. The ship is now passing the Grand Banks; we see numbers of divers. Everybody on board well and hearty. Distance run, 246 miles—over one-third of the distance across in fifth day out.

Monday, 17th.—Strong northerly breezes, with heavy squalls. At 2 p.m. (Sunday) Divine service in cabin, reading of prayers and lessons for the day, and one of Jay's sermons. Midnight, blowing hard. Ship running in the trough of the sea, and fairly burying herself. This is yachting in earnest. Double reefed foresail; passing snow squalls throughout the night. 4 a.m., let reefs out of foresail. Noon, let reef out of mainsail; weather more moderate; set the flying jib; barometer 30.10; distance run by observation 280, the best run yet. Off the Grand Banks, and off soundings. Everything trim and snug.

Tuesday, 18th.—One week out. At 6 o'clock a.m. we were half way to Cowes. This is at the rate of a 13 days 4 hours trip across, being 6 days 14 hours mean time. Day began with strong breeze and heavy cross sea. At 4 p.m., wind moderating, let reef out of foresail. At midnight wind increasing; set square sail, with bonnet off; high seas and heavy wind; weather very dark and cloudy. At 5 o'clock wind lulled and hauled to southward and

westward, jibed ship and set whole square sail, and let out all reefs. Noon, dark, with very threatening appearances to S.W. Reefed mainsail and furled squaresail and flying jib. No observation. Distance by log 250 miles. Ship in perfect order, and all hands in best of spirits and condition.

Wednesday, 19th.—First part of day, fresh gales. At 3 p.m. double reefed sails, and took bonnet off jib. Six p.m., gale increasing, close reefed sails, and furled main sail. Second part blowing very heavily, with high toppling seas. At 8h. 40m. boarded by very heavy sea, completely burying us, filling the foresail, and staving the boat; the little craft fairly staggered and strained. Heaved to under storm main trysail. How hard to lay-to in such a race! But few ships in my thirty years' experience could run in the trough of the sea so long as this little plaything did. Well may her owner feel proud of her. At 11 p.m. the sky cleared; the moon shone out beautifully for the rest of the night. Third part, moderating; at 5 a.m. nearly calm, sky became overcast from S.W., with drift lightning from S. to W. At 6 a.m. set single reef foresail, and jibs. 9 a.m., freshening wind, ship beginning to step off again. Set square sail, sea still running very high. During the blow barometer fell from 30.10 to 29.30, at which it stands at noon. Wind is hauling westward, with fair prospect of second edition of last night's performances from the westward.

Thursday, 20th.—Throughout these 24 hours strong westerly winds and squally weather. 2 p.m., put bonnet on squaresail; 4 p.m., let reef out of foresail. From 6 to 8 very squally, ship going as fast as 14 knots during the squalls. 1 a.m., wind canted to N. and W.; jibed ship. Day ends with alternate showers and sunshine; wind and sea moderating; barometer rising, 30.05. Distance by log, 267 miles; by obs., 260.

Friday, 21st.—Commences with a stiff breeze and heavy swell from N.W. At 3 p.m., set mainsail; at 3h. 30m. signalized steamship Louisiana, bound west. At 9 set maintopsail, and maintopmast staysail from 4 to 5 a.m. At 6 took a light breeze from southward; weather clear, warm and pleasant. Noon, day ends with fine summer weather. Passed immense shoal of porpoises. Distance run 163 miles, by log, 167 by observation. Barometer 30.45. Everybody on deck, like turtles in the sun.

Saturday, 22nd.—Throughout these 24 hours brisk northerly wind, dark and cloudy weather, with sharp flaws; warm and pleasant. At 7 a.m., signalized Bremen steamer, bound westward. All right sails set, and everything working beautifully. As we near the end of the race the excitement becomes more and more intense, but the wind and weather all that could be desired. Distance run 252 miles. No good observation. Barometer 30.40.

Sunday, 23rd.—Begins with steady wind and smooth sea; light southerly wind, followed with occasional passing fog-bank. Service at one o'clock in the cabin, reading of sermon, prayers, and lesson for the day. At 3 p.m., spoke the Philadelphia from Liverpool, bound west. Reported light westerly winds. Pleasant sunshiny Sunday; everybody on deck with campstools. Barometer 30.40.

Monday, 24th.—First part of the day clear and pleasant. Middle part, beautifully moonlight night. Latter part, dark, cloudy, and squally weather. Hauled the yacht southward of her course to forestay this wind. 9 a.m., took in topsails and flying jib; yacht pitching heavily in high head sea. Noon, sun observed. Weather threatening. Barometer 30.35. Distance run 172 miles on soundings. Passed three ships bound west.

Tuesday, 25th.—Throughout these 24 hours brisk S.W. wind, dark and hazy weather. At 8 p.m., sighted the Scillys; 10 p.m., Scillys N. 12 miles. At 2h. 30m. a.m., Lizard N. 8 miles; 8h. 30m. a.m., Start N. 6 miles. At noon Bill of Portland N. 5 miles. Ends with fresh S.W. wind; everything set, and yacht going her best. This closes the sea day. 1 p.m., took pilot off Portland Bill; 3h. 45m. passed the Needles; 5h. 32m. anchored in Cowes Roads.

It will be remembered the *Henrietta* did good service against the rebels in the Sounds on the Florida coast. She is a keel boat, and a beautiful model. She is of 205 tons burden. She has been most carefully prepared for the present race. Her bowsprit has been shortened 16in., her lower mast 7ft., and her main boom 6ft. She has been furnished with an entire new gang of rigging of Italian hemp, and also with new fore-and-aft stays and jibstays of first quality charcoal-wire, independent of which she has been provided with an extra forestay, which comes in to the knight heads. Her jibstays are double and of  $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wire, her bobstay is of  $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wire, her main stays of 4-inch wire, with preventer backstay. She has extra gammonings, spare fore and main boom, fore and main gaff, jibboom, topmast, and also two spare spars. She carries extra sails, with three storm trysails and storm forestay sails. Her hatches are so arranged that in five minutes they can be thoroughly caulked and wooded. She has also extra deck lights fore-and-aft, so that the cabins can be always lighted, the skylights being caulked and battened down. Her steering arrangements have been attended to with particular care, she has a new rudder, and is steered by a patent screw and wheel. In case of any accident, however, she carries spare tillers, which can be shipped in a few minutes without boring through the rudder head; and she has also, in case of the rudder head becoming twisted, some strong ropes to which tackles can be fixed. She carries two patent liquid compasses, and also two storm compasses, to which, in case the binnacle should be carried away, lights are attached. Her boats and spare spars are secured by ring bolts passing through the deck, and clinched. Her deck cabin over the ballast has been secured by extra sleepers, which are stanchioned under the deck in deep sockets.

Captain John Britton, the United States Consul at Southampton, has received a letter from the Lords of the Admiralty, of which the following is a copy, together with the captain's reply:—

*"Admiralty, Dec. 20th.*

SIR.—I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint you that they have directed Admiral Sir T. Pasley, on the arrival of the three American yachts, which left New York on the 11th inst., to race

to Cowes, Isle of Wight, that he is to communicate with their captains or owners, and, in case of need, offer them the assistance of the dockyard.—

I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

*To J. Britton, Esq., American Consulate.*

HENRY G. LENNOX.

*"United States' Consulate, Southampton Dec. 24th.*

SIR.—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 20th inst., and in reply I beg to state that I shall have great pleasure to inform the captains and owners of the American yachts now on their way to Cowes of the offer of assistance extended to them by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

JOHN BRITTON, United States Consul.

*To the Hon. Secretary of the Admiralty.*

Captain Bennett visited her Majesty's ship Hector, and returned thanks for the offers of facilities at Portsmouth Dockyard for repairs. The Henrietta needs none. We shall refer to this race in our next number.

#### PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB.

AT THE conclusion of the yachting season a movement was set afoot by the members of this club for the purpose of testifying in some manner to their hon. secretary, James A. Lyle, their appreciation of his unremitting exertions and successful services—formerly as secretary of the Irish Model Yacht Club, and latterly of the Prince Alfred Yacht Club—in advancing the latter to its present position, and a meeting having taken place at the residence of the Commodore on Oct. 24th, it was resolved that a subscription list for the purchase of a testimonial to Mr. Lyle be opened, each subscription not to exceed £1, and the Commodore, Rear-Commodore, and W. J. Corrigan were nominated as a sub-committee to carry the same into effect. This resolution being warmly responded to by the general body of members, and a large sum having been subscribed, the club dined together on Saturday, 15th December, for the purpose of presenting the testimonial. Upwards of 30 members sat down to a capital dinner furnished by Mr. Douglas, the caterer of the establishment, the chair being occupied by Fielding Scovell, Esq., the Commodore, ably supported by the flag-officers, and Messrs. Putland and Orpen.

After the usual loyal toasts had been drunk, including that of the Duke of Edinburgh, the patron of the club, which was received with the greatest enthusiasm, the Commodore in an admirable speech introduced the toast of the evening, "The Health of their Secretary," the mention of whose name met with such hearty cheers as yachtsmen alone know how to give. The chairman alluded at some length to the progress the club had made, and observed that it was now, in point of fact, the best practical club of yachtsmen in the United Kingdom; and after passing a high eulogium upon the energy, ability, and tact displayed by the secretary, through whose exertions, almost single handed, the club owed its present position, second to none, so

far as yacht sailing, or the handling of yachts by its members was concerned; he touched upon the active part taken by him to prohibit vessels having *shot bags* on board from sailing in matches, and concluded by presenting, in the name of the club, the testimonial, consisting of a magnificent mantel-piece clock in ormolu, with candelabra to match, value 50 guineas, selected from the house of Brunker and Co., of Grafton Street, and of a very handsomely-finished breechloader.

The Secretary on rising to return thanks was again greeted with three hearty cheers. He felt deeply grateful to the club for these recognitions of his services, which to him were a labour of love, and observed that his position in it, owing to his love for the sport was, in fact, his hobby, that if the club had been so far successful the result was attributable in no small degree to the active co-operation afforded him by the flag-officers and sailing committee, who were never absent from their posts whenever their services were required. After again thanking the club for their very beautiful presents, he concluded by saying they would long remain in his family as mementoes of the kindly feeling the members of the club entertained towards him.—“The Commodore’s health” was then proposed by Charles Putland, V.C., R.I.Y.C. and received with all the honours.

After which followed several toasts, including that of “W. J. Corrigan,” the hon. sec. of the testimonial committee; “The Owners of the Winning Yachts of the Club,” ably responded to by Rear-Commodore Doherty, who commented upon the assistance he derived from the club in manning his yacht from its members, and with his ordinary crew being able to contend against the crack yachts and picked yachtsmen of the south of England, and he was able to assert that his crew, composed as it was for the greater part of members belonging to the club, handled sails and shifted canvas as quickly as the best paid crews he ever had on board.—The “Healthis of Members not Owning Yachts” was very neatly responded to by Mr. J. C. Neligan.

The “Healthis of Messrs. J. M’Curdy and of Isaac Williams,” the Nestor of the club, were then proposed, also that of “Mr. Thompson,” the owner of the Torch, which were all respectively responded to in suitable terms, and the song and the grog can went round until the approach of the small hours, when the meeting separated, after passing an exceedingly jolly evening, and one that will be long borne in recollection by the members of the P.A.Y.C.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**WRITE WITH RED ANCHOR AND BORDER.**—The application for the warrant of the proposed club signed by the officers, accompanied by a list of Members, and the names and tonnages of their yachts, must be forwarded to the Admiralty; and the application should be backed up promptly by your Town and County Members, together with any influence you can bring to bear upon the powers that be at Whitehall.—You must at the same time state whether it is the Red or Blue Ensign you apply for, (the White will not be granted,) and forward a sketch and description of the distinguishing emblems proposed to be emblazoned thereupon.



# HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

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FEBRUARY 1st, 1867.

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THERE AND BACK AGAIN. \*

A NAUTICAL, YACHTICAL NARRATIVE.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"Quien no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto Maravilla."

SPANISH PROVERB.

Two days after the events detailed in the last chapter, at 11h. 30m. a.m., that very prudent mariner, the Captain of the *Sevilla*, once more got his vessel's head on San Lucar and steamed away for Cadiz. The day was a fine one, and that little man, seeming smaller still from having peeled off such outer integuments as had been necessary on the previous day, "t'expel the winter's flaw," stood confest in a dandy, blue tasseled red fez, a brilliant "faja" or sash of many colors, and an equally brilliant pair of hessian boots drawn over slate colored pantaloons. Conscious of his imposing appearance he was now in the best of tempers, and addressed most of his passengers with condescending affability; but for us there was no such intimacy. Remembering our late altercation, and our imputations on his pluck, still rankling in his small but manly bosom,

\* Continued from page 14.

he deigned us no further recognition than a warlike frown, which should have withered us, but didn't, as he strutted up and down the deck,

"Like a pestilent jackdaw."

But though this time we had effected a good start, and every one who has possessed a copy book knows that "well begun is half done,"—we were doomed to be the exception which proves the rule—there was trouble before us; just as we approached the little pier of San Lucar—clash, crash went something in the engine-room, then followed a deafening rush of all-enveloping steam, the paddles ceased to revolve, and in a few moments we should have drifted out to sea with the current of the river, had not the crew with some slight show of presence of mind let go the anchor, and run a warp ashore, by means of which we were gradually brought alongside the pier.

Then followed four mortal hours of delay, during which time, our captain, the alcade, the town council, and the capitan del puerto discussed the propriety or possibility of our proceeding any farther that day.

"Has anything serious occurred?" we enquired of the Scotch engineer, who was leaning against the funnel with folded arms, and "cutty" adorned mouth.

"Næthing!" replied the celt contemptuously, "that a could na mak' reet wi' twa cracks o'ma hommer."

And so, it proved, for when the debate had worn both itself and the patience of the passengers out, when much "valdepenas" had been consumed, and many parting kisses and salutations had been exchanged, the "twa cracks" were administered, and the Sevilla as good as ever, stood out into the stream of the river, and resumed the journey.

I find I have mentioned "valdepenas," and as it is a wine much prized by connoisseurs, I may as well record our opinion. Our raptures had limits; it is no doubt a pleasant summer beverage, but to our English tastes, it was too thin and clarety for December drinking, even in the sunny south; in fact the sort of wine alluded to by G—— D——, who when asked if he liked light claret replied—"No, its too *laydious*."

Any beauty that the Guadelquiver possesses, does not exist in that part of it which flows between Seville and the sea. If it be

true that much of the vaunted reputation of the Rhine, is derived from the rhyming facilities which its name affords to ballad-mongers, with how much more reason could the same be said of the river sacred to Spanish romance. On the Rhine the tourist can find many a lovely mile if he comes to see it without exaggerated preconceptions; on the Guadelquiver there is not a yard of anything but unmitigated ugliness, the whole way from San Lucar to the Andalusian capital. We had pictured to ourselves wild, rugged scenery of the Salvator Rosa type, here and there adorned with a ruined Moorish castle, suggestive of the Abencerrages and the Cid Rodrigo Diaz; that our course should meander through cork forests, in whose cool glades modern Spanish Robin Hoods might still be met, who with their Pepitas, Mariquitas, and Dolores, passed an *al fresco* and picturesque existence; that floating away from the woodlands, our bark (even steamboats are barks in poetry) should glide past quaint villages, and fragrant and umbrageous orange groves, each view succeeding the other in an endless diorama of loveliness and variety, and what was the reality? A broad sullen stream of the most pea-soupy color and unsavoury odour, dragging its muddy length like some slime born reptile, through fifty miles of oozy meadows, without a mountain, tree, or human dwelling to break the monotony, until even the occasional herds of cattle, the long horned stock which produces bulls for the arena—as they looked up at us from the sedgy shore or snuffed the brackish water, became real centres of interest. Such was our experience of the Guadelquiver.

Under these dull circumstances Messrs. Binnacle and Marling-spike, got out their Spanish Ollendorf, and were soon deep in an interesting conversation beginning thus,

“Have you seen my ugly, iron, wooden gun?”

“No, I have not seen your ugly, iron, wooden gun,” &c. &c.

Tom Bowline took forth from his carpet bag a score of “Gli Ugonotti,” some music paper and writing materials, and went to work upon an instrumental selection for the use of an Amateur Musical Society at home, over whom he swayeth the conductor’s baton, and Benjamin Bolt having engineered a snug bed among the luggage produced his pipe and Dumas’ last, under the combined influence of which he fell asleep, and so got over much of that yawn-ipotent day. Darkness had fallen before the steam-boat, having passed through

the orange groves that clothe the river's bank in the suburbs of Seville, began to pick her way among the crowd of fruiterers waiting for cargo, and glad enough were we all to hear the familiar sound—in our tongue too—"Alf speed,—ease 'er—stawp 'er—alf a turn astarn—stawp 'er," and to resign ourselves and luggage into the hands of one of a clamorous horde of porters and commissioners,—hight Mr. Frederick Barlow, (an Englishman as his namè indicated,) who led us away to the Fonda de Paris, where a good supper and bed awaited us.

To bed? yes. To sleep? Alas no! for when the party assembled at the breakfast table the next morning, each had a grievous tale to tell, a tale indeed, told without words by four swelled and disfigured countenances. The party had been accommodated with two double-bedded rooms, which were occupied respectively by Ben Bolt and Bill Binnacle in one, and Tom Bowline and Dick Marlingspike in the other. We will relate what befell to each couple, and will begin with Ben and Bill. Having slipped into bed and blown out the candles, each set to work about the business of the hour, expecting the usual summons to the realm of Morpheus; but it came not. They had counted without their host—a host of malignant vampires, an army of insatiable black musketeers, (the reader may spell them "mosquitos" if he pleases,)—flying columns, whose trumpets were for ever sounding the attack, and whose agility baffled reprisals. Every now and then through the darkness would ring out from one bed or the other, a loud smack, as the tormented one would deal himself a sound blow on the face, in the hope of immolating the blood-thirsty miscreant in *facto delictu*;—vain wrath! Their tiny antagonist would sound a mocking note on his clarion, and recommence his attack the next instant. At last it became unbearable, and Bill roared out, "Confound it, there's no standing this! Have you such a thing as a match, Ben?"

Ben had a match, the candles were lighted, and a war of extermination commenced, which resulted better than was to be expected. The tactics were as follows:—Armed with the candles they narrowly inspected the walls and windows, whither the enemy had flown on the change from darkness to light, until a foe was discovered. Then swiftly and with unerring accuracy the flame was applied *a tergo*, there was a slight phiz as when a grain of gunpowder explodes and all was over!

It was a scene worthy of the pencil of Gustave Doré, to depict those two in night shirts standing on chairs, or groping into corners in search of mosquitoes: none were spared, though it was easy to discriminate between the innocent and the guilty, for the latter, bloated and distended, displayed their ill-gotten supper like bright rubies through their bodies; such criminals exploded with double the report of the others, and it is to be hoped for the sake of justice, suffered proportionately. At length having destroyed all they could find, the victors returned to bed, leaving a candle alight, and actually succeeded in getting to sleep, where we may leave them for the present and see how it fared with Dick and Tom.

As their beds were provided with mosquito curtains they had escaped the attack of winged foes, and knowing that their friends were not so luxuriously fenced, had with selfish glee chuckled over their luck, enjoying it all the more from the sense of monopoly. But, ah! short-lived mirth! Scarcely had they got nice and snug, and just as conversation was becoming delightfully monosyllabic and indistinct, the signal was given,

"Fee saw fum  
I smell the blood of an Englishman,"

and forth rushed myriads of those two classes of bloodsuckers, known musically as B flats and F sharps; and whereas it was the hands and faces only of Ben and Bill that suffered, Tom and Dick were grazed upon impartially over the whole body.

After breakfast Mr. Frederick Barlow, most obsequious of guides, commissionaires, interpreters, and general agents, made his appearance, accompanied by a picturesquely ragged porter, whom Ben had bespoken to carry his photographic traps. The latter was a stout cobby fellow well equal to the burden, but thought it necessary to make a great fuss about it, in the vain hope of obtaining an advance on the terms agreed upon. We had however no compassion for him, a brave Swiss boy would have carried double the load, as easily as a young lady carries her "*chignon*."

Thus attended we sallied forth "to do" the town, and were led in the first instance to the Cathedral, which is situated in the very heart of the city, at a most convenient contiguity to all the principal hotels. Of this edifice the Sevillians are no little proud, as indeed they are of everything within their boundaries. The quota-

tion with which I have headed this chapter is the Spanish version of the Neapolitan

“Vede Napoli e poi morir.”

and the Lisbonian,

“Quem não tem visto Lisboa”

Naõ tem visto cousa boa,”

and indeed it is true in more senses than the one intended, for if Seville is a “maravilla” of rich Mauresque architecture, of size and splendour in its Cathedral, and in having alone of all Spanish cities preserved intact the original Spanish national characteristics, it is alas also a “maravilla” of dirt, squalor and beggary—*sweet* Seville indeed!—but to return to the Cathedral. It is said to be the second largest in Europe, St. Peter's at Rome being the first, than which it is of course (in Spanish eyes) infinitely superior in every other respect. There is however a squatness, an absence of unity of design, and a want of striking architectural features, which makes it externally a disappointment to those who would compare it with other European fanes. For the interior, we had nothing but admiration. Such congeries of soaring pillars! such perspectives of ghostly aisles! such a wealth of delicate traceries and intricate groinings! and above all such calm, still contrast to hot, noisy, gaudy, dirty Seville outside.

Emerging once more into a pleasant, orange planted little quadrangle, completely shaded in by the walls of the Cathedral, and passing forth into the street through a beautiful Moorish archway, surmounted in the vilest taste with some colossal saints or apostles, we found ourselves face to face with the Giralda, a wondrous square tower of beautiful proportions, embellished with Saracenic ornament for a height of three hundred feet, and surmounted with a more modern campanile, containing a number of the usual cracked sounding bells which Spaniards seem to think so charming.

In the olden time when the Moors held sway, it was from this dizzy height that the Muezzin—a leather-lunged heathen he must have been—proclaimed to “the faithful,” that there was “but one God and Mahomet his prophet,” and from it the summons still peals forth to another “faithful” to attend the house of prayer. Steady old tower, faithful to its original mission through all the vicissitudes of dynasties and religions! It is in splendid preservation as indeed is the case with most Moorish buildings, where no hand but that of

Time has been concerned in their demolition. No system of masonry as practised in these degenerate days can compare in durability; with the rubble walls of these Paynim artificers. The nature of the cement they employed is probably lost for ever, but it is a proved fact that even where these fortresses have been called upon to resist the force of tolerably heavy Artillery, they have borne the brunt far better than clamped and cemented granite masonry. The old Moorish tower at Gibraltar which forms such a well known object in all views, is a good exemplification of this. During the various sieges, being of considerable height and thoroughly exposed to the fire of the Spanish breaching batteries, it came in for more than its fair share of attention, the results of which are still very apparent, yet there it stands sturdily, its surface pitted with the impression of the iron hail, and in many places showing the shot on the surface, with no more injury to the building than is suffered by Mons. Houdin when in the gun trick, he exhibits the bullet between his teeth.

Having circumvented the cathedral we *debouched* upon the Plaza del Trionfo, in which stands an obelisk commemorative of the great earthquake of the 1st of November, 1755, which destroyed Lisbon and did immense damage in Seville. At the time of the shock mass was going on and the priests in the very act of "elevating the host," when fearing the fate of Samson they hurried forth and completed the ceremony in the square, in which place high mass has ever since been annually celebrated on the date of the earthquake.

While visiting the cathedral the four friends had kept together, but as the photographic soul of Ben had been chafing under the loss of this fine day, it became necessary for the party to divide, Tom and Dick voting it slow work to watch the oft-seen detail of picture taking, while Bill, himself no mean photographer, clave unto Ben. It will therefore be necessary for the chronicler to follow the doings of each party in turns, beginning with the artists.

On the opposite side of the Plaza del Trionfo, and exactly facing the Cathedral and Giralda, stood a house whose top seemed in every way eligible as a field for photographic prowess: it was unoccupied too, save by the usual old lady in charge, every hair of whose beard, and it was bushy and black after the manner of Spanish old ladies, stood on end with delight on the presentation of a peseta, which at once made the artists masters of the position, and the castellana herself their most obedient servant. The roof was flat, and traversed

in every direction with clothes lines, from which depended all sorts of mysterious under garments of ladies, to particularize which would ill beseem a chronicler of the male sex: these the hirsute lady in waiting bundled rapidly into a buck basket with which she disappeared, returning with a can of water, and then the work began.

Bill having focussed the view got him beneath the shade of a chimney whose fumatory powers he forthwith proceeded to emulate, and Ben, having erected his developing box, set about sensitizing a plate. There was a broiling sun glaring from a cloudless sky on this December day, and striking full on the operator's devoted head; but this was all the better for the picture, so he gave it little heed. Suddenly a qualm came over him, black motes floated before his eyes, prismatic colors passed over every object, the Giralda rocked to and fro in a drunken imbecile manner, a racking pain shot through his temples, and he had just time to shout to Bill when a mortal sickness invaded him, and he ceased to be "an articulate speaking man." He had got a slight sun-stroke.

Then arose Bill, and reluctantly laying aside the scarce begun cigar, came to his friend's assistance, but the artillerymen in the sun had got their range to an inch, and strange to say, scarcely had he been engaged in his friendly ministrations for a few minutes when he was attacked by the same symptoms and had to join Ben over the friendly parapet, where they twain—well, we must draw a decent curtain over their sufferings.

The fact is that in these semi-tropical latitudes it doesn't do to be too energetic after meals, and the photographers had suffered from a neglect of this prudent axiom, luckily however in a very mitigated form, for after a glass of water and half-an-hour's rest under the friendly chimney, they were able to resume operations and secured a good picture.

Descending from the house-top they found an itinerant merchant of orangeade in the Plaza with whom they invested a couple of cuartos—about one penny sterling—receiving in exchange an artfully compounded beverage of orange juice, water, and very dirty brown sugar. This dubious tipple completed the cure, and quite reinvigorated they followed their guide to the Alcazar, one of the noblest specimens of Moorish architecture in the country, and said to contain specimens of arabesque ornamentation equal to anything in the



**Alhambra.** By ill luck however the Duc de Montpensier was expected with the Compté de Paris to whom he was avuncularly exhibiting the lions of Seville, and scarcely had a couple of negatives been secured when with a clatter and a dash the Ducal carriage drawn by six black mules entered the palace court. Great was the perturbation of the gate-keeper who had been warned to have the coast quite clear for these distinguished visitors, but who had yielded to the softening influence of palm oil, so cameras, bottles, glasses and photographers were huddled away together into a subterranean passage, there to abide until the regal storm should have swept past. It was however so prolonged that Ben and Bill got tired of waiting and slipped away unperceived "to fresh fields and pastures new."

The next point that tempted them to unlimber was the Plaza San Francisco, a thoroughly characteristic Spanish town-scape, recalling vividly the artistic yet faithful sketches of David Roberts and Philips. Dotted thickly over the large paved area of the square were groups of buyers and sellers in Andalusian holliday attire, chaffering and bargaining with the street merchants, whose persons and goods were shadowed over by gaudily striped awnings. Long horned oxen released from the rough country arabas stood and lay around, ruminating in natural poses of beauty that would have enchanted the artistic soul of Rosa Bonheur, and from the midst the bright waters of a clear fountain shot up its liquid diamonds to catch and shower around the prismatic glories of a noon-day sun. This bright and busy scene was shut in on three sides by the usual Spanish town houses so liberally furnished with arches, trottoirs, verandahs, balconies, green sun shades, and all such irregularities as go to make a pleasing picture, and on the fourth by the Ajuntamento, or Town Hall, a large handsome building partly in the Renaissance style, and partly Byzantine, while over all the lovely Giralda glittering in the sunlight, soared high into the blue heavens. It was a tempting subject, but what a crowd would photography in so populous a thoroughfare collect? Accustomed as our operators were to such inconveniences they recoiled from the task. Happily that Hibernian modesty which goes by the name of impudence in England, befriended them and cleared away their difficulties. Having noticed that from the balcony of a certain private house all the best features of the scene could be embraced, they knocked at the door and requested permission to take a photograph from that point of vantage. This cool request was ac-

ceded to with a politeness which I fear a Spanish photographer would not have experienced in Belgravia, and in a few minutes the drawing-room floor was strewn with apparatus. The master of the house—happy to make himself useful—went off for water, the senora, whose obesity forbade her to rise, smiled a fat welcome on them from her easy chair, and the two charming little senoritas chatted away in a manner that would have been delightful had it been in French or English.

I have endeavoured to describe the view in front of the camera, but on the whole I am in doubt whether it was as attractive as that behind it. Scene, an interior.—*Dramatis Personæ*, Enthusiastic Papa, indulgent Mama, charming Pepita, fascinating Dolores, Benjamin Bolt and William Binnacle, Esquires. The dialogue I will not presume to give, because those among my readers who do not understand Spanish might think it pedantic, while those who do would certainly detect the shallowness of my acquaintance with that tongue. As to translating, every one knows that translations are odious, suffice it to say that the whole party were at once upon the friendliest terms, that each of the darlings insisted upon a peep beneath the focussing cloth to see the picture thrown by the lens on the muffled glass, that both protested they could see nothing, so that it became absolutely necessary for Ben to wrap up each of the pretty heads in the cloth along with his own in order to instruct them in the proper way of—looking—that each of them exclaimed (in Spanish of course) "Oh, how nice! how delightful!" though I verily believe neither of them saw a bit better than before, and lastly (I grieve to relate it) that the envious Bill who was longing to join in this little game of "two faces under one hood," but couldn't see his way to it, called out spitefully, "Hallo, Ben, this won't do, I'll tell your wife!"—In short if episodes of this sort occur frequently to photographers who would not be a knight of the camera. However the most blissful moments are ever the shortest, and notwithstanding the additional delay occasioned by the destruction of the first negative by Pepita's taper fingers, thus necessitating another to be taken, the time of their departure came round. With all due thanks and civil speeches the colby one was reloaded and staggered off towards the bull-ring which was the next point of attraction.

On the way thither they fell in with Messrs. Bowline and Marlingspike, whose adventures may be shortly told. They had been to

the post-office which had disgorged quite a bundle of home letters, thence to the Alameda in the hope of joining in the "gay and motley," but were too early for that, and finally went off in search of Murillo with whom enraptured they had spent the rest of their time.

As this is more of a personal narrative than a guide book to Spain, the *Chronicler* will eschew the temptation to describe the glorious works of art of this greatest of Spanish painters. Still he cannot pass on from these gems, the crowning marvels of "Sevilla la Maravilla," without a few words of homage. It is no hyperbolical language to say that to see the "Seville collection of Murillo's paintings," is in itself to the lover of the beautiful reward sufficient for the trouble of going there. None of the ancient masters seem to me to possess the same magical power of descending to the comprehension of the uninitiated, without injury to the dignity of his art. His was one of the few minds, which alike unprejudiced and fearless could soar to heaven and find its inspiration there, or pick gems from the gutter and the highway.

In a previous chapter I alluded to Mr. Ruskin's low estimate of Murillo's claims as a really great artist, for although he admits him to be a "real painter;" that faint praise surely is damned very completely by the epithets that accompany it, "narrowest, feeblest, and most superficial." Such a criticism sounds strangely to me who am but a lowly worshipper in the courts of art, and have no pretensions to serve in the sanctuary wherein Mr. Ruskin claims to be priest. There seems a sort of profane audacity in applying such terms to Murillo, which rather shocks me, though accustomed to be startled by many such art criticisms by the same brilliant writer. I am not among those who consider that the shadow of a great name should conceal all faults, or exempt the possessor from criticism; but surely these faults, even if proven, are entitled to tender and reverent handling, especially when, as is this case with Murillo, his patent of art nobility has been stamped with the unanimous consent of centuries of art-critics. I protest, had one of the smaller fry of cognoscenti used such language, it would have reminded me of the way-side cur, yapping furiously at a passing coach, whose driver thinks it almost too much trouble to change this wrath into tribulation, by a back-handed flick of his whip; but being Mr. Ruskin, I can only marvel at his intrepidity, and wonder when he approached

the dead master's tomb—for I presume he will have made that pilgrimage,) that no passing fear should have crossed his mind, lest a voice from its mighty tenant should have ascended—"Man who made thee a judge over me!"

Come, come, Mr. Chronicler, take it coolly—don't get into an asthetic passion—beg pardon Mr. Reader I won't do it again, but really the provocation was great. Let us get back to our muttons, or rather beeves, for I see on looking back that we were on our road to the bull-ring when my art-hobby ran away with me.

How is it that every traveller who has written upon Spain, and things Spanish, denounces the taste for bull-fights as "blood-thirsty," "brutal," "inhuman," "uncongenial to British tastes," &c., &c., and yet takes particularly good care not to miss an opportunity of committing the sin he so much reprobates, by securing for himself the best seat he can at the gory spectacle? It cannot be that he is taken by surprise, and knows not what he is going to witness, it has been for too often described in its minutest details to allow of that excuse, nor do I think it a mere conventional catering to the cant of Exeter Hall-goers, who are so indignant that there are still "cakes or ale in the land;" that were an ungenerous suspicion, how is it then? I'm afraid the best plea that can be entered for such sinners is one *ad misericordiam*. Bull fighting is brutal, is demoralising, but alas for poor human nature, it is also fearfully exciting—and it is something to get the pulse up ten beats in this "used up" age. As a national sport, no Englishman would wish it to be introduced among us, but "prithee good Mr. Moraliser, now that we are away from home, in Spain, let us do as Spaniards do—shut your eyes or look the other way while we sin—just this once." Remember before you fulminate, that by reading our descriptions you yourself are enjoying the same excitement diluted.—Do you skip them? Did you read the last murder in the newspapers and the nauseous details of the execution? Did you feel no interest, nothing but unmitigated disgust at the international combat between the late Mr. Thomas Sayers and his transatlantic opponent Mr. Heenan?

Alas, how many stone throwers, how few qualified!

Nay, what is the boasted civilization of the present age? Has bloodshed become obsolete? Have nations set the example to individuals, and is an appeal to arms in the nineteenth century an anachronism? Let Königsgrätz and Sadowa reply. Is there no

ferocity left in an age in which a quaker (of all religionists the one most accredited with love of peace, and hatred of blood spilling), can stand forward, aye, and be heard with approval—not execration, when he suggests the “extermination” of Irish landlords, as a fit and proper solution of the Irish tenant right question? Truly in the matter of blood-thirsting the Spaniards may cry “*tu quoque*.”

As it so happens our four yachtsmen were delivered from the temptation of bull-fighting, by the fact that December is not the season for that sport. Whether they would have yielded had an opportunity offered is neither here nor there. The greatest stickler for consistency could not construe their visit to the empty arena, as a participation in the scenes therein enacted, so with an easy conscience they followed Mr. Barlow, and after passing through one of the gates of the city, soon stood within the precincts of the largest and most celebrated bull-ring in Spain.

When speaking of the Plaza San Francisco, I mentioned the truthfulness of the pencils of David Roberts and Lewis. Now with both their volumes lying open before me, I find I must qualify that praise, as I fear both of them have in their sketches of the bull-ring committed pictorial fibs. Making every allowance for the enhancing effects of a brilliant and crowded audience, and gaily dressed performance it seems to me that they have rather extravagantly ennobled a somewhat common-place subject; if not, great must be the effect of these adjuncts, for divested of them the Seville bull-ring is the reverse of imposing. We looked in vain for that grand architectural amphitheatre, for which the sketches prepared us—all we could see was a very inconsiderable circular area, surrounded by three or four tiers of plain stone benches,—a tawdry stage-box for the potentates, and a good deal of dirty looking distemper daubing, not much superior to the decorations of a strolling player's booth. Ben Bolt would none of it as food for the camera, and all voted it a disappointment.

The audience are separated from the combatants by two rows of stout palisading, between which is a passage attainable from the circus by means of narrow openings, large enough to admit a man but not a bull; and by a narrow ledge all round upon which a performer when too hotly pursued to escape otherwise, can place his foot and thence vault over the paling. Cases have actually occurred in which the infuriated animal has sprung clear over the barriers,

alighting among the the audience, who no doubt began to think bull-fighting rather too exciting an amusement. The affair is got up by speculators, who like circus folk at home advertise the whole strength of their companies in flaming *affiches* all over the town, not only detailing the names of the principal performers, but the number and breed of the bulls and the stud of horses to be produced for the occasion. Of these performers I must confess, that my sympathies go rather with the brute than the human animals; for the latter besides being the unprovoked aggressors, are as a rule the rowdiest, most ill-conditioned blackguards in the kingdom, somewhat on a level with the patrons of the "noble art of self-defence at home," so that when they come to grief in the arena it is perhaps a more distinguished ending for them than might have been anticipated.

I have said that bull-fighting is a mere pecuniary speculation to its "*entrepreneurs*," and this leads to some of the most disgusting phases of the exhibition. To prevent trickery on the part of the management, it is a standing rule that no bull shall leave the ring alive, so that even if he vanquishes his legitimate foes, picadors, chulos, banderilleros, and matadors, his valour is wasted and he must die—while the more daring scoundrels in front distract his attention, a mean assassin—I forget his ignominious title—sneaks behind and hamstringing him, when of course he is at the mercy of his enemies.

But the bull dies gloriously with his face to the foe—the horses lot is far worse. In the first place the manager argues that any thing is good enough to be gored, therefore instead of the two hundred guinea weight-carrier which we see in Mr. Lewis's sketch, all the broken down equine incurables, which in England would be consigned to the more merciful knacker, here are drafted into the bull-ring. Of course it would be too much to expect that such miserable garrons should possess the requisite pluck to joust against a raging bull, accordingly they are led in blindfolded and then begins the bloody work, horse after horse goes down before the long sharp horns of the Andalusian bulls, and on recovering their legs course about the arena in agony and terror, often—as I am credibly informed—trampling upon their own entrails, which drag along the ground in horrible festoons until they are led away—not, as the reader will imagine, to be mercifully despatched but—it sickens one to think of it—to have the exuded bowels thrust back through the gaping

wound, which is then closed with a wad of hay, and the poor beast is thus again sent back into the ring with a picador on his back to die there, either from the effects of the old wound, or from new ones which are then inflicted—it saves a fresh horse!

We were shewn here a sword which belonged to the celebrated matador Montes, with which he had slain nine hundred bulls! The blade, which was as stout and unbendable as a bayonet, tapered away from the hilt, where it was about an inch in breadth to the finest of points. The hilt itself was curiously small, allowing only the grasp of two or three fingers, the first finger being laid along the blade, to give the hand steadiness and accuracy of direction.

Before leaving the bull-ring our conductor drew our attention to two among many deep punctures in the barricade: their history was as follows:—Overtaken by the bull before he could vault over the palings, a distinguished matador was actually pinned against them between the two horns: luckily they had a forward set, and the man was able to squeeze through and scramble away unhurt, before the animal could extricate itself!

But enough of gladiators and bloodshed. Resume thy burden and go thy ways, oh! cobby one, for we will not waste sunshine on this gore besprent circus—go thy ways, thy race is run, the guerdon won, and won cheaply too, in spite of thy vain supplication for “One more peseta, noble English cavaliers, for the love of God!”

There is nothing more fatiguing to mind and body than sight seeing, and when our morning's work is considered it will, I think, be conceded that by dinner time we had not only earned an appetite for that meal, but a title to spend the remainder of our evening in a quiet ramble through the quaint streets, and a lounge on the Alameda, (the Sevillian Rotten Row,) by gas light, where, among mantillas, sombreras, and Andalusian costumes, which seemed to have stepped off the corners of chimney pieces, we wandered until sated with seeing and being seen, we retired to our beds to be grazed on by mosquitoes and other *ánthropophagi*, as on the previous night.

The next morning however, we were up and at it again, the programme consisting in a visit to the “Fondacion di Canone” in the morning, the tobacco manufactories in the afternoon, and the opera in the evening. As however we pronounced the making of cannon a great bore, the tobacco through Spain as unworthy of a smoker, and the performance of I'Lombardi the most unmusical concatenation of

sounds that we had listened to, since the famous Gallician cart wheels, I will not inflict a description of any of them upon my readers. Suffice it to say that the day was spent and so were we, and the next morning the invaluable Mr. Barlow and his satellite, the cob, handed us over to the valiant captain of the Sevilla, who in his turn handed us into our gig at Cadiz, which speedily conveyed us on board Guendolen, where a comfortable English dinner formed a pleasant termination to our short visit to the orange city.

*(To be continued.)*

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### THE VICTORIES OF THE CLYDE YACHTS.\*

AMONG the other Scottish yachts that held a prominent position in the season's regattas were the Mosquito and Torch—the former winning at Largs and Queenstown, and the latter winning at Largs and Kingstown. The Torch, now owned by Mr. J. B. Thomson, has been sailed during the past summer with surprising energy—knocking about the Irish Channel in all weathers, and proving herself to be a first-rate sea-boat as well as a fast boat. About the performances of Fife's two last boats—the Ellida, 80 tons, G. N. Duck, Esq., and the Denburn, 31 tons, S. King, Esq.,—considerable interest was felt. At Largs both vessels ran against the famous Gance, on both days. On the first-day the Ellida was second with Denburn third, and on the second day the Denburn was second with Ellida third. The Ellida afterwards beat Mr Couper's old boat the Surf, at Grimsby regatta, in such weather that the Surf was pitching her deck planks under. The Denburn had no other chance of proving her speed, but another season is likely to bring out her capabilities favourably. She is evidently in want of canvas, and with a greater spread is likely to keep the Gance out of the Clyde. Mr. Powell's schooner, the Aglaia, has been unfortunate in not having yet had a fair trial, but still promises to vindicate her fine appearance and builders' reputation. One of the most plucky things of the season, in the way of racing, was performed by the Armada, 8 tons, Barton Bell, Esq. This yacht sailed at the Clyde Club Regatta at Rothesay among the 8 ton boats, but got beat by the Lady Alice, an 8 ton yacht brought over from Belfast. Not satisfied with the result, the Armada again met the Lady Alice in the Gareloch, and beat her in turn ; and finally, to make sure of victory, followed the Lady Alice to Belfast Lough, where she again beat her twice over, and

\* Continued from page 42.



in the first match in such weather as kept the larger class of yachts swinging at their anchors.

It is but seldom such a feat is attempted in a vessel of the Armada's tonnage, and her crew deserve as much credit for their hardihood as for their skill. Last and least of our Clyde clippers is the little Gipsy King, belonging to Mr. Charles Barr of Gourrock, and built by his son. This open boat sailed in the Clyde Club Regatta at Rothesay, winning the cup for her class, and showing qualities which might well frighten boats many times her tonnage. Indeed no Clyde boat fit to match the Gipsy has yet put in an appearance, and if hard sailing can help a fine model it will be difficult to find a boat anywhere that will overhaul her. We pen these notes with the hope that they may have brought out in a stronger light the wonderful progress made in yacht building in the Clyde, and draw some more attention to the well-earned reputation of Clyde-built yachts and of Clyde-bred yachtsmen.

English builders and English yacht owners, smarting under the unaccountable triumphs of the Scottish yachts during the season of 1866, are known to be determined to spare no effort to give the Selene and Fiona their revenge; and Scottish yachtsmen are quite as anxious that the drubbing which the Scottish schooner and cutter gave to the English clippers this past summer should be repeated with interest next season. The unvarying success which has attended the Fiona must necessarily have left an impression among English yachtsmen that she is invincible, but neither English or Scottish yachtsmen are willing to rest under a defeat. That the Fiona will be again matched with new and more perfect models it is reasonable to expect, but English yachtsmen will mistake if they make preparations alone to meet the Scottish champion cutter of this past season. Although the Fiona is the fastest Scottish cutter ever raced in English waters, the Clyde can boast of a cutter yacht even faster than the Fiona. The Condor cutter, owned by Mr. W. Houldsworth, of Glasgow, and built by Messrs. Steele of Greenock, last year, it is well known among Clyde yachtsmen, can give an excellent account of the Fiona, possibly more due to her larger tonnage than the fineness of her mould. The Condor has never been raced, but little doubt is felt as to the result should she be entered at any of the summer regattas. In a rather severe test the Condor found it impossible to overhaul the Selene, but the schooner was never so closely pressed—not even by the famous Aline schooner, the pride of the Solent, and unmatched until the Selene left her in the lurch going down to Plymouth.

The Condor appears to carry a tremendous spread of canvas,  
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and alongside of her the largest of the Clyde cutters dwarf into pigmies. It is with some regret that we learn Mr. Houldsworth intends parting with the Condor without giving her a trial. We can only hope that she will fall into the hands of some Clyde yachtsmen who will give her fair play, and still further add to the reputation of our river for clipper yachts. Still further to strengthen the Clyde fleet of cutters, Mr. Chas. Tennant of Glasgow, is getting a cutter built by Messrs. Steele of Greenock about double the tonnage of the Fiona, and judging from the yachts already launched by the same firm, Mr. Tennant's new cutter is not likely to be behind either the Condor or Fiona in speed. When schooner yachts have become so much the fashion, Mr. Tennant shows a peculiar taste in preferring a cutter-rigged yacht of such an unwieldy size. Although it is urged that the cutter rig tells in working to windward, the difficulty of manning and managing a cutter of 160 tons burthen has almost condemned the cutter rig for the larger class of yachts, but a veteran of Mr. Tennant's experience has reasons for choosing his rig, and it may be safely expected that the approaching season will prove the fitness of his choice. Indeed, about the speed of yachts launched by Messrs. Steele there is no opportunity for a choice of opinion, and we doubt not Mr. Tennant's new craft will prove to be as fast a vessel of her class as ever was launched on the Clyde. With the invincible Fiona the reputation of the Clyde was safe enough, but English yachtsmen may well feel some trepidation when it is known that the Condor beats the Fiona, and that probably a faster-cutter than the Condor is to be ready for 1867.

As might have been expected, the fame of the Selene has occasioned a demand upon the accommodation of Messrs. Steeles' yard which there is some difficulty in meeting. Anxious to obtain a yacht with the Selene's fine qualities, the Earl of Wilton has ordered a schooner from Messrs. Steele of somewhat less tonnage than the Selene, but otherwise a sister vessel to the famous schooner. An Irish Marquis is likewise desirous of owning a similar vessel, and it is to be expected will be fitted with another match for the Aline. While Messrs. Steele have their hands full of new vessels, Mr. Fyfe of Fairlie is also engaged in adding to the Clyde fleet. This famous builder, rather to our surprise, has not received any order for a consort to the Fiona, a want of spirit on the part of the "Northern" yachtsmen that is not easily explained. When the enormous incomes spent by Glasgow millionaires upon pleasure hunting are remembered, it is unfortunate that so little money comparatively speaking, is spent upon the noblest and the most enjoyable of our national pastimes, and this is the more remarkable at a time

when the reputation of Clyde builders never stood higher, and when a liberal patronage would inspire even greater efforts than those already made.

To Mr. Fife belongs the merit of sustaining for many years, and against many discouraging circumstances, the reputation of the Clyde for yacht building, and we must confess that it is with considerable chagrin we find another model of the *Fiona* has not been laid down at Fairlie. Mr. Fife is at present engaged upon a 35 ton cutter yacht for N. B. Stewart, Esq., of Glasgow, and from what is said of her the reputation of Fairlie will suffer nothing by this latest specimen of Mr. Fife's drafting. This cutter will in size be more a match for the famous *Glance* than either the *Denburn* or *Ellida*, and from the way both these vessels pressed the *Glance* at Largs last season, it is evident that a cutter on the same lines with more power will close the *Glance's* career in the Clyde at least. Mr. Fife has also well forward a 72 ton schooner for Mr. Stevens, and the past performances of Fairlie-built schooners is a guarantee that this new craft will not deceive expectations. It was said a finer schooner than Mr. Richardson's beautiful yacht, the *Circe*, was never built, and yet this fast vessel was beaten by the *Fiery Cross* schooner built by Fife and not intended for racing feats. It has, indeed, been remarked that the *Fiery Cross* ought to be oftener raced than she is, and her present skipper will certainly give her all the justice which able seamanship can give. What Mr. Stevens's new schooner will actually do must of course be surmised until she has had a trial, but some peculiarity in her build suggests an additional interest in her probable performances. With more of the cutter build than the usual mould of the schooner, this new craft is likely to show well in a dead beat to windward, a point of sailing in which schooners have usually been deficient.

The "ocean race" from New York to Cowes is likely to revive a new contest upon the disputed points connected with the modelling of yachts, and probably occasion a revolution in yacht building not less remarkable than followed the success of the schooner-yacht, *America*, on her arrival in this country. It is true, various of the Yankee improvements copied from the *America*, have gone out of date, but this will not hinder the newest "notions" from being copied with eagerness from the three schooners now sent across the Atlantic as the most perfect American models. It is proper that every hint should be seized upon, but it is also well to remember that novelties are not always improvements. Lean bows, hollow floors, and heavy sterns, copied under various mistaken impressions, from the American yacht, have, by being exagger-

rated, spoiled many of our yacht-builders' models. The peculiar rig of the *America* has been largely adopted by our own schooner-yachts, notwithstanding its rather unseemly look, but the laced sails, among other novelties introduced by the American clipper, have after trial, been discarded as unsuitable. While referring to the advantages and disadvantages which the former visit of an American yacht to our coasts brought with it, it may not be out of place to draw attention to the fact, that before the arrival of the *America* in this country, Clyde yacht builders had begun to improve upon the models usually adopted, and, before the arrival of the American craft, yachts had been built at Fairlie, and at Greenock, upon principles not quite conformable with the notions prevalent among English yacht-builders, and which, by years development, have resulted in such perfect models as the *Fiona*, and *Selene*.

At Fairlie, the famous *Aquila* cutter was built a year before the *America* (schooner) arrived in England; and the little *Tiara*, one of the fastest yachts ever launched, had been built by Mr. Simmons, now of Renfrew, at Greenock, a considerable time before the *America* was heard of. The *Aquila* had been laid down by Mr. Fife as an improvement upon his fast yacht, the *Stella*, and although she might now be reckoned rather a full boat, was at the time looked upon as a miracle of sharpness in ends and floor. Indeed, she was considered by experienced boat builders to be little better than a toy, and the more prejudiced class of fishermen declared her to be a downright "coffin." Such alarms would be laughed at now, but at the time the *Aquila* was built her builder must have been almost alone in believing that her model was not a most hazardous experiment. The *Aquila* was launched, and although she could "lie down" to a squall, she proved a fast boat and an excellent sea boat—crossing the Atlantic even, and bringing no end of confusion upon the veteran judges who prophesied mishap to her. The *Aquila* was, indeed, a very great improvement upon any vessel of her class previously built on the Clyde, or perhaps in the kingdom, and would have been even more successful than she was as a racer, but that she was constantly matched with the *Stella*—nearly a tie in speed, and sailed under the direction of the late Captain M'Kirdy, perhaps the ablest yachtsman the Clyde has ever seen.

The *Stella*, built at Fairlie some time before the *Aquila*, and the first yacht intended for racing, built by Mr. Fife, although framed on the older style of model, proved to be a wonderfully speedy boat, and even with her full bow went to windward with the fastest English yachts competing against her. She, however, proved to be rather short

for "running" and "reaching," and when going off the wind lost what she had gained upon it. Seeing her defect, Mr. Fife added six feet to her bow, giving her more length and fineness, and the result was that immediately afterwards, at Kingstown and Queenstown, she walked away from all opponents, beating the very best of the English cracks. The effect of the alterations upon the *Stella* must have led her builder to see that the model of the *Aquila* was in the right direction, for the next vessel laid down was the *Cymba*, a 53 ton cutter, both longer and sharper than either the *Aquila* or the lengthened *Stella*. Mr. Rowan, persuaded of the correctness of Mr. Fife's views, bought the *Cymba*, and she proved a great success. Captain M'Kirdy, formerly of the *Stella*, took charge of Mr. Rowan's new yacht, and in his hands the *Cymba* proved more than a match for the most famous of the English yachts. Captain M'Kirdy died, and Mr. Rowan sold the *Cymba* after winning several cups with her. She does not appear to have fallen into racing hands since leaving the Clyde.

With the reputation of the *Aquila* and the *Cymba*, Mr. Fife's improved model had now been so well tested that there could be no doubt of the success of new vessels built upon the same lines. The *Oithona* was the next cutter launched at Fairlie, and proved to be a really fast vessel. With the rig of the *Cymba*, and with such another skipper as Captain M'Kirdy, the *Oithona* must have overhauled everything, and; as it was, she further established her builder's reputation. We can still remember seeing the *Oithona* sailing her maiden race at Dunoon in a fresh breeze of south-east wind, and the way she walked away from some four or five opponents was really splendid. With the *Aquila*, *Cymba*, and *Oithona*, Mr. Rowan had enjoyed a large share of victories, and Mr. Fife had not only established a new character for Clyde-built yachts, but had worked out with an extraordinary success the problem of long floors and fine ends, suggested to him by the success of his own yacht the *Stella*, and acted upon, as we remarked, before the model of the *America* was debated upon in this country. It is proper, in vindication of the Clyde, that this fact should be especially remembered at a time when our American visitors may "turn the heads" of yacht builders as well as yacht owners.—*Glasgow*.

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## THE AMERICAN OCEAN RACE.

IT IS with feelings of national pride, that every true yachtsman must reflect upon the right royal reception accorded to our American brethren of the burgee, on the completion of their great match across the Atlantic; it was worthy of us and of the occasion; from the Queen's palace to the humble fisherman's hut the voice of hearty welcome has resounded in their ears, and the friendly grasp made them feel that they were so. Whatever omissions we have to plead guilty to in our yachting obligations to America, the social relation will ever stand the same, and John Bull's warm heart and open hand will ever say "come" to his brave but eccentric grand-children, and never more heartily than when they come to try conclusions with the old country for the second time in one of its greatest national pastimes.

There is something gigantically funny, something massively humorous, in that *little* dinner at New York, at which the stormy month of December, and the *inconsiderable* trifle of £18,000, and the fortnight's dancing over 3,000 miles of mountainous sea at £6 a mile, so completely harmonized with the sporting proclivities of the jovial company; and the cool business-like reality in which the post-prandial jokes of that symposium culminated, illustrates American character in that particular phase of its energy and enterprize, where magnitude of difficulty is only measured by magnitude of result, so that the latter involves something which the rest of the world has never either contemplated or attempted, whether it be in the stern pursuits of every day life, or the enjoyment of relaxation from its cares.

We could with much confidence predicate the consequences, should a deluded "Nautical" assert his claim to originality, by ventilating such a preposterous notion in the vicinity of Albemarle Street or Adelphi Terrace, during the December of our clime; British propriety could not stand such an astounding shock, and the telegraph wire would speedily warn his friends of unnatural excitement, and suggest a necessity, similar to that experienced by Mr. Charles Mathews with his umbrella, namely—"to keep their eye upon him."—But then the area of a man's natal ground cannot fail to exercise a corresponding effect upon his cerebral recreations, and an individual raised upon only 58,000 square miles of dry land, has not such room for the frolic of brain as that of a child nourished on 14 millions.

In sober earnestness however, and all national peculiarities notwithstanding, it was a bold dashing sporting exploit, this race for a giant

sweep-stake across a wild wintry sea, and as such we acknowledge it, according the praise so well merited to the gallant yachtsmen who accomplished it ; it was man's work and done like men.

We cannot however go quite so far in the spirit of hero worship, as many of the articles that have been written regarding it seem to have been influenced by. We do not by any means recognize it as a performance without parallel, we conceive such an acknowledgment would not only be offensive to the common sense of American yachtsmen, but unjust to others as well as to ourselves. At first impression the novelty of the match, the unusual season of the year in which it was undertaken, the magnitude of the stake involved, and the length of the course sailed over, would invest it with an amount of interest, and magnify the dangers attending its accomplishment, sufficient to throw such a halo of sensation around the affair, as to arouse the imagination to a pruriency of admiration, that a little quiet reflection should considerably moderate.

In making these observations we desire to be distinctly understood as not wishing to detract one iota from the credit due, and unquestionably well earned, by the New York Yachtsmen. It was a plucky, dashing and unparalleled yacht-racing feat, as such we feel proud to record it, and to add our congratulations to the New York Yacht Club on the laurels it has achieved ; it may justly boast of its members and its vessels, and has proved itself in bone, sinew, and material worthy to contest with us the supremacy of the yachting world.

But with regard to this race, considered merely as a "nautical feat," we at once take issue : the vessels engaged in it were of a size and power fit to go to any part of the world, or face any weather that wood and iron are capable of contending with : it may be advanced that they carried enormous spars and overpowering canvas, we trow not, not a whit more than they were able ; moreover they were commanded by chosen and proved navigators, experienced seamen, that knew every inch of water they sailed over, and to an ounce what hulls, spars, gear, and cotton sail cloth were capable of bearing ; they were manned too by picked crews, mariners to whom every mystery of sailor craft was next to child's play ; neither trouble nor expense was spared in rendering complete every detail conducive to success, they were fitted as yachts should be for a determined struggle over the open ocean, and combined the ability and tonnage requisite to do battle amidst rough and broken seas. Furthermore they sailed in a month when leading winds might be looked for, and that expectation was fully realized, for they carried the wind from shore to shore running and reaching, without a tack : they sailed the distance too with remarkable speed, but that was reason-

ably to be expected; they would be sorry champions for the New World to put forth had they failed in that qualification.

As a "Nautical feat" it is as much removed from that achieved by Capt. Hudson in the little ship "Red, White, and Blue," 2½ tons, as the Peak of Pico is from the Island of Minicoy; and as equally removed from the 13,000 mile voyages of our own little vessels, the Vivid 25, Spray 83, Oberon 40, Alerts 50, and Chance 75: what were these little sea bubbles in comparison when facing the seas round the Cape of Good Hope:—Honour to whom honour is due, but when perilous ocean voyages become the subjects of comment, let it be meted forth in just proportion.

The Americans gave us a lesson with the America which taught us that we had not the fastest vessels in the world in our pleasure navy, as at one time we did fondly believe; and although many are disposed to dispute the soundness of that lesson, no love letters that we can indite to ourselves, however plausible, will alter the fact.—In the very laudable endeavour to maintain our own *prestige*, we consoled ourselves with the idea that she was built for sailing and not sea work, and argued that Englishmen built their yachts with a view to comfort, and accommodation for living in, as well as speed; but an English nobleman contrived to exist in her during a cruise up the Mediterranean, during which she proved very capable of encountering rough as well as smooth water, and as to the argument of want of accommodation—a glance at that of many of our own racing clippers will demonstrate its utter fallacy.

We consider that we have very much improved our yachts in speed and rig since the America startled us to a sense of our short-comings; would that the pluck begotten of confidence had made us demonstrate it in New York Bay, we shall have to achieve a brilliant victory indeed, to recover a *prestige* further dimmed by fifteen years of supineness.

The *badinage* amongst the New York Yachtsmen, that if "We did not pay them a visit soon, we might find a fleet of yachts to compete with us in our own waters in 1867," has turned out to be sober earnestness, and with a facetiousness peculiarly their own, they have heralded No. 2 lesson with a nice little match across the Western Ocean, bowling along in the midst of wintry gales, for an amount of stakes, that it would take one of our first class clippers a dozen years match sailing around our coasts to realize; so no more ye English yachtsmen about fair weather Yankee sailing machines; and the less we pride ourselves on the value of our prizes for the encouragement of yacht sailing, the more becoming our modesty.

We have our work cut out for us for the coming season, and if we are not found equal to the occasion, we deserve all we may get; but this



view of the question we cannot admit, although we have not crossed the Atlantic as we should have done, yet have we not been idle at home, and British yachtsmen and British yachts will be on hand to give the Yankee flyers as warm a welcome on the wave, as they have done upon the shore ; we feel confident of this, aye and that *that* cup will come back yet from the Elysian fields too, all in good time ; we only wanted stirring up and we have had a regular rousing "spasm ;" when J. B. shakes the cobwebs off his eyelids he don't dose again until the brave old Burgee is fixed up once more, right on end and with plenty of wind to flow in.—The National question between British and American yachtsmen *must* now be settled, and finally ; and we must prepare for the contest with a due regard to the stake at issue. It is neither more nor less than the dignity of that flag which our army and navy have planted proudly in every region of the habitable globe, and British yachtsmen are now imperatively called upon to do their duty in maintaining its glory ; that they will be found wanting is preposterous, cannot be thought of for a moment ; they never have been, nor are they likely now. The idea of three American yachts re-entering the Bay of New York, with the time honoured brave old British Burgee *beneath* the Stars and Stripes, is an eventuality that cannot be tolerated even in thought, *we must sail them as British sailors should, and if we do we shall win.*—We trust that our yachtsmen will act with firmness and caution, and that no matches will be encouraged where mere personal vanity may peril our situation ; we have three antagonists every way worthy of us, and who cannot be trifled with ; the vessels and the crews that represent Great Britain in the approaching yachting contest must be carefully selected, and we feel assured that our yachtsmen will act with that unity of spirit and intensity of purpose, sinking all personal feelings, to ensure a great and national triumph.

We shall in our next month's number have something further to say on this subject, and not the least important detail that of a course to be sailed over, which we consider will fairly test all qualifications necessary to be developed in such a match, and give satisfaction to all parties concerned.

We have carefully summed up such reliable information relative to the American vessels and their performances, as we hope will prove, not only interesting to our readers of the present, but authentic records for yachtsmen of future generations.

In order to afford ready means of comparison, without referring to back numbers, we re-insert the dimensions of the America, so that yachtsmen may note any difference between her and the present vessels.

+ *America* schooner, 146·5 tons displacement, or American measurement; 208 tons English measurement. Length over all, 100 feet; from stem to sternpost on deck—94 feet; on load water line—87 ft. 3 in.; on keel 80 ft.; Beam extreme—23ft.; depth in hold—9 ft.; draught of water aft 11 ft., upright stern-post; ditto forward, 5 ft. 6 in.; free board—at stem 9ft. 10in.; amidships—4ft. 6in.; at elbow of counter—7ft. 4in.; hollow of bow 7in.; height of bulwarks—1ft. 2in. Main-mast—81ft. Fore-mast—79ft. 6in.. 2in. per ft. rake of masts. Centre of Fore-mast from stem 28ft. 6in. Centre of Main-mast from aft-side stern-post—35ft. 6in. Main-boom 58ft.; Main-gaff 26ft.; Fore-gaff 25ft.; length of bowsprit—32ft.

+ *Dimensions of Henrietta*.—Schooner, built by Mr. H. Steers, nephew of G. Steers, builder of "*America*," 205·4 tons displacement, or American measurement; about 230 tons English measurement. Length over all 107ft.; beam extreme 22ft.; length of hollow in bow on load water line 18ft.; round of midship section from rabbet of keel to bilge 7in.; draught of water aft 11ft. 6in., with upright stern post; amidship's 11ft.; forward 3ft.; her keel is rounded up scimitar fashion. Freeboard—at stem 9ft. 6in.; amidships 5ft.; aft 7ft. 6in. Her bow is long and with considerable hollow, an easy clean run, short counter, topsides tumbled home, and bulwarks low. Mainmast—extreme length 79ft.—(68ft. hoist to mainsail). Fore-mast 79ft. (These masts were reduced 7ft. before the race.) Diameter of masts—23in., very little rake. Main-boom 62ft., (this spar was reduced 6ft.) Main-topmast 33ft. 6in. heel to truck. Main-gaff 30ft. 3in. Fore-boom 38ft. Fore-gaff 31ft. 4in. Bowsprit 18ft., (reduced 16in.) Jib-boom 18ft. with 8ft. pole. Single cross-trees, only one mast head block to her peak halliards. She is steered by a wheel, with shaft and patent screw and rack. Her shrouds are of Italian hemp, main-stays 4in., wire, with preventer back stay; a storm fore-stay sets up to her knight heads: jib-stays—3½in., wire; bobstay 4½in., wire; she has no rattlins to her shrouds; the standing part of her main-sheet is made fast to the boom end, leading in through main-block on transom, thus giving support to the length of spar outside of main-sheet block strop; her sails are made of cotton cloth, a false seam being worked in the centre of each cloth, by doubling over 2 inches, by which a flat standing sail is obtained and preserved, and gives the appearance of being made with very narrow duck of about 11 inches; her mainsail is particularly well cut. The *Henrietta* we are informed has been lengthened forward and aft, her mainmast looks to be well aft, and as her crew report her to be rather "craving" when without her jib, it may

be inferred that the centre of effort of her principal lower sails is far aft of the centre of her L.V.S.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jun., the owner of the *Henrietta*, sailed in her, being the only owner in the match that did so ; he was accompanied by Messrs. Jerome, Knapp, and Fisk : she was commanded by Capt. Samuels, formerly of the clipper ship *Dreadnought*, assisted by sailing-master Lyons. There were besides—Mr. Jones, chief mate, Mr. Coles second mate, the carpenter, sail-maker, two stewards, and 18 able seamen before the mast.

The *Henrietta* had the winds from N. to S. of W. during the passage, which she made running and reaching, without making a tack, from land to land; she parted company with the *Fleetwing* at 6 p.m. on the day of starting, and the *Vesta* at 8 p.m., and never sighted them after until their arrival in Cowes Roads ; everything stood well with her, neither rope nor spar giving up. The greatest run she made in 24 hours was on the 17th, when she logged 280 miles, or  $11\frac{1}{2}$  knots an hour ; and the least on the 19th—113 miles, but on that day she lay to for 8 hours, under a main storm trysail, during a heavy storm with tremendous sea. As she started at 1 p.m. on Tuesday, the 11th of December from Sandy Hook, and arrived at the Needles at 3h. 45m. p.m. on Tuesday the 25th December, her log shows 338 hours, 45 minutes—or 14 days, 2 hours, 45 minutes, from which deducting the time for difference of longitude between Sandy Hook and the Needles— $72^{\circ} 26' 33'' = 4\text{h. } 49\text{m. } 46\text{s.}$ , we find she performed the passage in 13 days, 21h., 55m., 14s. According to her log she sailed 3,126 nautic miles, at an average speed of  $9\frac{1}{4}$  knots an hour.

With respect to the number of days and hours in which the *Henrietta* performed the passage, and which we have received several enquiries about, we can only at present say that if the times of her starting from Sandy Hook, and that of her arrival off the Needles were taken by her chronometer, which they should have been, she occupied 14 days, 2 hours, 45 minutes on the passage ; but if the hour of her starting was taken according to New York time, and that of her arrival by Greenwich time—then the correction for difference of longitude applies, and she performed the run in 13 days, 21 hours, 55 minutes, 14 seconds.

The shortest passages between New York and English ports that we have a record of are H.M.S. *Newcastle*, from New York to Falmouth in 11 days ; in 1858, the *Dreadnought* clipper ship, Capt. Samuels, from New York to Liverpool in 13 days, 8 hours ; and the *Independence*, Captain Nye, in 13 days, 15 hours.

According to the terms of the race, the *Henrietta* is now open to

sail any yacht in the world, for any sum, from Cowes to the Azores and back.

We subjoin a more detailed log of her passage than that of last month, which was kept we believe by Mr. Fisk of the *New York Herald*, and will continue with the Fleetwing and Vesta's in our next:—

"The Ocean Yacht Race is ended. The Henrietta passed the Needles at 3h. 45m. p.m. on December 25th, winning the race and the £18,000 stakes. The Fleetwing arrived here at 1 a.m. on the 26th, and the Vesta at 4 p.m. The three yachts are now lying at anchor in this harbour, and crowds of people are visiting them and admiring their sharp lines and natty rig. The citizens of this town vie with each other in courtesies to the American yachtsmen, and the hospitalities of the Royal Yacht Club have been tendered them by the secretary, Captain Brown, R.N. The Vesta reports no special incident during her long voyage. The Fleetwing had rather a rough passage, and six of her seamen were, unfortunately, washed overboard from the cockpit. Of the trip of the Henrietta, with which yacht my fortunes were linked during the race, I am able to give you a more detailed account. The logs of the other boats will be sent to you for publication as soon as possible.

"We left New York city on Tuesday the 11th inst. The excitement about the race, which had been gradually increasing during the fortnight before the start, seemed most intense when the day of departure at length arrived. All the vessels in the harbour and boats upon the river were gaily decked with flags. Numerous excursion steamers were chartered to escort the contestants to Sandy Hook. At the docks, where lay the tugs which were to convey the yachtsmen on board their craft, great crowds had collected, and cheered heartily as the tugs steamed off. The day was clear, cool, and bright, and the fresh westerly wind was just what the voyagers most desired. The yachts were anchored off Staten Island, and there the scene was even more animated than in the harbour. Steamers full of cheering spectators sailed around the little vessels. The music from the band upon the River Queen, chartered by the New York Yacht Club, was echoed by the bands upon the excursion steamers. The United States revenue cutter fired a salute. The hills of Staten Island were dotted with observers, and flags flew from every villa. A fleet of pilots clustered off West Bank to accompany the yachts to sea. The forts which line the entrance to the harbour dipped their colours. As the New York Yacht Club steamer passed the Henrietta the distinguished officers and gentlemen on board gave three hearty cheers for "the only man who goes in his own boat." The enthusiasm was as remarkable as the good wishes, loudly expressed by every lip, were hearty and sincere.

"It required an experienced eye to detect any important differences between the three yachts as they lay at anchor. All are of nearly the same burden, the Henrietta registering 205 tons, the Vesta 201, and the Fleetwing 212, American measurement. The Henrietta and Fleetwing are keel-

boats; the *Vesta* has what is termed a "centre-board," or false keel, like the celebrated yacht *America*.<sup>\*</sup> Of course, the three yachts had been very carefully equipped, carrying spare sails and spars, wire rigging, and extra tillers. In the *Henrietta* sailed Mr. Bennett, the owner; Messrs. Jerome, Knapp, and Fisk, judges and guests; Captain Samuels, Sailing-master Lyons, and a crew of 24 men, including Mr. Jones, first officer; Mr. Coles, second mate; a carpenter, sailmaker, and two stewards. The *Fleetwing*, owned by Mr. George Osgood, was commanded by Captain Thomas, with a crew of 22 men; and Messrs. Centre and Staples, of the New York Yacht Club, went in her as judges. The *Vesta*, owned by Mr. Pierre Lorillard, carried Messrs. George Lorillard and Taylor, as judges, Captain Dayton, and a crew of 23 petty officers and seamen. Each of the yachts had previously won several closely contested matches, and only the popular prejudice against "centre-board" vessels in rough water gave the other two boats any advantage over the *Vesta* in the heavy wagers staked upon the race.

"At 11 o'clock the racing signal of the *Henrietta* was displayed, and the yachts were taken in tow by the tugs for the starting point off Sandy Hook. Accompanied by innumerable steamers, yachts, and pilot-boats, and amid renewed cheering and excitement, they were hauled down through the Narrows and assigned their respective stations. Precisely at 1 o'clock, Mr. Fearing, the starter, gave the signal for the race to begin. In a moment the tug lines were cast off and sails hoisted. The *Fleetwing*, occupying the most northerly position, first felt the breeze and danced away over the waves, the *Vesta* following closely. The *Henrietta*, lying nearer the shore, had decidedly the worst of the start, but regained her position as she dropped away from the land. The tugs and steamers sailed in line after the yachts, and presented a most picturesque sight. The wreck of the *Scotland* was in full view, grimly reminding the yachtsmen of the dangers they were about to brave. The strains of "Auld Lang Syne" from the steamers recalled to the adventurers the friends they were leaving. Then a cloud obscured the sun, the wind gradually rose, the yachts increased their speed, the good-bye cheers were faintly heard, the lightship off Sandy Hook was passed, the open sea was before us, and the voyage had commenced in earnest.

"At 2h. 45m. p.m. the *Neversink Highlands* sunk out of sight. The yachts were then abeam of each other, the *Henrietta* having caught the ten-knot breeze. All canvas was set, and the *Vesta* sailed wing-and-wing. Daylight now rapidly faded, and the sun disappeared in a glory of crimson and gold. The tug *Philip*, which had been chartered by Mr. Lorillard to accompany the *Vesta* until nightfall, turned homeward with a farewell hurrah, and the crews of the yachts bade good bye to the United States with answering cheers. Each captain now chose his own course, the *Fleetwing* keeping to the northward, the *Henrietta* holding the European steamer track, and the *Vesta* evidently making for the northern passage. At 6 p.m.,

<sup>\*</sup> This is an error—*America* was a keel yacht.—*Ed. H.Y.M.*

the wind blowing steadily from W.N.W., we lost sight of the Fleetwing in the darkness; but the Vesta was still abreast, looking like a phantom ship in the dim starlight. The Henrietta now increased her speed, rocking over the waves as gently as a cradle, and at 8 o'clock the Vesta had disappeared. We saw neither of our rivals again until they came into Cowes. Songs and stories in the cabin, and heavy snow squalls on deck marked our first night at sea.

"The next day was bright and cold. We carried all sail, making 11 knots an hour until noon, when the Henrietta was struck by a heavy snow squall, and the topsails had to be taken in. During the 23 hours we had made 225 knots by observation, and 237 by log, and found ourselves in lat.  $40^{\circ} 7'$  deg., and long.  $68^{\circ} 52'$ . The wind was northerly, and came in strong gusts. At 4h. 15m. p.m., we passed the steamer Cuba, and at 9 o'clock another steamer, to both of which we showed our racing signals, receiving prompt replies. Several sailing vessels were sighted, but they all kept away from us as soon as we showed our dark blue flag, as if believing the *canard* that the yachts were Fenian privateers. The weather grew more stormy towards night, and our little boat was at times half under water, but behaving most admirably. The mainsails were reefed before midnight, but as the weather moderated the reefs were shaken out and both jibs set. Messrs. Lyons and Jones, who headed the two watches into which the crew were divided, vied with each other in handling the yacht carefully, and through this storm, as throughout the entire voyage, the Henrietta had all the canvas she could safely carry, but not an inch more; consequently her speed was steadily maintained, but nothing was strained and nothing carried away.

"Tuesday, 13th.—At noon on the second nautical day we scored 210 miles by chart, 232 by log, the discrepancy being accounted for by a current which had drifted the yacht 20 miles to the south-west. Clear, sunshiny weather during the day, and bright moonlight, with occasional snow-squalls, at night, closed the record for the 13th of December. The next morning the weather was cloudy and warm, and the sea had fallen. Some of the guests enjoyed their siesta on deck. The servants, unexpectedly appearing in white trousers, seemed like ghosts from the long-departed summer. Nothing was in sight upon the ocean except flocks of gulls and Mother Carey's chickens. At noon we had made 203 miles by a fine observation. In the evening the placid moon shone silvery upon a sea as smooth as the Thames. Reclining in the comfortable cabin, with the Château Margaux and Portagas within easy reach, the guests listened to the captain's stories of haunted ships and storms at sea, and dismal wrecks in the Southern Ocean. Towards midnight, however, the scene changed, and repeated squalls with rain and hail, struck the tiny craft and bowled her along at the rate of 11, 12, and 13 knots an hour.

"At sunrise the next morning a snowstorm began. The sea and sky seemed one, and both were a deep slate colour. The men, half white with the snow, moved slowly at their work. The dark horizon was noticeably narrowed as the snow drifted down. The Henrietta hissed through

the water that foamed upon the deck. To leeward a spar from some wreck lifted itself to the view, like a great skeleton finger, indicative of ruin. All our surroundings were mournful and depressing. No observations could be taken, but by dead reckoning we had gained 225 miles during the past 24 hours. As night fell the yacht sailed faster and faster until, as we looked over the side where the waves came cascading over the diminutive bulwarks, we seemed to be fairly flying along. The sky cleared, but the wind freshened at sunset, and the light sails were hauled down and the mainsail reefed. The yacht quivered like a racehorse over-driven, and the pumps, which were tested every hour, sounded dismally, but showed no leakage. Sea after sea boarded the staggering craft. A wave came bursting through the skylight into the cabin. All night long this heavy weather continued, but the yacht ran so easily before the free wind that everybody slept as quietly as if the Henrietta were the Great Eastern.

"In the gray of the following morning, Sunday, the 16th of December, we passed a brig bound to Newfoundland, and her crew who had evidently heard nothing of the yacht race, climbed up the rigging to stare at us as we dashed swiftly and silently by, like the Flying Dutchman. We were now crossing the Grand Banks, and at noon we had sailed 246 miles for the day, and were one third the distance to Cowes. The wind still remained northerly and the yacht kept her course without variation. At 2 o'clock the captain, officers, and yachtmen assembled in the cabin for Divine worship. While the winds whistled shrilly without, and the waves splashed across the decklights overhead, the prayers for the day were repeated, and a chapter from the Bible and one of Jay's brief sermons were read. At 10 p.m., we were off the Grand Banks and off soundings, going at the rate of 12 knots an hour. Heavy seas still boarded the vessel, nearly washing overboard one of the crew. The wind still held from the north, and all hands were not too sensible to credit the captain's superstitious stories, and refrain from changing their attire lest that should bring a change of wind. The night passed quietly and the ship averaged 11 knots, in spite of the seas that constantly hammered her like marine Vulcans.

"The next day found us in "the roaring forties," which we had been taught to dread. The character of the ocean had entirely changed. Instead of dancing over short, chopping waves, like those of the English Channel, we appeared to be passing between ranges of water hills. Running thus in the trough of the sea, there seemed to be no horizon. The water glazed by the snow that fell almost constantly, had the consistency of oil. The sky was filled with dull, leaden clouds, but the barometer rose steadily. The wind, which had been rather doubtful during the morning, blew from the north once more. A fine observation gave us 280 miles for the yacht's progress during the preceding 24 hours. In six days and 14 hours we had sailed half-way across the Atlantic. In the afternoon a beautiful rainbow brightened the horizon, but this "bow of promise" proved most deceitful, and brought us renewed hail and snow squalls instead of pleasant weather. During the night the wind shifted to W.S.W. We "jibed" ship and boisted

the squaresail, but were forced to lower it again in a few hours, as the signs of dirty weather ominously increased.

"The effect of "jibing," we may explain to the uninitiated, is to change the cant of a vessel from one side to the other. Naturally, then, the guests, who had gone to rest when the yacht had an inclination of 45 degrees in one direction, suddenly awoke, cross and sullen, when they were rolled over in their berths by the careening of the yacht to 45 degrees the other way. The weather was now exceedingly threatening. The mainsail was double-reefed, for the first time, and the vessel put in order for a storm. At noon we had run 250 miles. The S.W. wind freshened after noon, and at 4 p.m., blew a regular gale. The mainsail was furled and three reefs taken in the foresail, and the jibs taken in. Even with this small spread of canvas the yacht was driven nine miles an hour. On deck the rain and spray shut in the vessel like a watery curtain. Below the pitching and tossing rendered it impossible to sleep; a bucket of water was placed near the stove to extinguish the fire should necessity require; the deck lights leaked unexpectedly and uncomfortably; holes were bored in the stateroom floors to let out the water should the skylight be broken in; the servants were dashed about the cabins as if shot from invisible catapults; the guests had enough to do to hold themselves inside their berths. Under these circumstances, which would have delighted Mark Tapley, everybody became again good-humoured.

"Just at midnight the struggling yacht was stunned by a tremendous sea that burst over the quarter, struck full upon the foresail, and then fell heavily upon the deck, staving in the yacht's boat. Simultaneously the carpenter rushed wildly into the cabin, pale with alarm, and shouted, "Mr. Bennett, we must heave her to. She's opening forward, Sir." With great good sense nobody stirred save Mr. Bennett, who quietly informed Captain Samuels of the carpenter's report. As quietly the captain came down from the deck, and examined the supposed leak, which turned out to be nothing but the bilge water oozing through the inner planking, near the cook's berth. The gale strengthened, however, and at last the captain decided that the *Henrietta* could be driven no longer. Preparations were made to heave-to, which is simply laying the ship head to the wind, under close canvas, so that she rides as if at anchor. The storm trysail happened to be stored in the cabin, and as the sailors came silently down, oiled the tackle, and carried the sail up to the deck, the scene reminded one of the bringing forth of the pall for a funeral. A pause in a race like this seemed the burial of all our hopes. Nevertheless, it was some consolation to be informed by Captain Samuels that in his 30 years' experience he had never seen a vessel that could face such a gale so long, and charitably to hope that our rivals were having better weather than ourselves.

"Once hove-to, the yacht rocked lazily and pleasantly. The waves rushed and the winds howled past, but did not disturb her. Before noon the next day, December 19th, the wind had lulled and the ship again started off briskly, as if rested and refreshed. Everybody now changed his attire,



and for once an old superstition proved true, for the wind shifted to the north and west again. The sun shone pleasantly, but the sea was still running high, the waves, blown about like sandhills of a desert, disclosing strange mirages of ships and sails as they revealed scraps of the horizon here and there. We made our shortest distance on this stormy day, gaining only 113 miles. At 3 p.m., we were going 13 knots, and kept up this pace for several hours. In the evening we sailed calmly in the mellow moonlight that marked our track before us with its sheen. The cabin fire was allowed to die out, and overcoats were discarded. The seas rose on either side like walls, and the yacht glided swiftly between them at the rate of 12 knots an hour. There could have been no stronger contrast to the incidents of the previous night.

"Sailing along at the same pace the next morning we scored 260 miles by noon. The clouds, moving in a grand procession from east to west, and forming in solid masses behind us, promised a continuance of the fair wind. At 3 p.m., we passed the steamer *Louisiana*, bound west, making out her name from Marryatt's signal flags. That night everything was cheering. The yachtsmen sang lustily in the cabin, and the sailors answered as lustily from the forecabin. The captain turned in for the first time since our start. But nothing is so variable as the weather. By 1 o'clock the next morning there was a dead calm, and we came on deck after breakfast to find a warm, summer day. The yacht was scarcely moving through the water; the sails hung drooping from the yards: the ocean was perfectly smooth. The stillness was remarkable. There was no ripple of the waves, no rustling of the sails. Of course another superstitious change of toilet ensued. One of the servants was discovered to be a professional barber, and a shaving shop was improvised; everybody contributing oils, pomatum, and perfumery. There was a general "rejuvenation." Those who had not been shaven for ten days came from out the barber's hands as from a disguise. Bits of unsuspected finery, such as fancy neck-ties and scarf pins, were displayed. One would have thought it a gala day; but in truth nothing could have been worse for us than this calm. Welcome even another gale, so that it came from the west.

"All this mummary was again effectual. About 11 a.m., a fine breeze sprang up from the south, and under full canvas, all the sails drawing well, the *Henrietta* cut her way through the calm ocean. The cabin was too warm for comfort, and the yachtsmen reclined on deck, like turtles in the sun. A school of porpoises passed the ship, and the second mate started a legend, which I cannot but believe apocryphal, that the yacht was going so fast as to strike one of the fish and cut it in two. Better evidence of her speed is to be found in the log, which records that she sailed 167 miles that day, despite the time lost by the calm. By night we were making 11 knots, with everything as snug and trim as on the first day out. A soft, balmy morning succeeded, and we were roused up at sunrise to salute a Bremen steamer, that dipped her colours as she passed. The yacht now ran easily, like a machine, rolling up 252 miles by noonday. At 3 p.m., we fell in with

a Scotch mist, and in the midst of it spoke the packet-ship Philadelphia, 17 days out from Liverpool. The captain of the Philadelphia doubly encouraged us by reporting that he had heard nothing of the other yachts and the winds were westerly.

"The next day, Sunday, 23rd, we logged 196 miles. There was a brief calm at daybreak, followed by light S.E. winds. At noon Divine service was held in the cabin. The wind gradually rose during the afternoon, and, as usual in the evening, the good yacht rallied splendidly, increasing her progress rapidly from seven knots up to 12, at which rate she was dashing along as the moon rose blood red in the hazy English sky. The excitement in regard to the race now reached fever heat. All jokes and stories became stale, and nothing was talked of but yachts and time and winds, and the probabilities and possibilities of the contest. In every distant vessel we saw a Fleetwing; every star near the horizon was transformed into the Vesta's signal light. At 8 p.m., we were on soundings, and at 12 midnight off Cape Clear. Thus the next morning, December 24th, found us in the Chops of the Channel, hoping to eat our Christmas dinner at Cowes. It was a murky, foggy, dark, damp, disagreeable morning, and even at noon it was impossible to take a solar observation: but, by dead reckoning, we had made 172 miles. The carpenter, who had given us one sensation by discovering a spurious leak, now treated us to another by announcing that the Fleetwing was in sight. Everybody clambered upon deck. Binocular glasses, eye-glasses, spectacles, and telescopes were brought to bear upon the imaginary yacht, which was soon made out to be an English topsail schooner bound the other way. Indignation followed excitement, and both quickly merged into a hearty laugh.

"Nearing the land of Christmas Carols and of Dicken's upon Christmas-eve it was impossible to go to rest. After a very late dinner we had our Christmas songs and stories, and among the former was a ditty composed in honour of the Henrietta, and sung to the familiar air of "Sweet Evelina."

"While these festivities were in progress we had made the Scilly Island lights at 7h. 45m. p.m. The current drifting us to leeward, we steered S.S.E. for an offing, and passed the islands handsomely, having made no tack since we left New York, and having only varied 11 miles from the straight line between the two points. So admirable a landfall reflects great credit upon Captain Samuels. At 3 a.m., we passed the Lizard light, going 19 knots an hour steadily, the Henrietta, like a well-jockeyed racehorse, reserving her best pace for the finish. Running close in to the bold coast, we sighted the Eddystone, Start Point, and Portland Bill, and at 12h. 40m. p.m., on Christmas day took on board a Cowes pilot. A heartier cheer never rent the air than that which greeted the pilot's announcement that no other American yacht had passed up the Channel. The race seemed won, and as a sudden blaze of sunshine lit up the chalk cliffs of Old England in silvery glory, it was like an illumination of welcome. Under every stitch of canvas, with even her staysail set, and with her racing flag and Yacht Club ensign proudly floating in the stiff breeze, the Henrietta dashed by the

Needles, and Messrs. Jerome and Knapp, the judges for the Fleetwing and the Vesta, decided that all the conditions of the race had been strictly complied with. Down went the racing flag, and the private signal of Mr. Bennett took its place. As the yacht turned up the Channel to Cowes the land shut out the wind, and, like one who has finished a long and toilsome task, the brave little yacht decreased her speed and floated leisurely along. Her blue lights and rockets announced her arrival here, after having crossed the Atlantic to the Isle of Wight in the unprecedented time of 13 days, 22 hours, and 46 minutes, mean time, and that without having carried away any of her light sails or spars, or even so much as a shred of canvas or strand of rope. As she dropped anchor she was cheered from the Royal Yacht Club-house and by the people of Cowes. Captain Luard of Her Majesty's ship Hector, by direction of the Admiralty, at once sent a midshipman on board to offer Mr. Bennett the facilities of Her Majesty's dock-yard at Portsmouth for repairing any damages the yacht might have sustained, but this offer was gratefully declined, since no repairs were needed. And thus the winners of the blue riband of the Ocean Derby enjoyed their Christmas dinner in Merrie England, and toasted the Queen, the President, and the Henrietta.'

(To be continued.)

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## THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN GLORY.\*

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### PART XII.

SOLITARY, grim looking, and sterile stands the Island of I——, in the Atlantic; a lonely wave washed pile, that has a guilty hang-dog-looking appearance about it, as if it had been banished from all civilized land, and together with its few equally rough inhabitants condemned to perpetual exile; or like some ocean ogre, some pelagic monster, lying there perdu, picturesque in its wildness, and innocent of ill whilst the broad sheen of summer day revealed it to the wayfarers of the wave, but waking up in the night all ravenous to devour the fated craft which an evil destiny might cast upon its dreadful reefs. Its western side rises bold and sheer in parts, whilst in others it is broken into narrow platforms indenting the face of the perpendicular rock, or stands out in detached masses of huge spear-like clumps, a sea-wrought *cheveaux de frise* very terrible to look upon. Great caverns are fretted out in its base, into which the breakers dash like mountains of boiling foam, shrieking, howling, roaring in unearthly tumult, scattering into the air clouds of froth that soar up like great snow flakes along that dismal barrier; oft doth a giant of the deep come sweeping in with a sullen

\* Continued from page 22.

diapason, as if the thunders of a thousand centuries were being hurled from its mighty crest, and this lofty wall of riven rock seems to tremble and sink before the avalanche of brine, as if the island and all its wickedness had succumbed at last to the vengeance of the sea: then the terrific bellowing from these caverns, the bursting forth of the pent up air like the roar of artillery, the tremendous "thud" of the bright green mass of ocean against the precipice, the rushing hiss of the towering surges, striving to rend away the great lance-like pinnacles, produce such a very hell of sound, as the human brain may hardly bear.

Fearful scenes has that treacherous island wall been the silent witness of; many a great and gallant ship has that hideous trap of the sea picked up during the inky darkness, and amidst the blinding storm drift, that so fatally conceals it when the wintry gale upheaves the Atlantic surges; many a time and oft has the hoarse despairing cry of "Breakers ahead!" reverberated for an instant from that huge spray stained tombstone of the Western Ocean, too surely succeeded by the wailing shriek which told the sharp short agony of stalwart manhood and blooming youth; and fragile forms, fair and beautiful to the last, have been hurled up amongst those frightful pinnacles, clasping tiny objects in the frenzied embrace of a mother's undying love, dead flowrets and their withered buds.

At the time I write of, for those things may be altered in these days of fortification, the eastern side of the island, facing the mainland, was less precipitous, and a small harbour existed that, though partly dry at low water, afforded average shelter for such extremely rare traders as might seek a commerce with the islanders in their only ostensible article of export, dried fish; there was another article of commerce that these islanders seemed in the manner born to manufacture, the name of which however was never breathed except in the mildest of whispers: occasionally a royal pennant might be seen hovering off the sheltered side of the island, on a brief official visit to see that the majesty of the law against contraband was not violated, but as the island was difficult of access at all times, of course the visits of the servants of the crown were necessarily but of short duration, and their vigilance principally directed to the safe replenishing of their water casks, that fluid in particular being a produce that enjoyed considerable reputation. Casual visitors on board the guardian cruisers in those latitudes were loud in their praises of the delicious peaty flavour their hospitable entertainers' grog partook of, which was esteemed a convincing proof of the wholesome purity of the island water; it was observed too that the Inspector-General of all the "basking sharks," enjoyed himself immensely on his periodical visits

to the adjacent coasts, and never seemed overwhelmed with that official hurry that marked his movements hitherwards; it was said he was a man of taste,—he showed it—and a lover of fine scenery.

On the sloping heights over the harbour stood, or rather reclined, the scattered huts of the islanders, some score or more in number; strange amphibious looking dwellings were they, scooped out of ground and resting against rock, with just a suspicion of walls appearing in front, pierced with crafty looking little loop holes that did duty of admitting straggling rays of light, whilst they commanded the harbour and a considerable arc of the horizon; the thatch or "scraws" that formed their roofing held down by a net-work of old ropes and withes, whilst here and there huge slabs of rock or worm pierced plank, bound the salient angles, and prevented the whole being carried off by the violent storms which oft swept across the island from all quarters of the compass.

In the vicinity of these quaint hovels might be observed the curiously shaped swan breasted canoes, for which that western coast is famed, their well put together frames evincing no mean skill in carpentry; and the outer covering of thin "bandle" linen, rendered sea proof by coatings of tar, arousing astonishment that such frail looking things could contend with the rough seas and strong winds amidst which the hardy fishermen seek their finny prey: even these too were held to the rugged surface by ropes and withes, and heavy rocks, for the mariners of I—— were rendered cautious by experience; on more than one occasion canoes had taken a wondrous flight to sea, snatched up by tempestuous squalls, and sailing away amongst the clouds before the eyes of their dismayed owners; in fact everything moveable was lashed down upon that lonely rock, as boats and booms and casks and hen-coops are lashed upon the deck of a vessel bound upon a long and dangerous voyage; the very fishermen seemed to move about in their raw calf hide "papooties,"\* like parrots on their perches, never lifting one foot until the other seemed fixed in some rift of the rock, or tussock of grass, firm as a fish hook.

Significant were the objects that met the eye at all quarters of these scattered homesteads; figure heads forming door posts, enormous transom beams, parts of round houses from which patriarchal goats, massive in horn and wealthy in beard, gravely surveyed the outward world; ribs of great vessels, parts of masts and yards, plank and balk of wrecked cargo, launches and long boats rent and torn, and twisted out of shape, all bearing evidence on their splintered and jagged surfaces of the terri-

\* Moccasins of raw-skin.

ble conflict in which they had once borne part; garments too that had erstwhile encased burly Dutchmen, swarthy Spaniards, dark-eyed Greeks or adventurous Americans, diversified the ordinary attire of flannel shirts and drawers, and by their incongruous patching in colour and material seemed to have reached their present wearers at widely different periods. Ghastly relics were they upon which the eye dwelt painfully, and respecting which the mind wrought scenes that carried one away in thought to other peoples and other lands; visions of stately barques in all their pride and panoply, champions worthy to wrestle with strife of air and war of water, laden with cargoes of prize, for which weary hands had toiled, and busy brains had planned, and stevedores cunning in matters of space had stowed away after a fashion that other men would have vainly essayed; stately commanders, and fine jolly brave-voiced officers pacing their decks; lithe sinewy men, climbing—bounding—swinging about their rigging; cheery passengers bidding affectionate adieus and promising great tidings to mothers, and wives, and little ones, all bright and hopeful of the land of their promise, that golden land to which phantom fortune beckons them onwards. And then the parting cheer, and the last faint flutter of the waving signal, and the glorious exhilarating sensation as some great thing spreading her vast snowy wings, bounds away over the bright emerald water, away—away! over the light ever sparkling green, the sun gorgeous in splendour, the invigorating fair strong wind, the music, the pleasant evening revels, the merry songs, the grey haired captain's ever pleasant tidings of how things went, and looked, and were likely to be, and his exhaustless wonderful stories of adventures on that sea. Away—away! from the pale green into the long rolling swell of the deep blue, and then the pale green appears again, and lo! the passage has been like a hundred other passages that that grey haired mariner can tell of in such a chatty, jovial, home-like sort of way, just a few days gentle gliding over the almost placid salt water lake; and then some morning a faint cry is heard high up among those lofty spars, which floats down upon the deck and passes along like the lightning's flash until it reaches the innermost inhabited depths of that great ship; "Land ho-o-o!—aye, Land, there away, right ahead!" a long blue cloud resting on the far horizon, and eager eyes are bent upon that cloud with such intentness, that a small black speck, no larger does it appear than a pin's head, escapes even the eagle glance of that active young officer that is up with his glass on the fore-top-sail yard; there is a small cloud astern no bigger than a speck, *that* does *not* escape the grey haired chief, his keen eye marks the manner in which it is flying up the sky, and wild ragged looking bits of scud

are soon seen careering in mad haste; in come studding-sails and sky-sails, and royals, and soon follow the topgallant-sails, and away flies the noble fabric like a buffalo hunter's fiery steed racing across a rolling prairie; on—on—onwards still for that land she never shall reach, on through the gloom of evening which shall hide that treacherous speck, on through the shadows of night, and there is silence along those decks; but wakeful eyes are peering through the gloom for the guiding lights and that fatal little speck still escapes them; on through the rising storm, and there is silence below, and slumberers dreaming of their morrow on that shore they shall never tread; suddenly there is a mighty cry as if some strong man's heart had burst, there is a lightning glare cast by a mountain of foam in the path, there is a huge black spectre crouching behind that appalling shroud, "hard over" brave timoneer—hard over—over—over still man of iron, over till the strong wheel creaks, over till the tough buffalo hide spits forth oil,—over—hard over!—too late—one crash—all over and the voyage ended! No life boat to stand like "Moses in the gap" a messenger of mercy, and there reader before you and I are the relics that came up from the sea upon the reefs of I——Island, the mute messengers that draw forth the inward prayer "Christ save us all from a death like this!"

In strict keeping with the Island and its belongings were its inhabitants, a rude uncultured race of hardy athletic men and simple minded women; primitive and unlettered as the veriest South Sea Islanders, their intercourse with the main-land was seldom and brief, and but for the visits I have alluded to, the advent of a stranger formed an epoch in their monotonous lives; ay—I had nearly forgotten, there were other visitors, but they were looked upon as part of the population—the Colleen Dhas and her crew; and when the weather permitted, which indeed was seldom, Father Peter Mahony made a voyage from the main and struggled valiantly for the spiritual welfare of the little sea-girt flock; but rocky as the Island—so were the Islanders' hearts; and but for the observances of the ceremonies of marriage, christening, and burial, I fear the venerable Father laboured in but shallow soil, so far as the males were concerned; for what he inculcated at one visit was well nigh washed out of them before he came again.

Like other communities I——, had its chief, aye, and a very despotic one too: how or when it became inhabited nobody knew, and the origin of the reigning dynasty was involved in equal obscurity, but the O'Sullivans held the sceptre from times unknown, and Shamus Roi O'Sullivan governed his subjects with an iron fist, made laws, and broke them, was king, and judge, and jury to boot, and broke heads

too as occasion required, with as little compunction or fear of consequences as he would crack a Puffin's egg. Shamus was a giant in stature, a great hoary headed savage old monarch with limbs like a Titan, and a voice harsh and strong as the roar of the tide in his island caverns : Shamus the king had a body guard worthy of his massive frame and right royal descent, and seven finer sons might never monarch boast of than stood shoulder to shoulder, when Shamus the judge had a difficulty on hand. Woe to the islander whose canoe was not manned and ready when Shamus the Admiral went forth to slay mighty cod, and monster ling, and conger eels big as anacondas ; sorry was the doom of the laggard on the morning after a storm that was not out along the western precipices, prowling for the Flotsam, Jetsam, and Lagan that Shamus the wrecker claimed as his own. A kick from a Suffolk Punch was mere play to a straight one out from the shoulder, when his royal fist expressed displeasure at the flavour from the " Still " not producing the correct effect upon his cultivated palate ; but the direst vengeance of all was reserved for the culprit that should hold communication with any stranger except in the presence of Shamus the king. And yet this absolute wild monarch trembled like an infant at the commands of a very minute item of mortality, a man whom he had never seen, but whom he regarded as something supernatural, for did he not own the Island, and him and his seven sons and his subjects, and a right royal owner he was that paid them for their fish, and then—no matter what—"mum" was the name of that, and sent them good beef and mutton by the hands of his viceroy, and in his own ship, and was a grand-father entirely to them, and all he asked in return was little odd awkward jobs that were mighty unwholesome, and inconvenient to other people ; but bless you good reader nothing at all in the fine climate of I——, the air was always pure there and nobody to ask questions. That bug-bear, and proprietor, and benefactor, and steady customer of Shamus Roi O'Sullivan was one Mr. Thomas Radley, whom Shamus believed owned all the mainland as well, and whom his subjects believed to be the greatest man in the world.

Now how Tom came to be possessor of I——, was strange too—for it had formerly been the property of Peter Cassidy, him and his heirs for ever, and people said that much of that rare whiskey for which Peter the distiller was celebrated owed its rich flavour to a far wilder climate and much purer water than W—— boasted of ; but this of course was like other truthless things that get on the wing, and was but a hazy idea of some crack-brained chatterer like "Daddy Bran," and when Peter became ill and cross and eccentric, and rumour said poverty



stricken, then people left him, and forgot all about his affairs, all but faithful honest Tom, and so Peter faded away from the world, and one day it found out from Tom in a casual way that Peter had gone upon his last long journey, and nobody thought much worth while to ask had he taken the island of I——, with him, any more than other little spots of ground that had once called him master; for you see when a man that is reputed rich begins to cut up badly, people get disgusted with him, and call him ugly names, and banish him from their memories. So that it might be after all only for old acquaintance sake that Tom bothered his head about the same out-of-the-way old rock without an owner; as for the cured fish, and that generous liquor with a smoky flavour, sure it was a sort of charity like to buy it from these unfortunate half starved islanders; the trifle that it turned him in was not worth talking about—of course.

(To be continued.)

#### MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

*Royal London.*—On Monday, January 21st, an exceedingly good array of members assembled at the Club-house, Adelphi, when Mr. Edwards, the Vice-Commodore, occupied the chair, the worthy Commodore, Mr. Arce-deckne being absent in consequence of the illness of a near relative.

The financial statement of the Treasurer, Mr. Eagle, having been submitted, was declared to be most satisfactory, and that worthy officer highly complimented on the ability displayed in his administration.

The election of officers for the ensuing year was proceeded with, when the gentlemen who filled the respective posts so ably during the past year, were unanimously re-elected.

Several new members were elected to the Club, and others proposed for ballot at the ensuing monthly meeting.

A letter was read from Commodore McVicar of the New York Yacht Club, regretting that absence in Paris prevented his attending the Club dinner. We are glad to perceive that the Club have paid a deserved compliment to Captain Hudson, of the little ship "Red, White and Blue," by electing him an honorary member of the Club; it redounds much to the honour of the Royal London Yacht Club, that its members should be the first to pay due recognition to the daring and skill displayed by this brave American mariner. The annual ball will be held February 12th.

*Prince of Wales.*—The newly elected Commodore, Mr. Cecil Long, presided at the monthly meeting on Monday, January 14th, at the Club-house, Freemason's Tavern, when he was ably supported by many members. Mr. P. Turner, the Treasurer, read the annual financial report, which was

not so flourishing as usual; but there was no anxiety respecting the "sinews of war" for the forthcoming season, as that generous supporter of the Club, Mr. H. Dodd promised a cup, which from his well-known liberality is most certain of being a valuable one, and another member, Mr. Melton, follows his example by a ten-guinea cup. The annual ball will be held in the great hall of the Club-house, Feb. 5th.

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## Editor's Locker.

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### THE AMERICAN YACHTS.

*January 12th, 1867.*

SIR.—We have now to record a third advent of American yachts in our waters, avowedly for the same purpose; it behoves therefore our yachting men to bestir themselves and to endeavour to give our American friends such a reception, both in point of emulation and hospitality, as shall cause them to return home gratified with the good feeling shown towards them, and proud of having fought a good fight with a vessel worthy the name of antagonist, though the prize shall go against them.

As regards the latter feeling much has already been done, and there can be little doubt but that Mr. Bennett and his companions must have been gratified at the reception they met with; as though they arrived in the depth of winter, when Cowes resembles the "abomination of desolation," yet the berths of the Club-house were warmed to receive them, and the best welcome offered to the American yachtsmen that, under the circumstances, could be given; while the nautical town of Cowes entertained them right royally.

Having done this much in honor of their visit, we should now see what can be done towards taking up the gauntlet flung down by the owner of the *Henrietta*, and towards making arrangements for the fairest trial of speed, as shall determine whether the palm is in future to be worn by the American or English yacht builder.

The first question naturally to be asked is, are we in a position to accept the *Henrietta's* challenge, or must we, as we practically did in 1851, own that we have no vessel fit to cope with her?

The answer I venture to assert is, that we have many vessels fit to cope with her, and I candidly confess that my only fears are that we should not chose the proper craft, or having chosen it, that we shall not put the management of the race in good hands.

Given one of our best vessels and good management, and I cannot for a moment conceive that we should have any fear for the result.

A report was circulated some little time since that H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh had accepted the challenge, and that he intended to sail the Viking round the Isle of Wight against the *Henrietta*. I am happy to say

that the report was a mere "canard," and we shall therefore be spared the painful scene of a second "Titania" exhibition.

But though the Viking is by no means the craft to cope with the Henrietta, and is otherwise unfit to be an English champion, we have many other vessels that could be picked out which shall turn the tables on our American friends—my idea is, from all one can gather, that there is little difference in point of lines and proportion between the celebrated America and the Henrietta, and that the Americans have advanced but little, so far as yacht building is concerned; but though this is the presumed state of things on the other side of the Atlantic, such is by no means the case here, and though I do not mean to say that our schooners are perfect specimens of naval architecture, yet there is no class of vessel on which such improvements have been made of late as those said schooners.

I do not think that I am far wrong in these assertions, and we may therefore be justified in supposing that we can turn the tables on our transatlantic brethren; but we have nothing to spare and cannot afford to send a second rate vessel to the contest.

To be candid I must confess that I even had my doubts of the great speed of the America, and from the moment when her model was first shewn, until now, I have never given her credit for more than she deserved, and when people raved about her speed, I calmly looked at her performances, and made up my mind that "one swallow does not make a summer." Surely results have strengthened these convictions! as had the America been possessed of the speed attributed to her, she would long ere this have got into the hands of some industrious "pot hunter," or some sporting aquatic either of whom would have brought her out at our numerous regattas, have put to shame our English craft and have put sundry pieces of plate on their sideboards. That such has not been the case is patent to every one who studies yachts and yachting.

The fact is that the America arrived at a most fortunate period for her, when our yacht builders seemed to have turned their attention only to the improvement of cutters, and to have been constructing schooners regardless of every thing but accommodation, consequently we had no really good schooners at the time, and to prove my assertion I have merely to mention this fact, that after the arrival of the America two converted cutters carried every thing before them, in their different classes, as schooners! and I am not at all sure but that they can still act the same part. That our builders should have constructed schooners in the way in which they did, seems unintelligible, considering that cutters were then being built of great speed and wonderful accommodation; and if cutters could be so constructed why could not schooners? For my part I can see no reason why, and although the visit of the America certainly induced us to pay more attention to our bows, we had vessels at home, equally fine forward, of undeniable speed, accommodation, and sea going qualities that should have induced us to adopt that improvement before her arrival.

I am no advocate for copying the American lines, and think them inferior

to our own ideas. I have myself ventured upon an experiment which did not answer, and the only two vessels (and doubtless there are many that have never been heard of) known to have been copied somewhat from the lines of the *America*, have hardly, I should suppose, answered the expectations of either their builders or their owners. I allude to the *Lulworth* and *Mara*, and must leave your readers to study your back numbers and draw their own conclusions. Surely therefore we have reason to feel confidence at all events in the hulls of some of our ablest craft.

But though I do not think we are behind, but on the contrary, in advance of the Americans in the shape of our hulls, I think that we may perhaps take a lesson as regards the propelling power.

In the first place by having very narrow seams and very thick canvas you get your sails to sit like a board. In the next—a boom to the fore staysail is a great advantage on the wind as who has not found, when endeavouring to work off a lee shore with a trysail what very poor work he makes of it, until at last one is driven to a treble reefed mainsail and boom, which, though it half swamps your little craft, walks you out of danger in no time; so a boom to a fore staysail makes it sit with the other sails, and is of immense advantage.

Small gaffs are also doubtless of advantage, but I doubt their efficiency over our general courses—neither could I advocate in this country a gaff-topsail with yard laced to the topmast. In the Atlantic such a plan may do very well when the squalls are seen a long way off, and time given to take in the topsail, but conceive such top hamper in a regatta on the Clyde, or under Howth Hill, or on a cruise in Loch Fyne, or along the western shores of Scotland!

By all means let us not be too proud to take any wrinkle from our friends, but on the other hand let us not be too hasty in jumping at conclusions, and above all let us choose a right good craft, let her be right well managed, and when the run does come off “may I be there to see.”

Yours faithfully,

A YACHTSMAN.

*To the Editor of H. Y. M.*

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#### ADVENTUROUS VOYAGES.

*January 24th, 1867.*

SIR.—Now that we seem to have, in some measure, recovered from the sensation caused by the great American Yacht race, and that the amateur blue jackets of New York have been fêted and lionized to the hearts content of all “sensation worshippers,” perhaps you will permit a few lines to appear in your excellent *Magazine*, from one of not a few “common sense yachtsmen,” who have had a struggle to resist being carried away *Nolens volens*, by the torrent of nautical popular opinion that appears to have run riot for the last few weeks. I quite agree with the good taste and friendly feelings which prompted such an appropriate welcome, but I do not go so far with the pen and ink vagaries into which many of the talented contributors of

the leading London papers have been deluded; were one implicitly to accept the opinions therein expressed, it would be impossible to resist the impression, that the 19th century has witnessed an exhibition of nautical skill and daring, in the voyages just performed by the Henrietta, Fleetwing and Vesta, before which the memories of Columbus, Vasco di Gama, Sebastian Cabot, Amerigo Vespucci, *et sic*, &c., must pale into nothingness, and the exploits of our own Franklin's, Ross's, Parry's, McClintock's, and others of that ilk, become comparatively "small;" plainly to speak—the amount of nauseous bosh that has been written about this few days run across the Atlantic, is too absurd even to notice, were it not for the positive injustice it perpetrates.

Three powerful vessels, fitted up regardless of expense, commanded by the most experienced men that liberal payment could secure, and manned by splendid crews, select about the most favourable month in the year, for yachts of their size, to cross the Atlantic, with a sporting object involving a most imposing wager in view, and they actually accomplish the voyage! What in the name of everything celestial is wonderful in all this? perhaps it is the reputed wealth of their owners, or the amount of the stake contended for—if so then I can only say that our admiration of the exploit is as characteristic of the age, as it is contemptible; a mental prostration before the golden calf.

If I want something to justify my admiration and astonishment at a feat of unsurpassed and unparalleled seamanahip, courage, endurance and skill, I look at that little ship "Red, White and Blue," and when I converse with her quiet and unassuming commander, Capt. Hudson, I feel I am speaking to a man who without the *prestige* of wealth or wager, in a cockle shell of a craft that represented all his worldly wealth, with but a solitary companion to assist him, performed a voyage which will live in the history of maritime adventure as long as ocean rolls.

I would suggest to my brother yachtsmen, now that the *fureur* for appropriately acknowledging seamanlike qualities is rife, to do tardy justice, and mark their sense of what a thorough sailor, and a cool and daring navigator has done.

SUUM CUIQUE.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

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### ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE BOAT INSTITUTION.

A meeting of the Institution was held on the 3rd of January, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., Vice-president, in the chair. There were also present Sir E. Perrot, Bart., W. H. Harton, Esq., Admiral McHardy, Capt. Walker, R.C.S., John Griffiths, Esq., Capt. Ward, R.N., Inspector of life-boats to the Institution, and Richard Lewis, Esq., the secretary.

⚓ The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, a reward of £15.

was voted to the crew of the Palling life-boat, for rescuing five of the crew of the brig Chase. A reward of £17. 5s. was also voted to pay the expenses of the Whitburn life-boat, for rescuing eight men from the Margaret and Jane. A reward of £14. 5s. was also voted to pay the expenses of the same life-boat for putting off on the following day, and saving fifteen men from the barque Caroline and Elizabeth, of London, which in a heavy sea had stranded on the South Steel. A reward of £9. 17s. was likewise voted to pay the expenses of the Withernsea life-boat of the Institution, for going off in reply to signals of distress during squally weather, and saving six men from the George of Lowestoft. A reward of £8. 2s. 6d. was also voted to pay the expenses of the Fleetwood life-boat, for putting off during a heavy gale of wind from the W.S.W., and bringing safely ashore twelve men and a pilot from the barque Inga, of Kragero. A reward of £10. was also granted to pay the expenses of the Orme's Head life-boat for saving two men from the smack Cymro, of Almwch.

A reward of £16. 2s. was likewise granted to pay the expenses of the Lowestoft life-boat, for going off in tow of the Imperial steam-tug, and saving one man from the lugger William and Mary, of Yarmouth, which had during a fresh gale of wind from the S.S.W., been wrecked on the Barnard Sand on the 12th ult. A reward £12. 18s. was also granted to pay the expenses of the Civil Service Life-boat stationed at Wexford, for going off during a gale of wind on the 27th ult., and saving nine men who had been employed by the Wexford Harbour Commissioners, on the Dogger Bank, and who were endeavouring to reach the shore in their own boat. A reward of £9. 5s. was also voted to the Whitby life-boat crew for saving five persons from the schooner Lion, of Goole. Rewards amounting to £54. were also voted to pay the expenses of the life-boats of the Institution at different stations on the coast for various other services to shipwrecked vessels and their crews during the past month. The thanks of the Institution, inscribed on vellum, were ordered to be presented to Mr. J. Lister, and 15s. each to his boat's crew of five men, for putting off in the Trinity House boat in tow of a steam-tug during a light wind from the N.W., and saving two men from the steam sloop Wrecker, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

It was reported that a seaman named Geo. Cowell had gallantly put off alone in a small boat to the assistance of this wrecked crew. In his noble attempt his boat was capsized, and he was unfortunately drowned. The Institution voted £10 to his widow, who had no children. Various other rewards were also granted for saving life from different wrecks on our coasts. A contribution of £350, has been received by the Institution on behalf of the "Solicitors and Proctors" life-boat fund through F. Ouvry, Esq., and W. M. Wilkinson, Esq. The committee decided to station the life-boat at Winchelsea, on the coast of Sussex. The Solicitor General, Sir J. B. Karslake, q.c., had also forwarded to the Institution a liberal donation of £10. Mr. Thomas Davis, of Chippenham, had also collected £250, amongst his fellow commercial travellers in the West of England, in aid of the cost of a life-boat to be called the "Western Commercial Traveller." The Com-

Commercial Travellers in the North of England had already collected the expense of two life-boats, which were stationed respectively at Piel, Lancashire, and Castletown, Isle of Man. Several other contributions amounting to £250 had been received.

On the 17th January, a special meeting of this Institution was held at its House, John-street, Adelphi, to take into consideration a communication from General Knollys, as well as the unusually numerous shipwrecks that have taken place during the first days of the present month; Thomas Baring, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., in the chair. There were also present Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., Sir E. Perrott, Bart., Admiral M'Hardy, Captain Richards, Esq. (hydrographer of the Admiralty), John Griffith, Esq., Admiral Ryder, W. H. Harton, Esq., Captain Ward, R.N., the Inspector of life-boats of the Institution, and Richard Lewis, Esq., the Secretary.

General Knollys stated in his letter that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales would have much satisfaction in acceding to the request of the committee to take the chair at the forthcoming annual meeting of the Institution next month. The committee expressed their high appreciation of His Prince's kind and prompt response to their application. The Lord Mayor had in the most obliging manner placed for the occasion the Egyptian Hall in the Mansion House at the disposal of the committee.

Reports were read from different branches of the Institution, detailing the services of the life-boats of the Institution during the late gales. It appeared that thirty-one life-boats had been used on these disastrous occasions, and that 113 lives had been rescued from various shipwrecks in addition to the three vessels saved from destruction. The expense of these services amounted in the aggregate to £390. It was satisfactory to find that throughout these disastrous gales not a single accident had happened to any of the brave life-boat men. The honorary secretaries of the branches had also been as usual most zealous and active on these occasions.

The committee voted the silver medal of the Institution to Mr. Samuel Hogg, the French Vice-Consul at Penzance, for his brave services in going off on three occasions to save six men from the schooner Salome, of Brixham, five men from the schooner Selina Ann, of Looe, and six men from the schooner Heiress of Teignmouth.

The thanks of the Institution inscribed on vellum were also ordered to be presented to Mr. N. B. Dowling, hon. secretary of the Penzance branch, for his able and untiring exertions on the above and other occasions when the life-boat saved thirty men from four different wrecks.

The gold medal of the Institution was ordered to be presented to the Rev. Charles Cobb, in acknowledgment of his intrepid services in wading into the surf at much risk the life of one man who was in the carrier de Dieppe, which was wrecked off Dym- of wind and heavy sea, on Sunday morning the

oted the silver medal of the Institution to a coast-

guard man named Bathurst, who ably assisted on the occasion. Mr. Cobb, had nobly plunged into the surf, and was followed by Bathurst, the latter having a rope round him. Mr. Cobb succeeded in reaching the vessel, and got the poor fellow down, and with the assistance of the coast-guard-man, who had joined him, brought him safely ashore.

Other business having been transacted, the proceedings closed.

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### Obituary.

On the 17th inst., at his residence Jordanhill, Renfrewshire, James Smith, Esq., F.R.S., in the 85th year of his age.

The decease of Mr. Smith creates another gap in the ranks of our veteran yachtsmen, of those who bore their part in another generation, and who are we regret to say passing rapidly from amongst us. To high scientific and literary attainments Mr. Smith united a passionate love of the sea and its pursuits, the combination of which resulted in the publication of works which are to be found in every complete yachting library. For very many years he filled the distinguished office of Commodore of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, and owned at different times several Clyde built yachts; he likewise wrote an excellent Code of Signals for the Club, that which is now, and has been since its production, in general use by the yachtmen of the Clyde; to this subject he devoted considerable attention. His loss will be much felt by the Scottish yachtsmen, amongst whom he enjoyed a deserved reputation, not only from his cultivated and well stored mind, but from the many social and friendly qualifications that he exhibited during a long life.

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### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**ARGOS.**—The Red, White and Blue, will leave the Crystal Palace about the 20th inst., therefore we would advise all those who are desirous of witnessing one of the greatest novelties of the age, to visit her before removal. Her next port will be Havre, and during the exhibition will be exhibited at the Pompeian Palace, Rue Montagne, Paris, where we hope Capt. Hudson will meet those who will appreciate his dauntless bravery, to a far greater extent than he has met with in England. We have no doubt Capt. Hudson will be happy to accommodate any gentleman who has doubted the sea-going capabilities of his wee craft, with a passage across the Channel.

**HENRIETTA.**—We have received a lithograph of this vessel, published by Mr. Foster, but too late for review this month.

**RED WITH WHITE MALTESE CROSS.**—Article received but too late for insertion.

**MAIN-SHEET.**—The account relative to Sphinx and Fiona, shall appear in our next.

**BOWING CALENDAR.**—This neatly got up and most useful little volume has just reached us: it contains all the information that an oarsman should know and have at his fingers' ends, respecting the matches that have taken place during the season of 1866, and forms an indispensable addition to the aquatic library.—*London:*—HORACE COX, 346, Strand



# HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

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MARCH 1st, 1867.

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## THERE AND BACK AGAIN. \*

A NAUTICAL, YACHTICAL NARRATIVE.

### CHAPTER XIV.

"God save the Queen and Parliament  
And eke the Prince's Highness,  
And quickly send  
To wars an end

As here my song has—Finis."

BUTLER, (slightly altered to suit A.D. 1866.)

NEXT morning Bill and Dick who are tremendous fellows whenever duty is concerned, hurried off in the cutter, the former to knock up the sleepy Sanidad folk for our bill of health, the latter, early bird that he was, to pick up the first worms of the market. During their absence Ben and Tom superintended the stowing away of all loose gear, the hoisting of the sails and the rounding in of the chain, and thus by dividing the labor, it was still early when our ocean bird gave her snowy wings to the breeze and resumed her southward flight.

The weather was delightful, a clear blue sky overhead, and a soft and favorable breeze accompanied us all along the coast, making this Andalusian mid-winter like what the poets tell us spring ought

\* Concluded from page 68.

to be at home, but which it so seldom is. It was just such a day as one would have chosen for such a cruise; the air was clear and balmy, the sea in ripples rather than waves, and the schooner glided along as over a calm lake; headland and cliff passed gently astern as in some giant diorama, and the mind was left free to revel amid the historic associations which mark every mile of the water we were sailing over. Astern to the N.W. lies Cape St. Vincent, off whose rugged shores fifteen British sail of the line under Jervis, defeated a fleet of twenty-seven Spanish three deckers in A.D. 1797. Nearer to us still though a little more to the westward, Boscawen and De la Crue held deadly strife. Abeam is Busaco; among yonder blue hills lies Barroso; while on our port bow rises an iron bound coast which no true Briton can pass without a thrill of pride, and as the blue cliffs of Trafalgar pass away and we leave the spot where Nelson fell, we feel that our keel has passed over a cemetery of British heroes!

Let the "peace at any price" mongers recollect that it is to the deeds of these Paladins that they owe that very superiority in commerce, to preserve which they would now—oh! how short-sightedly—sacrifice national honor and heroism; would stifle with a cant or a sneer that honest pride which points to the glorious past as a guarantee for the future; would smother history under bales of cotton, and would sell their once world-envied birth right, their nationality, for that mess of pottage, the distinction of being the world's champion men! Of a truth I fear that it is becoming a fixed idea among our neighbours, that Mammon in England is mightier than Mars, and that the British lion of 1866, will put up with a great deal more stirring up with the long pole than was safe to administer to him in 1805. I fear too that they are not altogether wrong in this estimate. It seems to me that our cottonocracy see no distinction between a spirit of pugnacity, which no sensible man would advocate, and that due regard for British influence in the world's parliament, which can only be upheld by a conviction on the part of other nations, that when we bark we are also prepared to bite. These reflections would be humiliating enough could we think that this dominance of £. s. d. is other than an abnormal condition. The elder Napoleon ventured on the sneer that we were a nation of shopkeepers, but he learnt in the hard school of adversity that the shopkeeper element was only the outer skin of our national charac-

ter, perhaps thinner then than now—but that the great heart of the nation within was the same as beat in the bosoms of those, who have made the history of England a history of heroes; and so perhaps we may take comfort now, that though the base influence of lucre may stretch our forbearance somewhat beyond the limit of national honor, though "Brother Jonathan" may consider us "used up" and safe to kick, though continental diplomatists may put us aside from all consideration as a people who will scold but won't fight, yet there is a limit of endurance which once passed, this ignoble spirit will be quickly thrown to the winds, and the same blood be found in the veins of Englishmen to day as flowed so gloriously at Trafalgar sixty years ago! Let the recent story of those hero martyrs of Barnsley who company after company volunteered down the fatal pit to almost certain destruction, disclose whether there is not still the same stuff to be found in old England now, as furnished the forlorn hopes of Badajoz and Rodrigo:—Not a doubt of it, not a doubt of it! though hard, too hard perhaps to bring us to the scratch, depend upon it, it is equally hard once there, to get us to throw up the sponge—so sound the band—call Thomas Bowline, let cornets and saxhorns spring from their cases, now then, all together,—

"Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves."

Let the bantam Guendolen crow where the great British game cock crew in 1805!

A Yankee barque fleeted by as we asserted in brazen tones, that "Britons, never, never, never would be slaves," and to our surprise an approving hurrah came down the wind to us—bravo Uncle Sam, there is a drop of pride in the old stock left to you still. Not to be out-done in courtesy we changed the strain to "Yankee Doodle," and so with another friendly cheer we parted.

Mount Atlas, the giant warder of the African continent was now broad on our bow, and soon after Tarifa came in view, looking from the sea like a collection of ruined factories; nevertheless this place too has its historic associations, and Paynim and Christian warriors have done right doughtily beneath its walls when Spain was the land of chivalry. We now stretched away from the coast towards Tangier in order to get the benefit of the rushing current, which sets into the Mediterranean through the Straits, and gradually that wondrous rock, the European "pillar of Hercules"—Gibraltar, crept out from the coast, until it stood defined and sharp against the bright blue

of the sky, and the darker blue of the sea. There was no need of reference to charts or books of sailing directions. Though seen by many of us for the first time, we knew it as well as if "*Gibraltar*" had been painted in gigantic letters upon its precipitous face—knew it, and strangers as we were hailed it as an old and familiar friend—a foreign land, yet British soil! A soil, it is true, that grows little else than batteries and casemates, for which a farmer wouldn't pay sixpence an acre, and yet a rocky corner of the earth to take and keep which millions have been spent and rivers of blood poured forth, and for the continued maintenance of which, so long as British honor or British necessity demand it, every true hearted Englishman would still sacrifice land, money, and blood! On coming in sight of such a spot, who but will feel a warm sensation about that part of his inner man known as "the cockles of the heart?" Nay, would not even Mr. Mathew Arnold who believes in the decadence of England, and inclines to the Yankee verdict that "Britishers are only small pertaters," be disposed to reply to them in their own vernacular:—"After all I guess they are sum punkins?"

The Bay of Gibraltar is by no means a "*statio bene fide carinis*," the holding ground is bad, and in foul weather it would be safer to be out in the Bay of Biscay, hove to and battened down, than trusting to the treacherous tender mercies of Cabrita and Europa points. One such day came while Guendolen was there, and though hauled up in the snuggest place behind the new mole, a bran-new hawser snapped like sewing cotton, and only that we were prepared for such an emergency, the good little barkie might then and there have ended her cruise for ever.

Long before we had rounded Cabrita Point our arrival was known to all the dwellers on the rock, for the Semaphore had been occupied on our account an hour before, and the good folk in the town below, to whom the eccentric machinery of black balls and flags was as familiar as "Household Words," had informed one another that a schooner yacht was signalled from the west. One of our party had a brother on shore expecting him, all had friends, it was therefore not to be wondered at, that a number of beaming home faces should welcome us as we stepped ashore, and that a hospitable strife should arise as to who should first become possessors of our persons.

This point settled, we were borne along to the post-office, which of course was to us the spot of greatest interest for the moment. Our

letters were indeed of considerable importance, though not altogether agreeable; concluding as one of them did, my connection with the friendly, not to say brotherly party on board the *Guendolen*. One of those disagreeable long foolscap envelopes whose ominous superscription of O.H.M.S. so often warns him to whom it is addressed of coming evil, fell to my lot. Preparing myself for the worst I opened it, and found that my most Gracious Sovereign could, under no circumstances short of a consideration of five hundred pounds, which the menial scribe somewhat offensively designated "a fine," dispense with the valuable services of her trusty and well beloved cousin, in the capacity of sheriff for the bailliewick of the county of ——. Here was an abrupt termination to my wanderings! To have got "there," and now to be obliged to turn "back again" without enjoying the fruition of my labors. The rock of Gibraltar to be my Pisgah, from which with unsatisfied longings I was to survey the promised land, or rather water of the blue Mediterranean. It was indeed most disagreeable and quite unexpected—when I left home I had anticipated no such evil, as another name was before mine on the list, but death had scratched it out in the interim, and I perforce must fill the vacancy. There was nothing for it but to make the best of my time, a scanty week, at the end of which the next homeward bound steamer was expected. On looking over my notes I find I have in this week's doings materials for another chapter of "There and back again," but I fear to venture on such oft trodden ground as a description of "the rock." It was indeed a pleasant week, as delightful as unbounded hospitality and a perpetual round of novelties could make it, but I think I had better leave to my hitherto most patient reader the filling in of details, and having brought him to Gibraltar request of him to return with me "back again" to England as humble passengers in a steamer. He will be fully able to anticipate how we clomb that mighty rock, which the Spanish officials so humourously describe as being "*temporarily* occupied by the British," how we explored its mysterious caverns, how we revelled in the matchless view from the Mediterranean battery, how we laid out vast sums in polished scraps of the rock, in Moorish slippers, fez caps, bornouses, (is that the proper plural?) coral bracelets, Spanish fajas and hoods, articles that look so enticing in the knick-knack shops of the Gibraltar Jews, but which become such abominable litter the moment they are brought home. How we

went forth with the Calpe hounds and had little hunting, but much galloping upon half Arab screws hired for the occasion. How we *did* the batteries and the galleries in true tourist style, how we "assisted" (in the French sense) at the midnight mass on Christmas eve, gaining thereby much excellent music and execrable atmosphere; and lastly, how thoroughly we enjoyed that Christmas dinner to which we had looked forward—at the hospitable mess of the Royal Artillery, where appeared a real Turkey! real roast beef!! and real plum pudding!!!

I will also spare him the monotonous week on the homeward bound steamer, with its endless grind of the screw, its all pervading redolence of figs and burnt tallow, its unpromising list of passengers, consisting as they did of the somewhat sulky Chronicler, a deaf merchant skipper who had contrived to lose his ship in a locality which he called "the Daddy-nells," and his wife who was subject to frequent attacks of—sea sickness she called it, Hollands was the steward's diagnosis. The same marked line which divided the sunny south from the brumous north on our way out, was there again to meet us in the same spot. Farewell sunshine and summer clothing, come forth pea jackets and mufflers, and let us show a bold face to "*acris hyems*"? Still on we go, and still the screw makes fluid corkscrews of the water astern,—Ha! a ship on the port bow!

The captain smiles and shakes his head. "The Tuskar," he says. "We are in the Channel and shall be in Liverpool to-morrow morning."—What need to continue—must I rig the gang board and call a cab? I trow not. The cruise is over. Farewell.

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#### REVIEW OF THE PAST SEASON.\*

MR. EDITOR.—In the article which you were kind enough to insert in the January number of the *Magazine*, anent the racing of the past season, I undertook to say a few words at a subsequent period, on the doings of the smaller class cutters and two-masted vessels, a promise which I now shall endeavour to fulfil, altho' in the present weather the very thinking of so essentially a summer pastime as yacht racing appears out of place, and the idea of laying hold of a half frozen haul-yard or sheet, sends a cold shudder through a man's entire frame; in-

\* Continued from page 42.

deed if it had not been for the exciting race of our plucky transatlantic cousins across the ocean, even the word yachting would have been tabooed; but these unexpected visitors, have given a new phase to the winter amusements, and by their arrival and the festivities consequent thereupon have frightened the Island from its propriety, and made old Cowes, usually the dulllest place in all creation from October to May, quite mad with fuss and excitement, while the fact of the swells of the R. Y. S. actually sitting down to a public dinner at the Castle in the winter season, must have startled the oldest inhabitant! Seriously speaking however, the Yankee yachtsmen have done a new thing, and done it well, sailed a good race over a rattling long course and for a good stake, put down by themselves, and not drawn from the pocket of the public; and if it were not for the unfortunate fate of the crew of the *Fleetwing*, caused I fear by a little inattention on the part of the man at the wheel, not a blot would have appeared—on what we must call the *big yacht race*, of this or any other season. While granting them all praise however, both for the idea and the way it was carried out, I cannot equally swallow all the bombast talked and written by many journalists, both here and at the other side of the Atlantic, as to the wondrous skill and valour shown by all parties engaged, or agree that this race proves the infinite superiority of the yachts, yachtsmen, skippers, crews, navigation, and seamanship, belonging to the new world over those of the old one; and *apropos* to which I have read in *Bell's Life* many most sensible remarks copied from "*Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*."

I must beg leave to remind those gentlemen that "one swallow does not make a summer," and that the best and shortest course from New York to the Needles is now as well known and laid down as that round the Isle of Wight, while it is allowed that the month of December, from the prevalence of westerly winds is as good a one for vessels to make a quick and safe run across as any in the year, a fact shown not merely by the quickness, and ease with which all three yachts came across, but by numerous other fast passages recorded, nearly all of which were made about Christmas day. The size of these vessels, some 250 tons apiece, must also be considered; and when we know of the numbers of topsail trading schooners of from 100 to 120 tons, which constantly run across the Atlantic, laden with timber, grain, &c., to within some three feet of the water's edge, we need not wonder that clipper yachts some 100 feet long on the water line, with first-rate captains and strong crews in them, made a splendid run in weather so favourable that they constantly carried gaff and jib topsails, and had hardly to haul the mainsheet in during the passage, except on the 19th December, when the *Henrietta* was hove-to for some hours.

I must however, myself heave to, and bear up for my own mark—boats, leaving the American yachts and their owners to the honours so justly and gracefully bestowed on them by all classes, from Her Most Gracious Majesty downwards, trusting however to meet them in a race or two during the next season, for the honour of Great Britain, and merely remarking as my sheets come aft, that in comparing the three logs it is somewhat hard to understand how the *Henrietta* met with so much heavier weather than the others, who followed nearly on the same track, and by what miracle the Yankees make topmasts and jib-booms stand the tremendous spread of canvas piled on them, especially amidst strong winds and roughish water, in which the artists of the various pictorial papers place them.

In reviewing the performances of our own yachts during the past season, I shall take the two-masters next to the first class cutters, both because their races were particularly interesting, and because these vessels are the most likely to be called on to do battle for England against our American adversaries; and in selecting a champion from the schooners for such a race as round the Azores, I should undoubtedly name the *Selene*, *Aline*, and *Blue Bell*, while for our ordinary regatta courses I should prefer *Alarm*, *Egeria*, *Albertine*, and *Pantomime*. If yawls and cutters were admissible I should certainly stand on the *Luffa* for the first race, in preference to any vessel in the fleet, and for the second, tho' not nearly approaching to the size of the Yankees, the *Arrow* and *Fiona*, any of which would, I verily believe, give an excellent account of the strangers. The *Witchcraft* and *Fleetwing* are nearly identically of the same dimensions both as to hull and spars, and would therefore make an interesting match, but the English vessel built in 1865, by White of Cowes for Mr. T Broadwood, and I have heard turned out regardless of expense, has never proved herself very fast, and is at present undergoing alterations in the position of her masts, and having a cutter's bowsprit fitted to her, which latter considering her peculiar lines, and her sharpness forward, must be considered as a very doubtful improvement; and I should not feel disposed to trust her with much money against the Yankee, especially if there was any turning to windward. The *Selene* heads the list of schooners in the amount of her winnings, and although the *Leah*, a new yawl, by *Wanhill* of Poole, on *lines* improved from those of the *Speranza*, stands before her as to the number and value of her prizes, those taken by the *Selene* were won in races against the fastest, and most powerful antagonists in the yacht squadron, in races from port to port, while the *Leah*, tho' she showed herself really fast and able, whenever she had the opportunity,



had the good fortune to be generally pitted against antagonists so inferior in size and power, as to have virtually a walk over, except at Kingstown, where entered against larger schooners she sailed well, but was more indebted to the special pleading of the Pantomime than to her own merits for the amount of her prize.

The *Selene* is almost too big and ship-like for a yacht, and especially for racing, but is a noble looking vessel and splendidly got up in every particular; and when she gets a breeze to suit her, must possess extraordinary speed, tho' light summer airs are not enough to move her, and her sails and spars are too heavy for sailing round a regatta course, where there is seldom a stretch of five miles on end. In such a race as the one from America she would have been just at home, and I should have been well pleased to back her against the three vessels which came over, as the weather would have just suited her size and power. She like the *Sphinx* is a composite vessel, and constructed by the Messrs. Steele of Greenock, but I am sorry to say I have been unable to get her dimensions. Owing to her success two more vessels have been this year ordered from the same firm, one of which a schooner of 200 tons, for the noble Commodore of the R.Y.S. is likely to create a sensation down south.

The *Xantha* another yawl stands third on the list, and is also by no means a professional racer, not being sparred for light weather; she generally however manages to pull off two or three races each season, chiefly those from the Thames to other ports, and in May last she completely squandered her fleet in the stormy breeze and cross sea between Sheerness and Dover, where she was exactly served with the wind and weather to suit her, and went much more easily and dryly than any of her opponents. She was built for Lord Alfred Paget, by his long tried builders, the Messrs. Harvey of Wivenhoe, and being of more beam than usual and lightly sparred does not look so large or powerful as she really is, but eats up to windward, and carries her canvas admirably. In the race just mentioned she proved herself unmistakeably fast against some most formidable competitors.

The now veteran *Aline* comes next, and won both her races easily enough, having only the *Blue Bell* of her own class to beat, but she is well able to take her own part in any company, and of the whole of the schooners should be my champion against the Yankees. She has been so often described and is so well known that it would be a waste of time to say more about her, but I do hope to see her pitted against the foreigners early in the season, either in a private match or in some race where true sailing, and not a mere judgment as to how the wind will come, can be obtained.

The *Pantomime* and *Egeria* stand next in order, and for the last two years have been close antagonists—hitherto greatly to the advantage of the latter, on whom however the tables were turned in the two matches this year of the R.Y.S. It must nevertheless be remembered that a new scale of time had then been introduced under which the smaller vessel was allowed 3m. 27s. ; a lump of dead weight which the *Egeria* failed to carry home successfully, tho' in the Queen's cup she beat her 1m. 58s., which at the usual half Ackers' or on the Irish Channel scale, would have been sufficient to secure the prize. At Kingstown in July the *Egeria* beat the *Pantomime* handsomely by 8m. 45s., but having at the beginning of the race crossed her bow when on the port tack was protested against, and altho' all on board were certain she had ample room to do so, and the sailing directions clearly laid down that it was only in case of collision the penalty was to be enforced, the Committee arbitrarily disqualified the *Egeria*, and gave the first prize to the *Leah*, while the *Pantomime* was rewarded with £50 for being last of the three antagonists. Both are nice schooners and very fast, tho' extremely dissimilar in appearance, the *Pantomime* having probably the most powerful bottom and being lighter sparr'd ; she is very nicely fitted up, kept in first rate order, and is likely to win many cups, though she looks a little short for a racer, which may however be caused by her cutter's stem and running bowsprit. The *Egeria* appears much longer and has a more graceful sheer, but last year was rather overdone by the weight of her spars and gear, especially in the weather she encountered in all her matches : she will be lightened aloft next season, and with *Aline*, *Albertine*, *Alarm*, *Blue Bell*, *Gloriana*, and *Pantomime* help to form a very pretty and fast fleet to represent British interests.

The *Blue Bell* was only launched in the beginning of the year, and is a very fine copy (or rather one with supposed improvements) of the *Aline* from the same yard, Messrs. Camper and Nicholson's of Gosport. She began her career in the Dover match, and looked very dangerous for a considerable time, until some of the iron work about her bowsprit gave way ; she did not then race until the matches of the R.Y.S., *Victoria*, and *Albert Clubs*, when she won the first race of the last mentioned Club round the Island, in heavy weather in gallant style beating the *Gloriana*, and repeated her victory in the handicap of the Squadron on the 9th August, saving the time allowed her by the *Lufra* and *Arrow* by 3m. and 22s., and beating all the schooners in the race, and was second to the *Aline* in the Royal Victoria Club race a few days after. She is a very fine and powerful looking vessel, and there is no doubt has both speed and power, and in default of the *Aline* I would look

to her, taking chance of weather, and to the *Egeria*, in smooth water, to defeat the *Fleetwing*, which is I believe allowed to be the best of the strangers, altho' she was not the actual winner.

To these two-stickers may be added both as winners and acknowledged fast vessels, the *Gloriana*, *Albertine*, *Circe*, and probably the *Helen*, (which has been lengthened and reported much improved,) of the larger class reinforced by the new vessels now building by Steele, Fife, and Hatcher, and of the smaller class by Madcap and Gertrude, and we must not forget the fastest of all the two stickers, and to my taste, the finest yacht in England, the noble looking *Lufra*, 202 tons, yawl rigged, and built for the late Lord Ponsomby, by Ratsey of Cowes; on board of which her late lamented owner and that other distinguished yachtsman, Mr. Frankland, Vice Admiral of the Royal Cork Club, breathed their last. This vessel has sailed but one race, in which she had the questionable honour of being handicapped on equal terms with the renowned *Arrow*, and the very unusual triumph of showing her the way past the flag-vessel, though the very heavy allowance of time put on her, caused her to lose the three prizes to the *Blue Bell*, *Pantomime*, and *Egeria* respectively. She is a splendid looking vessel, and her mast is indeed a stick to look at, while her cabins, decks, &c. &c., are all of the first-class; and below deck she is so fitted up with polished oak and brass lattice, that sitting in her spacious main cabin with the lamps lighted, it is difficult to remember that one is at sea, and not in the handsome library of a country place. Her late owner had a thorough acquaintance with a yawl, having passed many of his earlier days in the *Flower of Yarrow*, with the late Lord John Scott; and at once on succeeding to his property laid down the present vessel, which was not long completed before his death; she has now changed hands, but I prophesy will show herself a clipper, and far superior in pace to any schooner of her own class, be she what she may. I have now touched on the principal winners of this class, and time and space warn me to leave the smaller cutters until another day, when I shall try to say something about their doings and the prospects of the ensuing year; but before I close, would venture to suggest that a sweepstakes be got up of £100 a piece open to all comers, and to be sailed on some fair and open course, not less than 70 miles, on or about Saturday, August, 3rd next, after the Goodwood Races, and before the R.Y.S. regatta, under the scale of time of that Club, but without any limit on sails, hands, &c., or anything but shot bags or shifting ballast. This if entered for by the three American yachts and by *Aline*, *Blue Bell*, *Egeria*, *Pantomime*, *Albertine*, *Salene*, *Gloriana*, *Lufra*, and a few others, would

afford a glorious race, and for a stake worth winning, and it could be easily managed were the course so laid out that running, reaching, and turning to windward qualities, should all be fairly tried for some 70 miles each, and with this suggestion, I beg to subscribe myself.—Your obedient,

RED WITH WHITE MALTESE CROSS.

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## THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN GLORY.\*

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### PART XIII.

IN the largest of the huts I have described Shamus Roi was taking his ease on one stormy wild morning subsequent to the events in which the Colleen Dhas had borne so conspicuous a part ; and that good ship was taking her ease at the end of a stout chain cable in the little sheltered harbour of I——, whilst her gallant commander Mr. Cornelius Sullivan was assisting the grizzly giant in demolishing a substantial breakfast, which to judge of the quantity and quality spread upon the festive board, bore testimony that his Majesty's larder was amply supplied, no matter how his subjects fared ; and indeed so far as outward appearance went they too seemed to lack nothing necessary to develope bone, sinew, and a respectable superstructure of good sound flesh. One by one the canoes were dropping in from their morning's work, and quite a bustling joyous scene could be witnessed in the harbour from the open door, as their crews laughed, sang their sea ditties, and bantered the sturdy and blooming damsels that helped them ashore with their scaly cargoes.

Truly the den of King Shamus was a lair worthy of such a Viking ; a large irregular apartment with stout pegs thrust among the rough stones that composed its walls, and fish spears, harpoons, nets, lines, lobster traps, and all that wondrous and mysterious paraphernalia that the pursuit of the denizens of the deep involves, were festooned in masses all around, a very wealth of implements of maritime sport and industry. There too were further relics from the reefs, binnacles with verdigrised compasses, a quadrant or two, old charts, articles of mahogany cabin fittings, a couple of barometers, log-lines, and ships' lanterns, that seemed to be looked upon in the light of remarkable curiosities, and prized accordingly, while a large ship's bell formed a conspicuous ornament over

\*Continued from page 93.

the huge open fire hearth, on which blazed a ruddy glare of wreck timber; another bell was mounted on the roof of the cabin, the rope of which descending into the interior enabled an alarm to be rung, should any unforeseen circumstance require the sudden assemblage of Shamus's forces; the arched entrance to another apartment disclosed piles of old sails, coils of rope, blocks, parts of wheels, and sundry other storm waifs; and at the other end of this hall of audience a glimpse could be obtained of the sleeping arrangements, and there the hands of old Katy O'Sullivan and her two buxom daughters Madge and Eily had converted spoils of another kind into quite comfortable and cheerful decorations. Indian matting, curtains of silk and damask, and picturesque grass hammocks, all more or less stained and tarnished, with curiously woven cotton coverlets, and snowy sheets and blankets, destined for far different latitudes, gave quite a luxurious aspect to that quarter of Shamus's fortress.—Verily that rude dwelling overhanging the sea seemed like a huge marine store shop, charged with the cast-away treasures of a century; and not unfrequently did Con Sullivan draw upon its resources, with what profit to himself and Mr. Radley, sundry entries in the books of the smithy bore evidence, in so far as the latter individual was concerned.

By the fire hearth sat, or rather reclined, a strange looking object on a rude couch of plank and canvas; whether man or woman it was difficult to say, from the heterogeneous nature of its garments, and that it had life was only to be inferred from an indistinct querulous muttering that ever and anon issued from the gloomy corner it occupied.

"So he jumped into the say the ungrateful baste!" exclaimed Shamus after a prolonged draught that seemed from its potency to refresh him not a little, and resumed his attack upon a junk of beef that might have withstood the assaults of a whole starboard watch.

"Troth did he Shamus, ahagur!" returned Con: "and purty trouble the vagabond gev uz, but if we wor inclined to look for him idself, sure a squall sthruke us at the time enough to blow uz out uv the water, let alone the fright we wor in, at the sight uv the Lady uv Dhoona."

"The Lady uv Dhoona!" shouted Shamus with a laugh that rolled amongst the rafters of the cabin like the growl of a tiger. "So the ould lady is on her cruisin' ground agin, musha one id think the poor divils had enough uv id in ther life-time, for by all accounts she was crazy enough whin she ran her nose agin the Island; well id's a good sign for uz any way Con, for they say she's never seen bud whin fresh hands are goin' to join her, and whinever the ould lady is shaking her main-sail we're purty shure to have a tidy haul on the reefs,—ha—ha!"

"Ay—ay—ever the same—laughing—and idling, and the storm without—and—and within : " muttered the voice from the corner.

"Betune us and harm but th' ould chap seems to know what we're talkin' about Shamus, mabouchal !—aye an' as I was sayin'—my heart lepped up in my mouth, and the sight left my eyes a'most whin that great black thing loomed up astarn uv us wid every stitch uv canvas set, an' you could see the eyes of her crew all blasin' like coals of livin' fire, an' oh man alive ! the yell th' gave whin that chap jumped over, and then there was a sound as if the sky was tumblin' down; over we went on our bame ends and bedad id's myself thought the Colleen was going to make a hole for all uv us to fit in, whin up she came an' away wid her, as if she was in every bit as great a fright as ourselves ; an' if you believe me, Shamus, there was that thing moving along as if the squall went through and through her, and then—whew—she was gone like——!"

"Like a bumble bee through a bung hole !" exclaimed a cheery hearty voice, and an elderly weather embrowned seaman entered the cabin with the firm step of one not unused to tread upon his own quarter-deck. "And no wonder she did shipmate, if all your crew have as stout lungs as yourself ; one would think you were furling the mizen-royal and your mate painting the dolphin striker, instead of only four feet of plank, covered with good stuff too, being between you !"

Shamus Roi and Sullivan sprang to their feet in the utmost alarm, which was rather increased by the sight of four mariners in attendance upon the stranger.

"Now which is Shamus Roi or King James—and which is the skipper of yon Colleen Dhas, as they tell us below she is called !"

"At your service I am Shamus Roi !" answered that individual in a blustering angry tone, "an' av I might make bold to ask what may be your business here !"

"Fair and softly man—fair and softly until we get the end of the coil ; methinks for a king you have but a rude way of welcoming a stranger !"

"We want no strangers here—except they come to buy our fish, or such like ; not much good comes uv em ever that I see, except there's a breeze uv wind afore em !" answered Shamus gruffly.

"Odd's my life man but you have plenty of evidence of such visits about this hurricanes' nest of yours, for you seem to have bits and scraps of every sort of craft that ever sailed the seas !" continued the stranger good humouredly, as he ran his keen eye over the medley that hung around, until it rested with an expression of curiosity on the strange object in the corner.

"That's our business stranger!" exclaimed Shamus in a tone that meant bringing matters to an issue, "pray what happens to be your business? what happens to bring these men outside at your back?"

"Well you see King James, or Shamus Roi, or whatever name you like most to hail by, I happen to be Captain David Boom of the yacht *Faleropa*, which happens to belong to one Mr. Mortimer Harbord, who happens to be a particular friend of Sir Jasper Conifex, who no doubt you happen to know is Inspector in Chief of all your coast, and who happens to be taking a passage with us just now; and as I, Captain David Boom, happen to know but little of these waters, and we happened to miss the cruisers, Sir Jasper Conifex presents his highest consideration to Shamus Roi and desires that he will forthwith send him a pilot, capable of taking us into some harbour hereabouts called W——; and now there's a whole cargo of 'happens,' and I hope your hospitality happens to be more generous than your manners!" and Capt. Boom strode to the table without further ceremony, and mixing a stiff bicker of grog, quaffed to the health of King Shamus.

A very talismanic effect did the name of Sir Jasper Conifex produce, and the action of Captain Boom speedily banished every trace of angry suspicion. Sir Jasper Conifex was a mighty potentate in the eyes of Shamus and Sullivan, so that his deputy assumed the proportions of a great man entirely.

"Begging your honer's pardon!" exclaimed Shamus. "Here Eily—Madge—Katy—some uv ye dust this chair I say!—You see your honer were unused to strangers like, it being a lonely place—and——!"

"And you not being able to take care of yourself I suppose eh?" exclaimed Captain Boom as he seated himself at the table, so as to command a view of the object in the corner. "Yes that beef looks good—now some bread, and I say, Mr. Shamus Roi, just freshen the nip for my men there will you?"

Had Shamus and Con been ordered to get the Island under weigh by Sir Jasper Conifex's representative they would have attempted it, much less exercise the native hospitality they were prone to, so that his men were speedily provided with ample fare—solid and liquid.

"And now about this pilot?" enquired Captain Boom busily plying his knife and fork, but his furtive glance ever directed at that strange object in the corner.

"Ay—ay—pilots within and without,—and the storm—the storm—he—he—he!"

Captain Boom dropped his hands upon the table, and seemed to listen to that querulous voice in mute astonishment.

"Whisht—Daddy—whisht alanna, go to sleep ould man !" exclaimed Shamus as if he were chiding some unruly dog, "Id's only ould Grandether yer honer—."

"Ha—I see—past his work, and like a good son you have moored him in a quiet anchorage !" and he resumed his attention to the beef, whilst Con Sullivan observing the direction of his eager glances, contrived as if by accident to interpose his bulky person.

"Just so yer honer—well as to a pilot—Sir Jasper Coneyfig's shall have the best on this coast, not that I should say anything behind a man's back, that I would not say forinist his face, but there's the man yer honer sittin' afore ye—an' as he's goin' up wid the Colleen Dhas, shure he'll pilot ye—ye can do that Con asthore ?"

"Shure an' id's myself 'ill be proud to do the same, an' if you'll get them few bits uv plank I want for the bulwarks, I'll be off any time his honer plazes—an' see here Shamus, may be his honer id like a bit of fish, id's a thrate to gentilemin like, whin they haven't there own conveyniencies ?"

"Well thought of and thank you muster pilot," returned Captain Boom with a smile, "not but what we have our own 'conveyniencies' as you call them, and men to use 'em too—but just now we have neither time nor inclination,—for your nabob of a coast creeping Admiral seems an uneasy sort of body, and thinks he's doing most when he's moving. I can't say much for his way of picking up knowledge though, for when I wanted him to land here by way of a bit of change, he declared it to be a desolate kind of place—not worth a visit—and ordered the craft's head off to sea ;—there she is now pretty well hull down I expect, and a good stretch for a boat's crew to heave their backs to. Now to my mind a man like him should know every hole and corner of his cruising ground ; but that's his own affair and no business of mine : still there's more unlikely spots for a disabled craft to bear up for, and your surroundings here make me think that a fellow might find a spare spar or a tough coil, as good as any that bore the broad arrow, for the nonce." And the jovial skipper applied the wooden measure again to his lips for a hearty draught, although his askant glance at his auditors seemed to indicate more a thirst of the mind than of the body.

Shamus Roi closed one eye, until that side of his face next to Sullivan looked like a shrivelled potatoe.

"Ay—ay, Captain," returned the latter, "id's dis'late enough Lord knows for thim that's compelled to live on id, as Shamus can notify to his cost. I don't wondther at his honer not caring much for a closer acquaintance, id's a bad name enough the cruisers themselves give id, for



the tides run so strong about the reefs, and the landin' is so treacherous, that for all a man gets by the venthur—faix id's safer to give id a wide berth; yer honer was lucky I will say though, for uv the 365 days in the year ye hit upon the only one I remimber—the heavens knows whin—that a man could make his futtin safe, didn't he Shamus?"

"Ay and upon a pilot to," retorted the grim giant, "for faix id's not many uv uz on the Island have any call to great expayrience in that branch of business, id's not in our line, and fortunate he was to find you here Con—for by my sowl many a one thry'd that afore now, and brought up where nayther anchor or chain was uv much use to them." And the old savage laughed at his inhuman jest until the cabin rang with the devilish merriment.

"Ay—death on the reefs—and light on the rocks, and the howl is louder than the storm when Shamus tolls the bell;" quavered the voice from the corner.

"Whisht—gran'dether—whisht alanna!—the poor ould craythur is always dhramin uv storms yer honer."

"Mother uv Moses ye ould raven!" growled Shamus as he stretched forth his huge hand, and threw a flap of canvas over the strange form that surrounded it in darkness "d'ye want to bother us intirely—go to sleep—I say! and lave min in quiet to talk uv——."

"No escape—from devils—human dev——ils—dev——s—!" died away the mutterings under the hood.

"Bud as I was goin' to say yer honer—don't thrust in the weather too much—may be 'twould come on uv a suddint that ye might not be able to lave uz for a week."

"Then your Lord High Basking Shark might find himself in command of a livelier craft than he was used to handle," exclaimed Captain Boom with a merry laugh, "and we have found worse berths than this to ride out a norther in,—however as you speak of letting us have some fish—I say ay—and thank you to boot,—just a turbot or two—an' ye will,—to say nothing of a good cod fish or so—the bluer backed the better to my taste. I know not what your fancy may be Sir King of this desolate Island, but to taste the luxury of a cod fish—ay fit for royalty itself, I esteem it should be boiled with the "pot" in it—the stomach you understand?"

"By my conscience Captain ashore, bud id's yerself is in the saycret!" exclaimed Shamus Roi, breaking forth in all the enthusiasm of a connoisseur in the *cuisine* of the sea. "You are right—the man that ates a cod fish without the "pot" bein' boiled in id, has as much taste as the lobster whin id ate's id's own shell."

"To which end my friend you will add to the favour by choosing me a few such fish as by external appearance give evidence of good digestion, for the healthier the body, the sounder and plumper the 'pot,' just such firm beauties as would make your own teeth water when smoking at the head of your festive board."

"That same I'll do an' welkin this very minit," exclaimed Shamus Roi rising from his seat, "an' bett'her never swam from New—found—land to the Nose of Norrway than what I'll give ye—bud id 'ill be only on one condition."

"Name it," said the master mariner.

"That you'll not tell Sir Jumper Comicalfix where you got 'em—for fear he'd make it conveynient to send for thim too often!"

"And now, master pilot," continued Captain Boom, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, as Shamus Roi left the cabin. "As good eating must needs be followed by generous drink—perhaps you can aid me with a fitting device to procure a little of this *pure* island water, just a 'breaker' full you know for boat ballast—eh?"

"I'm a'most s'feard uv Shamus yer honer—bud share any how I'll chance it, den't mintion id to him for the love o' goodness. I'll just step down afth'ur him and see what can be done, bud he's so mortal partic'ler—stay—I have it—I'll say yer honer id's for myself."

"Have at it with a will then!" exclaimed the Captain, rubbing his hands as if in high glee at the notion of circumventing Shamus Roi. "Have at it pilot—for every inch of the liquor you shall add another foot to the fees, and we draw thirteen already."

Away sprang Con Sullivan down the rocky steps, the prospect of a golden reward flitting through his brain: no sooner had the last glimpse of his sou'-wester disappeared, than Captain Boom indulged in a low long-drawn whistle; his men who were seated on projections of the cliff cautiously turned their heads but without moving from their positions.

"Adam Daly!"

"Ay—ay—air!" was the cautiously whispered response.

"Note every turn of the path, every rock in the harbour, get the bearings of the landing place, and prepare yourself to walk with your eyes plugged!"

A silent inclination of the head and the seaman resumed his apparently idle survey of the locality, whilst the others remained all attention.

"Seth Johnston!"

"Anan!"

"Make some pretext and away after those fellows, delay 'em all you can!"

Without a moment's hesitation the young sailor dashed his tarpaulin hat into the air as if blown away by a puff, and went leaping awkwardly down the height towards where it whirled into the waters of the harbour.

"Mose Braybroke!"

"No, 3 it is!"

"Keep your eyes skinned and your ear flaps triced up—when any one comes—the ourlews pipe!"

A hand like the claw of a bear flourished aloft for a moment, and the commander disappeared from the door way.

"Now for the grand truth!" "he muttered "or a grand lie—either way a man shall suffer!"

He listened with bated breath for a stir in the inner apartments; all was silent save the plash of the sea on the rocks below; noiselessly he sprang to the side of the mysterious being near the fire hearth, and rapidly flinging aside the canvas covering discovered the decrepit form of an old man braced down by leathern bands, so that motion of limb was impossible; with a tender gentleness as if he were handling a newly born infant he turned the poor worn face towards the dim light, and his powerful frame shook with terrible emotion as he gazed eagerly—almost devouringly—at the wasted features of what had once been a handsome—manly face, and the remains of a stalwart frame; but now how like a living skeleton! the aged victim's eye's opened languidly, as if in expectation of some brutal taunt—some fresh cruelty; strangely they glistened and rolled, and the parched lips moved as if in silent entreaty, when the tortured brain began to realize the presence of an unknown person; convulsively the thin transparent hands worked beneath their bonds to ask mercy from the kindly visitor; with a vigorous effect of his brawny arms Capt. Boom slued the frame or settle upon which the old man was bound in such a position as the latter could see his face, and then removing his cap knelt on one knee so that the light might play freely upon his head; now the old eyes glittered, the feeble breathing grew thick and choking, the poor stricken tortured form writhed in painful effort, the chest heaved as if about to burst, two great tears rolled down the hollow cheeks, and the feeble voice murmured—

"'Tis cruel—a cruel—cruel dream!—It was like him—the boy—the brave lad—poor——!"

But those failing eyes could not see that brave lad now, the embrowned hands were clasped across that weather-beaten face, convulsive sobs shook the iron frame, and glittering drops rained through those

fiercely clutched fingers—drops that were bathing a patient and forgiving heart with a terrible baptism of vengeance, drops that were changing a nature purified by painful trial to the fierce vindictiveness of a fiend ; the agony was that which human eye may not see, the muttered vow that which human tongue may not tell ; all the bitter trials of a stormy life, the physical suffering—the mental anguish—seemed to be lived over again in those few brief moments, and with the might of an avalanche to uproot every trace of the good they had wrought. Suddenly the low and plaintive wail of a curlew rose on the outward air, it struck home like a familiar voice of warning from the sea, a friendly reasoning voice that he had often heard before when lonely—wearied—and heart-wrung—patience seemed well nigh gone ; again as he listened like one craving for the repetition of a welcome sound, it rose without—but this time so shrill and earnest that it rang through the rafters of the quaint old cabin ; bounding to his feet with a fierce energy the mariner hastily restored the helpless old man to his former position, and drew a long breath as though to stifle the hell of strife that raged within him ; then with a mighty effort of will he subdued all traces of emotion, and took his place on the cliff within earshot of his men, as Shamus Roi and the skipper of the Colleen Dhas commenced the ascent.

An animated and angry discussion seemed to be carried on between the two men, as if Shamus Roi was reproving Con Sullivan in no measured terms, which the anxious glance of the latter aloft indicated as having reference to leaving the stranger alone ; when they reached the rocky plateau the monarch of the Island hurried into the cabin, but apparently everything satisfied his scrutiny, though it was not without a keen twinkle of his cunning eye he addressed Captain Boom.

“Crave your pardon yer honer—for laving you, but Corny here has no more manners than a say-hog ; everything is ready as your honer wishes, and Con will be out afther ye as fast as the windlas ’ill bring an anchor to the bows of the Colleen !”

Dangerous was the glare with which Captain Boom regarded the speaker, though softly and fairly spoke he ; his hands worked until the sinews and veins stood out to bursting through the skin, it was like the toying of a tiger before he rends his prey ; fearless as the ruffian was he shuddered with a craven fear of he knew not what, and his hitherto dare-devil courage quailed within him.

“The Vargin betune uz an’ harm Con mabouchal !” he exclaimed as the swift gig was swept with vigorous strokes away from the landing place, “bud civil as that man spakes he’s not go’d—I felt the ‘evil eye’ Con—as sure as my name is Shamus, see !—I am all of a thrim-

He—bud I'll spake him fair to the last.—We'll see yer honer soon again—wont we ?”

“When Shamus rings the bell, and the light is on the rock !” was the laconic response—and the devilish laugh that accompanied it echoed through the cliffs like a mocking of demons.

“What—what—what does he mane Con Sullivan ?” yelled the shivering wretch—“I'll not keep his goold—id's burning my hand this minute !” and he dashed the parting gift on the granite platform.—“Away with ye—away I say—that man has our lives in his hand—why did I ever let him lave this spot alive, away Con Sullivan, av ye would keep the breath in your body ; coax him back—run him ashore—anything, anything !”

“Are ye mad Shamus Roi” ! exclaimed Con—“bedad I gev you credit for more sense man—dont ye see while we wor away down here he was pumping in a rare cargo of the ‘potheen,’ id's not every day that your junk-eating, rum-swilling Jack-o'-war's-man, gets a skinful of fresh beef and a jug of mountain dew. Didn't you mind the moment he came in above, how he overhauled the Spanish burton and began to heave in the provisions ; sorra the evil there is in that daycent man—more than he's not able to carry good liquor with a small helm. Here goes to pick some more of his goolden favors up—bedad id's myself id stand the liquor and the evil-eye too, if his purse strhings wor always as slack as they are to-day !” and he sprang into the boat that awaited him.

Shamus Roi gave a great sigh of relief—as the force of Con Sullivan's reasoning became apparent ; after all the man must have been overcome, he was not used to the “potheen,” that was it—besides what could he know about him or the Island ? So carefully picking up the spurned guerdon, he took his way to a lofty point—from whence the Colleen Dhas soon disappeared in the gloom of evening in quest of her pilot charge.

It was far into the night—and Shamus Roi tossed his huge limbs about, sorely beset by horrifying dreams in which the stranger, Captain Boom, figured with ominous significance ; 'twas not often his callous conscience was thus wrought upon, and the cold perspiration of fear clung to him like a cere-cloth ; 'twas in vain he strove to compose his broken slumbers, ever and anon the fierce glare of that Captain's eyes seemed to scorch his guilty soul ; now he was falling from a terrific precipice, then he was battling in the midst of a raging sea ; again he was struggling with some monster of the deep, that wound great snake-like feelers around, and bore him down—down—fathomless ; at length with a hoarse cry he leaped from his bed when a sound caught his ear

that in a moment banished dreams and fear, and nerved his wicked heart : again and again that booming sound reverberated amongst the cliffs and through the ravines, until it shook the stout edifice in which he stood ; ho—ho—ha—ha ! how he chuckled and laughed in triumph as gun after gun in rapid succession proclaimed some helpless victim writhing in the awful trap of I—— Island ; some stout ship yielding up the ghost, some brave hearts fighting for their lives.

Peal after peal rang Shamus upon the ship's bell that stood upon the roof of his dwelling, adding hideous dissonance to the continuous roar of the signal guns ; the noise of pattering feet speedily responded to the summons, and a throng of men surrounded their chief as he took his way for the precipices that overhung the outlying rocks and reefs called the trap ; a piled up beacon was fired on the summit and shed a powerful light over the waters, and eager eyes peered into the darkness to discover the whereabouts of the hapless craft ; for hours the Island wreckers sought backwards and forwards along the giddy heights, and lowered each other to the projecting shelves, but no guns reached their ears now, no rocking hull, nor grating spars, met their view, and human voices, save their own discordant cries, there were none ; a gentle westerly wind was blowing, the night was dark—neither moon nor stars were visible, and but for the roar of the swell tumbling fitfully into the caverns, a brooding silence was on the sea ; slowly the dark forms gathered round Shamus, and ill at ease was the arch old villian, for his prey had escaped—she must have slid off the reef, perhaps was not far off, still it puzzled him not a little that continued firing, which betokened the last extremity, and yet no trace left ; however he would soon clear up the mystery—the canoes ! Downwards streamed the crowd of men in obedience to his command, but as they reached the plateau overlooking the little haven a sight and sound made Shamus's blood run cold, a streak of pale white light marked the wake of a glancing boat, and the measured roll of oars, stroke after stroke in quick succession, denoted a rapid flight from the harbour ; with a hoarse cry he dashed into his cabin and seizing a brand from the fire sought the old man's settle ; but neither wooden trestle nor wasted form was there—where they had lain a few short hours previously was now vacant space. Then arose a chorus of wild fierce cries, as if a gang from the nethermost pit had broken loose, but clear above all rose the voice of Shamus.

"To your canoes men—to your canoes, if they escape we are lost !"

Like lightning sped the frail barks in swift pursuit of the flying stranger, the crews encouraging each other by hoarse shouts as they plied their paddles ; nearer and nearer they could hear the steady stroke as

they drew upon their prey ; already were the fleet dividing to surround their victims and bring them to bay, when the roll of fluttering canvas, the cheeping of blocks, the plunge of a heavy craft as she dropped from the crest of a swell and came sweeping up in the wind caught their ears, and a noble schooner barely discernible in the dusky night rose like a phantom between pursuers and pursued ; for a moment the story of Con Sullivan crossed the mind of Shamus Roi, but the sound of voices that denoted more of flesh and blood than wandering spirits dispelled the idea ; a faint cry of the Lady of Dhoona arose from some of the more superstitious, which served but the more to infuriate their savage leader.

"Lady of the devil !" he yelled in a voice like the roar of a wild beast, "on cowards and board her—bow—quarter and broadside, no mercy—down with them, on before she gathers way, and she is ours !"

With a wild dash of their paddles and a fierce shout of conquest, they sprang to the attack—but the stately schooner evinced no inclination to evade the conflict ; slowly and gracefully she rose and fell, with her fore-sheets to windward and her jibs flowing, but neither sound arose—nor sign was visible—of confusion or fear along her decks ; there was a terrible earnestness and quiet about the daring vessel, as she thus boldly faced a legend of ruthless enemies : one figure alone was prominent, and with folded arms this man calmly surveyed the mad approach of the Island flotilla. A cold stern voice in that tone of command that thrills like the blare of a trumpet pronounced the words—

"Hold on for your lives !"

"For what ?" shouted Shamus Roi as his companions suddenly checked their headlong career.

"Because the first man that attempts by violence to board this vessel in pursuit of her lawful calling on the high seas shall die !—"

"Villain—thief—why did you plunder in the dark, if you must pry into Island secrets—you shall have Island justice, on men—on—I'll brain the first who flinches !"

But a sudden movement on the deck of the schooner caused some few of the assailants still to hesitate ; a row of port lids were triced up in an instant, and the brazen muzzles of a formidable battery frowned grimly on the astonished foe : Shamus perceiving his myrmidons sheering off right and left, with a terrible oath forced his crew right at the schooner ; did the infuriated wretch once gain footing on her decks, he knew they would swarm after him to plunder and carnage ; a fiendish yell of triumph—and already a dozen prows returned to the assault, the giant leader sprang suddenly erect with his paddle flourished aloft to strike

on the leap; the figure on the quarter-deck stooped for a second—Shamus Roi uttered a startled shriek—those withering eyes glared upon him like scathing lightning, a jet of brilliant flame shot from the schooner's side, the storm of grape hurtled over the heads of those in the rushing canoes, a torn and gory mass tottered with outstretched arms in the stern of the leading boat, and then with a sullen plunge disappeared in a vortex of blood stained foam.

The vision of a wasted form, with the marks of cruel bonds worn into its flesh, hovered for a moment over that crimsoned spot of ocean: as the schooner careened to the breeze and seemed to vanish suddenly in the gloom, her bell tolled forth—one—two—three—; 'twas like some spirit hand sounding the knell of the Island King.

*(To be continued.)*

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### THE AMERICAN OCEAN RACE.\*

THE Fleetwing, the second vessel in the great transatlantic match, was built for Messrs. Franklin and George A. Osgood, by Mr. J. B. Vandeusen of New York; who, to judge from this specimen of his skill; promises to walk worthily in the footsteps of his preceptor in naval architecture, the late George Steers, whose pupil he was: in elegance of appearance, and superiority in the details of workmanship, the Fleetwing appears to be the favorite with all who have seen her, and those who know the vessel state, that but for the lamentable catastrophe which befell her, she would have run the Henrietta stem and stem, if not deprived her of her proud position; we all must admit the depressing influence certain to be produced upon a crew, at finding a fourth of their number hurried suddenly away by the hand of death; empty hammocks and vacant seats at the mess tables, continually reminding the survivors of the brave and hearty shipmates swept in a moment from amongst them. It has been asserted that at the commencement of the gale, the Fleetwing was ahead of the Henrietta 40 miles, but on comparison of their logs this is not borne out, as up to noon on the 19th the Henrietta was 86 miles ahead. The logs shew that the Vesta took the lead on the first day, the Fleetwing second, and Henrietta third; on the second day the Fleetwing took the lead, with Henrietta second, and Vesta third; this she maintained until near noon on the 15th, when the Henrietta went to the front with 3 miles lead of Fleetwing and 20 miles lead of Vesta; from this time the Henrietta kept a steady lead on the Fleet-

\* Concluded from page 87.



wing: on the 16th the Vesta drew up to the latter within a mile, on the 18th she passed the Fleetwing, and drew up with the Henrietta with which she was abreast on the 20th—on the 23rd the Vesta was 8 miles ahead of the Henrietta by log, but from that date the latter again went to the front.

The Fleetwing was commanded by Captain Thomas of the "New York" Packet Ship, and in her sailed as judges and guests, Messrs. Centre and Staples of the New York Yacht Club, and Mr. Vandusen her builder; with a crew of 22 men all told.

On the 19th occurred one of those stern casualties that 'Toilers of the Sea' are ever liable to; the Fleetwing's log records light sou'-sou'-west breezes as commencing the day; these gradually increased to a raging gale, and with the wind rose a mountainous sea; the canvas was reduced to two sails, double-reefed foresail and fore-staysail and under these even the craft was pressed; at 9 p.m. a terrific sea struck her on the quarter, washing the watch of eight men out of her cock-pit, of whom sad to say six perished; in the confusion that naturally ensued the vessel broached to, and carried away her jib-boom, whilst the sea for a moment took charge of her deck; for five hours the stricken bark was hove to, and every exertion that seaman's skill could prompt made use of; but never again did one of the devoted six set foot on that schooner's deck. Thus crippled in crew and canvas, from that moment she may have been considered as out of the race.

The Fleetwing carried her usual racing spars; the Henrietta and Vesta had theirs reduced.

† We believe we are correct in saying, that the Fleetwing was designed by her builder, and is considered by New York Yachtsmen, to be a march in advance of the famed America, and is the type of progressive improvement in their yachting architecture since that renowned two-sticker became the exponent of a new order. Her dimensions are as follows:—Length over all 106 feet; on the keel 84 feet; depth of keel from outside plank—3 feet; beam extreme—23ft. 8in.; depth of hold 9ft. 4in.; her keel is rounded longitudinally—she draws 4ft. 6in. forward, 11ft. 8in. at midships, 11ft. 4in. half way to stern-post, and 10ft. 6in. at heel, with upright stern-post. Her free board from the plank sheer is—forward 7ft. 6in., amidships 4 feet, and aft 5 feet; above this the height of bulwarks are—aft. 14 inches, forward 2 feet. There are 7 inches of hollow in the form of her midship section, from the garboard strake to the bilge, and section is well aft of the centre of load water line; her bow is hollow for about 7 feet of its length on the load water line, and her counter is somewhat longer and more graceful looking than the

America's. Her frame is of cedar, plank oak, and deck white pine, the latter being a most perfect piece of workmanship, the plank narrow and tapering to each end, so as to sheer with the covering board, and the seams payed with white lead; she carries 60 tons of iron ballast, half of which is stowed between the timbers and rests on the skin of the vessel, rising nearly 6 feet from the keelson.—She is 206.1 tons, A.M. and about 248 tons, English B.M.

The Fleetwing's spars are of very choice white pine, mainmast 81ft. 6in; foremast 80 feet, with a rake of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches to the foot; main-boom 60 feet; main-gaff 38 feet; fore-boom 36 feet; fore-gaff 30 feet; bowsprit 18 feet; jib-boom 18 feet, with 3 feet pole. Her room below is admirably apportioned, combining a splendid state saloon, and spacious cabins, and the fittings all throughout very elegant. She has a circular cook-pit—3 feet in depth, and is steered by a wheel, with patent shaft and pinion; her deck aft springs up flush with the taff-rail, and is sunk <sup>main mast</sup> a few inches forward of the fore-mast. In comparing this vessel with the America, it will be perceived that she is 6 feet longer over all, 4 feet longer on the keel, and 8 inches more beam. The America's spars, in proportion to her tonnage, were however longer; but as she carried very little lofty canvas in the shape of topsails, &c., with a very small jib, and a huge staysail, this is accounted for.

The Fleetwing brought the Needles Light to bear South at midnight on Tuesday the 25th December (12 p.m. on Wednesday 26th, sea-time); 8h. 15m. astern of the Henrietta. Her log shows her run to be 3,135 nautic miles.

The greatest run she made in 24 hours was 270 miles, and the least 136 miles.

The following is a copy of her log:—

Wednesday, Dec. 12.—Lat.  $40^{\circ} 22'$ , long.  $68^{\circ} 50'$ . One p.m., made all sail, Sandy Hook bearing W.S.W., distance two miles, moderate gale, in company with the Henrietta and Vesta. 10h. 30m. p.m., wind N.W., by W. Distance run, 239 miles.

Thursday, Dec. 13.—During this day pleasant breeze from N.W. Eight p.m., Vesta bearing N. by W.; 6h. 30m. a.m., wind N.N.E., carried away jib-boom. Seven a.m., in squaresail and light sails. Lat. by obs.  $41^{\circ} 27'm$ , long.  $63^{\circ} 26'$ . Distance run, 249 miles. Wind N.W.

Friday, Dec. 14.—Commences with pleasant gale from N.N.E. 3h. 30m. p.m., squally, with snow; two reefs in the mainsail, Eight p.m., more moderate, out all reefs; set light sails. Lat.  $42^{\circ} 0'$ , long.  $68^{\circ} 37'$  Distance run, 220 miles. Wind N.N.E.

Saturday, Dec. 15.—This day commences with an increasing gale; in light sails, two reefs in the mainsail, bonnet off jib. This day ends with a

strong gale and cross sea. Lat.  $42^{\circ} 30'$ , long.  $54^{\circ} 41'$ . Distance run, 186 miles. Wind N.E.

Sunday, Dec. 16.—This day begins with a moderate gale. Four p.m., set all sail. Lat.  $43^{\circ} 35'$ , long.  $49^{\circ} 58'$ . Distance run, 218 miles. Wind S.W.

Monday, Dec. 17.—During this day pleasant gale from N.W. All sails set. Lat.  $44^{\circ} 30'$ , long.  $44^{\circ} 50'$ . Distance run, 240 miles. N.W. wind.

Tuesday, Dec. 18.—First part pleasant breeze from N.N.E.; noon calm; latter part light from S.W. Lat.  $45^{\circ} 50'$ , long.  $41^{\circ} 18'$ . Distance run, 160 miles.

Wednesday, Dec. 19.—This day commences with a light breeze from S.S.W. Two p.m., in all light sails, gale increasing, with heavy sea. Seven p.m., blowing a gale; running under two-reef foresail and fore-stay-sail. Nine p.m., shipped a sea, which washed six of the crew out of the cockpit; hove to for five hours under two-reefed foresail. Two a.m., kept off; latter part moderate wind hauling to west, set squaresail. Lat.  $47^{\circ} 20'$ , long.  $37^{\circ} 27'$ . Distance run, 188 miles.

Thursday, Dec. 20.—Moderate gale from the west: all sail set.  $46^{\circ} 2'$ , long.  $31^{\circ} 0'$ . Distance, 260 miles. Winds west.

Friday, Dec. 21.—During this day moderate gale from the south. Lat.  $48^{\circ} 14'$ , long.  $25^{\circ} 12'$ . Distance run, 136 miles. Winds south.

Saturday, Dec. 22.—During this day fresh gale from the south; passed a ship and a bark bound east. Lat.  $48^{\circ} 33m'$ , long.  $21^{\circ} 43'$ . Distance run, 232 miles.

Sunday, Dec. 23.—Moderate breeze from the south, with a cross sea. Lat.  $48^{\circ} 57'$ , long.  $16^{\circ} 19'$ . Distance run, 215 miles.

Monday, Dec. 24.—During this day strong breeze from the south. Two p.m., passed a steamship bound west. Lat.  $49^{\circ} 16'$ , long.  $11^{\circ} 22'$ . Distance run, 194 miles. Winds south.

Tuesday, Dec. 25th.—This day commences with strong gale from south: in light sails, one reef in all sails. At 4h. 40m. Bishop's Rock, bore N., distant eight miles. Five a.m. St. Agnes, bore N. by E. Lat.  $49^{\circ} 52'$ , long.  $4^{\circ} 36'$ . Distance run, 270 miles. Three p.m., Start Point, bore N.N.W., distant 10 miles. Midnight passed the Needles. At 1h. 30m. a.m., anchored in Cowes Roads.

The Vesta schooner, the property of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, jun., is 201 tons, A.M., and about 268 tons English B.M.—She is a centre-board vessel, and similar to all vessels of that class is very low in the water. She was commanded by Captain Dayton, and in her as judges sailed Messrs. G. Lorillard and Taylor, with a crew of 22 hands all told.

It is stated that her crew were new to her, her former hands having been discharged a few days previously to the race, for having got her on shore, and in consequence that she was not done such justice to, or in such a state of preparation, as otherwise would have been the case.

† Her dimensions are as follows:—Length over all 105 feet; beam extreme 25 feet; draught of water aft. 7ft. 6in.; length of centre board, 22ft.; (draught when down about 15 feet); freeboard—at stem 7ft. 2in.—amidships 8 feet—aft. 4ft. 10 in.; length of mainmast 80 feet, (70 feet hoist to mainsail); foremast 78 feet, (68 feet hoist to foresail); main-topmast 48 feet; main-boom 58 feet; main-gaff 30 feet; bowsprit 17 feet; jib-boom 17 feet, 3 feet pole. Her gaff-topsails set with hoops on the topmasts, and are stowed in the tops; and her fore-topmast-stay is very stout in order to set a very large jib-topsail. The lower masts have hardly any rake, being nearly up and down, her shrouds are rattled, and she has double cross-trees; two short swinging booms ship in the spider hoop of her foremast, for sheeting home her squaresail; she carries her beam well fore and aft aloft, her bow is not very long and with but little hollow, her quarters round out aloft more than the others; her accommodation is extremely good, and a coach-house on deck, over the well-trunk of her centre-board, gives additional height in the cabin. She is steered by a wheel, with patent shaft and pinion.

The Vesta was boarded by Pilot Webb of Cowes—about 10 miles to W.S.W. of the Needles: owing to the haze which hung over the sea he mistook the St. Catherine's light for that of the Needles, and in consequence the Vesta instead of being in about 9h. 50m. p.m., and taking second place, did not bring the Needles Light South, until 12h. 40m. a.m. on Wednesday morning, (12h. 40m. p.m. Wednesday, sea time);—8h. 55m. astern of Henrietta, and 40m. astern of Fleetwing. Her log shows a run of 3,144 nautic miles, her greatest performance during 24 hours being 277 miles, and least 165. She did not meet with any accident to gear or sails.

The following is a copy of the Vesta's log:—

Wednesday, Dec. 12.—Fine, N.W. wind, and cloudy. Distance run, 240 miles. Lat.  $40^{\circ} 27'$ , long.  $68^{\circ} 46'$ .

Thursday, Dec. 13.—Wind N.W., moderate breeze, cloudy weather. Distance run, 205 miles. Lat.  $41^{\circ} 50'$ , long.  $64^{\circ} 6'$ .

Friday, Dec. 14.—N. wind, fine weather. Distance run, 205 miles. Lat.  $43^{\circ} 11'$ , long.  $59^{\circ} 52'$ .

Saturday, Dec. 15.—Commences with strong N.W. wind, and very heavy sea. Distance run, 227 miles. Lat.  $44^{\circ} 31'$ , long.  $55^{\circ} 6'$ .

Sunday, Dec. 16.—Wind W.N.W., strong, and rough sea. Distance run, 234 miles. Lat.  $45^{\circ} 40'$ , long.  $49^{\circ} 53'$ .

Monday, Dec. 17.—Strong westerly winds and rough sea. Distance run, 236 miles. Lat.  $46^{\circ} 42'$ , long.  $44^{\circ} 21'$ .

Tuesday, Dec. 18.—Fresh N.W. breeze and fine weather. Distance run, 207 miles. Lat.  $47^{\circ} 40'$ , long.  $39^{\circ} 35'$ .

Wednesday, Dec. 19.—Heavy gale of wind from S.S.W., vessel scudding for eight hours. Distance run, 222 miles. Lat.  $50^{\circ} 36'$ , long.  $36^{\circ} 4'$ .

Thursday, Dec. 20.—Fresh westerly wind, sea going down. Distance run, 277 miles. Lat.  $50^{\circ} 36'$ , long.  $28^{\circ} 54'$ .

Friday, Dec. 21.—Wind N.W., light and fine weather. Distance run, 165 miles. Lat.  $50^{\circ} 36'$ , long.  $24^{\circ} 38'$ .

Saturday, Dec. 22.—Fine southerly breeze, smooth sea. Distance run, 253 miles. Lat.  $50^{\circ} 36'$ , long.  $17^{\circ} 54'$ .

Sunday, Dec. 23.—Fine S.W. breeze and smooth sea. Distance run, 201 miles. Lat.  $50^{\circ} 11'$ , long.  $12^{\circ} 49'$ .

Monday, Dec. 24.—Light southerly breeze, fine weather. Distance run 166 miles. Lat.  $49^{\circ} 55'$ , long.  $8^{\circ} 33'$ .

Tuesday, Dec. 25.—Fine breezes from S.E. to S.S.W. Start Point W.N.W., distance 10 miles. At 8h. 40m. p.m., took pilot 10 miles W.S.W. of Needles Light. Pilot erroneously laid his course for St. Catherine's instead of Needles, and nearly ran the vessel ashore on the Point. Wore ship and hauled up for Needles Light, which brought abeam at Oh. 40m. a.m.

Wednesday.—Came to anchor in Cowes Roads at 3h. 30m. a.m. Distance run since last, 309 miles.

The subjoined table may prove interesting, as showing the relative progress and position each day at noon, according to their logs.

Date.	HENRIETTA.			FLEETWING.			VESTA.		
	N.Miles	Lat. N.	Long W.	N.Miles	Lat. N.	Long W.	N.Miles	Lat. N.	Long W.
Wed. Dec. 12	237	$40^{\circ} 7'$	$68^{\circ} 52'$	239	$40^{\circ} 22'$	$68^{\circ} 50'$	240	$40^{\circ} 27'$	$68^{\circ} 46'$
Th. " 13	469	not	stated	488	$41^{\circ} 27'$	$63^{\circ} 26'$	445	$41^{\circ} 50'$	$64^{\circ} 6'$
Fri. " 14	672	$42^{\circ} 56'$	$60^{\circ} 32'$	708	$42^{\circ} 05'$	$58^{\circ} 37'$	650	$43^{\circ} 11'$	$59^{\circ} 52'$
Sat. " 15	897	not	stated	894	$42^{\circ} 30'$	$54^{\circ} 41'$	877	$44^{\circ} 31'$	$55^{\circ} 6'$
Sun. " 16	1143	...	...	1112	$43^{\circ} 35'$	$49^{\circ} 58'$	1111	$45^{\circ} 40'$	$49^{\circ} 53'$
Mon. " 17	1423	...	...	1352	$44^{\circ} 30'$	$44^{\circ} 50'$	1347	$46^{\circ} 42'$	$44^{\circ} 21'$
Tu. " 18	1673	...	...	1512	$45^{\circ} 50'$	$41^{\circ} 13'$	1554	$47^{\circ} 40'$	$39^{\circ} 35'$
Wed. " 19	1786	...	...	1700	$47^{\circ} 20'$	$37^{\circ} 27'$	1776	$50^{\circ} 36'$	$36^{\circ} 4'$
Th. " 20	2053	...	...	1960	$48^{\circ} 23'$	$31^{\circ} 0'$	2053	$50^{\circ} 36'$	$28^{\circ} 54'$
Fri. " 21	2216	...	...	2096	$48^{\circ} 14'$	$25^{\circ} 12'$	2218	$50^{\circ} 36'$	$24^{\circ} 38'$
Sat. " 22	2468	...	...	2326	$48^{\circ} 33'$	$21^{\circ} 43'$	2471	$50^{\circ} 36'$	$17^{\circ} 54'$
Sun. " 23	2664	...	...	2543	$48^{\circ} 57'$	$16^{\circ} 19'$	2672	$50^{\circ} 11'$	$12^{\circ} 49'$
Mon. " 24	2836	...	...	2737	$49^{\circ} 16'$	$11^{\circ} 22'$	2837	$49^{\circ} 55'$	$8^{\circ} 33'$
Tu. " 25	3086	...	...	3007	$49^{\circ} 59'$	$4^{\circ} 86'$	3046		
Wed. " 26	3126	...	...	3135			3144		

With respect to the proceedings of our yachtsmen with a view to the approaching contest with our American brethren, it is yet too early for any definite arrangement to be concluded; as to building a new vessel or vessels to compete with them, we do not give implicit credence to all we hear; that there are vessels on the stocks of some of our builders is quite true, but we believe we are correct in stating the improbability of their having been laid down with that ulterior object—or if they

were—of their being in a timely state of efficiency,—and as to any vessel being now laid down, specially for the purpose, our correspondents of the last month will accept for answer that enquiries do not justify the supposition, besides which time does not admit of it. Moreover it would be paying ourselves a very bad compliment, if not doing our builders an injustice, to think after these years of progressive improvement we have not a vessel capable of meeting the American clippers: we believe we have, and when we name such vessels as the *Alarm*, 248 tons, *Albertine*, 156 tons, *Aline*, 216 tons, *Blue Bell*, 170 tons, *Cécile*, 190 tons, *Circe*, 128 tons, *Diadem*, 126 tons, *Egeria*, 161 tons, *Evadne*, 206 tons, *Galatea*, 143 tons, *Gloriana*, 148 tons, *Helen*, 256 tons, *Pantomime*, 140 tons, *Selene*, 273 tons, *Witchcraft*, 241 tons, &c., we think our yachtsmen readers will agree with us. Of these we should name the *Aline*, *Selene*, *Blue Bell*, *Egeria*, and *Pantomime* as likely to be the most prominent in such a contest. The question as to how this international contest, for international it will be no matter how delicately we may phrase it, is to be promoted, seems to be the question of the hour. As to expecting that any yacht-owner will encounter the responsibility, expense, trouble, and anxiety, consequent upon enacting the part of the representative yachting spirit of the United Kingdom, although not improbable, yet not to put too fine a point to it, it is unreasonable; irrespective of this the habits and customs we indulge in in these little Islands, foster an intuitive delicacy against thrusting one's self too prominently forward, in anything save solid—grave—commercial affairs; there is a sort of moral bankruptcy test implied in the word “fast,” the earning of which unenviable title is not, generally speaking, an ambition; and we are not prolific enough of youthful millionaires in our yachting circles as to anticipate a repudiation of that Vishnu of our latitudes—public opinion. We manage such matters in our yachting speculations with a neat modesty, by achieving the maximum of glory though the minimum of limited liability. There is one point however, everything else to the contrary notwithstanding, that we must not upon this occasion suffer ourselves to be outdone upon—we must make the prize worthy of its circumstance; and to this end it is most desirable to afford ample opportunity for the display of a national spirit. To attain this desideratum the combined action of our Royal Yacht Clubs must be brought into operation, and the moving spirits thereof induced to prompt and energetic exertion. We would suggest for their early consideration, the advisability of organising such a movement on the ‘yachting exchange’ as without unduly encroaching upon any individual's enthusiasm or patriotism, will provide an amount of the necessary specie that British yachtmen

need not be ashamed of, and at the same time give all the supporters of our 'noblest hereditary pastime' an active interest in the solution of the question at issue. Let the amount so subscribed by the members of the respective Royal Yacht Clubs, or voted from the funds of such Clubs, whichever mode of proceeding circumstances point out to be most advisable, be placed at the disposal of a Committee of Commodores, and apportioned into three valuable prizes, for the first, second, and third vessels in a race for 'British and American built schooners,' the property of members of recognized Clubs in both countries. Let this race be unencumbered by entrance fees, or perplexing rules as to tonnage, allowance of time, or sails to be carried, beyond such simple ones, and and the fewer the better, as will ensure a satisfactory solution. By this means the question of "how to do it" will be set at rest, and every yachtsman whose estimation of the qualities of his craft may be greater than his views of expenditure, or notions of publicity, prompt him to test, will be enabled, without having undue notoriety thrust upon him, quietly to participate in the struggle, and moreover leave all his resources mental or monetary to be devoted towards achieving success. Not the least important consideration for such a Committee as we have indicated, will be the course to be sailed over, and in selecting this two objects ought to be kept strictly in view; the first is—that it be of such a nature and extent, as will test the abilities of the yachts themselves under every conceivable circumstance of wind, weather, and water, that vessels of their class are capable of contending with, as likewise of testing the skill of their commanders, and the endurance and pluck of their crews. The second is—that it be so circumstanced as to give all classes of yachtsmen an opportunity of not only witnessing it from start to finish—if any number of them be so disposed, or such portions of it as individual selection may invest with its peculiar interest. As the American yachtsmen have made Cowes their head-quarters let us show them a continuance of that courtesy they have proved themselves entitled to, the more particularly, as it involves but little sacrifice on the part of those likely to contend. Therefore let Cowes be the starting point and the goal; from that round Ireland and back will constitute a very effective and sufficiently trying course of some 1,400 miles, involving a sufficiently exciting week's work of 168 hours hard sailing. This course would give an opportunity for chartering a first-class powerful steamer to accompany the race, and afford a facility for picking up or landing passengers at Cork, Kingstown, Holyhead, Belfast, and the Cumbræes, by which English, Irish, Scotch, and though last not least, American yachtsmen and citizens could be accommodated, and the interest of such

an event equably diffused : it would also give opportunity to the yacht fleets of the respective localities above named to witness a considerable part of, if not the entire of the race, with the certainty should weather compel, of having a harbour convenient to bear up for, did their tonnage prevent them keeping the sea : moreover, and not the least consideration so far as the public in general is concerned, it would give many opportunities to the press of announcing from day to day, by aid of telegraph, the different phases of the contest. We throw out our suggestion *salut quantum valere potest*, but we know that much valuable time is lost in blocking out the marble to reveal the statue, and we do trust that the public spirit, practical sagacity, and energetic action of our yachtsmen, will mark the year 1867, an era in British yachting as remarkable as 1866 has been in American.

We would suggest that under no circumstances should cutters or yawls be admitted to this race ; should a vessel of either rig prove the victor, as under conditions is probable, we should not be satisfied ourselves, nor is it possible the American yachtsmen would be ; the question of rig is as much involved to a certain extent as that of build, but in this case it is more strictly a class question. If any of the American yachtsmen think they can tackle our cutters or yawls, let that be a question for further arrangement ; but let no opening for doubt be permitted—let this contest strictly be an international race between schooners.

We subjoin the following correspondence between his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, and Mr. J. Gordon Bennett, jun., which by permission is published, and has already appeared in the American papers. Comment upon it is superfluous, the letters speak for themselves : but we would just observe that if anything were wanting to incite us to prompt and organized action, and to prepare suitably to fulfil our Sailor Prince's promise that we "must try to find a rival" for the Henrietta, it is these letters ; the sooner therefore we arrange the conditions under which the contest is to take place, the better will the yachtsmen who propose to do friendly battle for the British flag be enabled to justify the opinions entertained of them.

" *Off Cowes, Dec. 31, 1866.*

"YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—At Lord Lennox's dinner on Friday last you were pleased to match your yacht the Viking to sail the Henrietta around the Isle of Wight next August, for a cup worth £100. I would not say so then because I was bound to make the match proposed : but, in fact, this arrangement will somewhat interfere with the disposition which I had determined to make of my yacht in case she should win the Ocean Race. I beg



that you will accept as a New Year's gift to an English yachtsman from an American yachtsman, the *Henrietta*, as she now lies in perfect order off Cowes, and I have instructed Captain Samuels to hold her subject to your orders. The unbounded hospitality with which the American yachtsmen have been received by all classes in England will always be remembered in the United States with the warmest gratitude, and I sincerely hope that you will not deprive me of the opportunity of acknowledging this most cordial reception by presenting the winning yacht to the representative of English yachtsmen.

"I have the honour to remain, very respectfully, yours,

"J. G. BENNETT, JUN."

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"*Clarence-house, Jan. 22, 1867.*

"DEAR MR. BENNETT,—I find it difficult to express how gratefully I appreciate the kindly feeling which dictated your letter of the 31st ult., as well as the splendid present which you offer to my acceptance, but most of all the delicacy with which you seek to diminish the personal obligation under which you would lay me by giving to your generous offer an international character. It is, indeed, this last consideration only which has led me to hesitate in replying to your letter, for personally it would have been impossible for me to accept so costly a present; but I felt bound fully to consider the question in the light in which you were good enough to place it, and if on full consideration I feel compelled to decline your generous offer, I trust that neither you nor your gallant competitors, nor your countrymen at large, will believe that the yachtsmen of England less appreciate, or less reciprocate, the feeling of good fellowship which prompted the offer. The *Henrietta* is a vessel which any man may feel proud to possess, and I trust she may long continue in the hands in which she has accomplished so triumphant a success. We must try to find a rival to her, and do our best in common with all Englishmen. I sincerely hope that such friendly rivalry may be the only description of contest in which our respective countries may ever be engaged. It has given us great pleasure to offer a cordial reception to you and your companions in England, and I feel assured that if my professional duties in command of one of Her Majesty's ships should ever take me to your shore, I should there meet on the part of my brother seamen with a reception not less hearty than that which we have been happy to afford you here."

"Believe me yours, sincerely,

"ALFRED."

## MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS,

*Royal London.*—On the evening of Tuesday, the 11th inst., the ladies meeting, so anxiously looked for annually, was held at Willis's rooms, under the presidency of the Vice-Commodore, Edward Watkin Edwards, Esq. A numerous circle of the members and their friends were present on the occasion; dancing commenced at 9h. 30m., to Coote and Tinney's band, and with the exception of the usual adjournment to an excellent supper, was continued with unabated enjoyment until an early hour on Wednesday morning.

*Royal Cork.*—We are glad to perceive that the required additions to the Club-house at Queenstown, in the shape of two new wings, rendered necessary by the increase of members during recent seasons, are now completed, and will quite realize the provision for extra accommodation and increased comfort designed by the Committee. The annual general meeting was held on Thursday, Feb. 7th, the Vice-Admiral Sampson French in the chair, well supported by a numerous attendance. The days appointed for holding the Regatta are the 18th and 19th of July, immediately following the Dublin Bay Regatta on the 10th of the same month, and the meeting concluded its sitting by appointing the usual sailing committee, and other necessary officials for carrying out the programme of the season.

*Prince Alfred.*—On Saturday, Feb. 9th, about 30 members of the Club met around the festive board in the Dublin Exhibition Palace, under the presidency of Fielding Scovell, Esq., (the Commodore), when after the usual loyal toasts, including that of the Duke of Edinburgh, the patron of the Club, were duly honored, the report of the Sub-committee which had been carefully selected from those members who either themselves owned racing yachts, or were in the constant habit of sailing matches, and therefore likely to know where the present rules pinched was read and adopted, with the exception of two or three proposed alterations in the sailing regulations, that were referred to an adjourned meeting. The healths of the Commodore and Honorary Secretary, were most warmly received, and responded to in suitable terms. The toast of "The Strangers," who contributed in no small degree to the harmony and conviviality by some excellent songs, was acknowledged on their behalf by Sir John Stewart, Bart., and the proceedings of the evening terminated.

On the 11th Feb. the Club again met, Major H. L. Barton, Vice-Commodore in the chair, and made the following alterations or modifications in the previously existing rules. As regards Rule 19 schooners or luggers will in future be entitled to enter at five-eighths, and yawls or dandies at three-fourths of their real tonnage, subject however to the rules as to hands, &c., of the class to which they belong. Several owners of the larger yachts having during the last season objected to Rule 20, under which they were obliged to send the greater number of their ordinary crews ashore, this rule has been

enlarged by allowing each yacht paid hands in the proportion of one to every 10 tons, or fraction of 10 tons equal to five; but such paid hands are never to exceed 10 on board any yacht, an allowance which although tending in some degree to alter the amateur character of the crews, was felt to be a necessary concession to provide for the safety of such vessels as the *Egeria*, 154 tons, and *Leah*, 102 tons, which by the former limit of four hands only, were almost entirely debarred from taking part in the matches, while in the lower classes the increase is more nominal than real, and at most will only allow of the whole ordinary, not racing, crew being retained on board.

A salutary alteration has been made in rule 3 of the sailing regulations, providing that, should sufficient entries, pursuant to the conditions, have been received, the prize shall not be withheld because some vessels afterwards decline to start, but a yacht so entered will be entitled to sail over the course for the prize, subject, however, to the power of the committee to postpone the race in the case of unfavourable weather.

This regulation if generally adopted would, especially in the smaller ports, tend much to promote sport and encourage owners to send their vessels, which they will not do at present, while it is always uncertain to the last moment, whether some owner will not decline starting, and thereby prevent others who are able and willing to go.

Rule 6 gives the privilege to any yacht of a small tonnage to enter at any tonnage higher than her real rate on paying the entrance and conforming to the sailing regulations of such higher tonnage.

Rule 7 is worthy of consideration. It provides that should any yacht, being duly entered for a race, not start, or should she be disabled or give up during its progress, and the match not be concluded on the day of the race, such yacht may be at liberty to start on whatever day the match is to be resailed.

This rule is certainly an improvement upon the old custom, in the observance of which yachts were obliged to keep at sea or under way until after the period prescribed for the conclusion of the race had expired, and that, too, without any possible chance of the race being finished within the time, owing to the failure of the wind or otherwise.

A new scale of time allowance for difference of tonnage, prepared by the hon. secretary, gave general satisfaction, and has been adopted. It is framed on the same principle as that lately used by the R.Y.S., but adapted to the course and classes of the P.A.Y.C. It graduates from 62sec. down to 5s., diminishing 1s. for each progressive ton, the mean being for the first class, 17½s.; second class 34½s.; third class, 45s.; fourth class, 54s.; fifth class, 69½s. The courses have been changed, and the yachts will in future go to the northward first instead of the southward, as heretofore, and the North Bar buoy, off the Poolbeg Light, will be the first mark to be rounded after leaving the harbour. The Club separated after passing a vote of thanks to the sub-committee for the great trouble they had taken in the matter, and hoping for a good season, which seems probable from the great increase in the number of members and yachts, as it will enable the Club to offer much

larger prizes; besides a pair of handsome silver goblets presented by a member, with which it is proposed to inaugurate the season by an open match, either to or from Holyhead, to take place about Her Majesty's birthday the 24th of May next.

*Prince of Wales.*—The officers and members of this Club entertained a numerous circle of friends at their annual ball, held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Tuesday, the 4th Feb. Dancing was kept up with great spirit to the music of Putman's band, interrupted for a short space by the discussion of a capital supper presided over by Commodore Long, after which the guests resumed the business of the evening, which fully occupied them until the approach of daylight.

*Ranelagh.*—The annual election of officers for the ensuing season was held on the 13th ult., at the Pier Hotel, Chelsea. Mr. Ingram Pick was re-elected to the office of Vice-Commodore, and Mr. Lemann to that of Rear; the Commodoreship remains unfilled, but the committee are taking active measures to secure the services of a thorough yachtsmen to fill that responsible office. Mr. Lenthall was re-elected Treasurer, Mr. J. Mason, Cup-bearer, and Mr. Martin, Hon. Sec.; high encomiums being likewise passed upon these gentlemen for the efficient discharge of their respective offices. Mr. Martin in returning thanks expressed his regret that his ordinary duties compelled him to request them to accept his resignation of the office of Hon. Sec.; he would be happy to fill the office for the ensuing month, after which he must beg of them to appoint a successor. The election of Sailing Committee and Auditors concluded the business of the evening.

A letter was read from the owner of the *Nellie*, steam yacht 120 tons, Mr. Vaughan of Middlesborough, stating his purpose of attending the Paris Regattas during the season, and expressing the pleasure it would afford him to entertain any members of the Ranelagh Yacht Club that might be there.

*Norfolk and Suffolk.*—At the annual meeting held at Norwich on Saturday, Feb. 2nd, the Commodore presiding over a numerous assemblage of members: that officer read a letter received from General Knollys, stating it to be the pleasure of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to accept the office of Patron to the Club. The Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club must appreciate this distinction, as this is the first Yacht Club distinguished by this special mark of His Royal Highness's favor, although we believe solicited by others upon more than one occasion to confer it; the letter was ordered to be entered upon the minutes amidst great acclamation. The meeting then proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing season, which resulted in the following appointments:—Commodore, Major Hill Leathes; Vice-Commodore, Mr. H. P. Green; Rear-Commodore, Mr. P. E. Hansell; the Sailing Committee were unanimously re-elected, also the Hon. Sec. and Treasurer, Mr. Millard. The following fixtures for 1867 were then resolved upon, at which the clippers of the Club will have ample opportunity of testing their merits. The annual dinner at the Crown and Anchor Hotel, Great Yarmouth, Monday, May 20th. Opening trip from Yarmouth—

Tuesday, May 21st; Regattas at Cantley—Thursday, June 6th; Wroxham—Thursday, July 4th; and Oulton—Thursday, August 1st.

We are glad to announce that the financial position of the Club is most satisfactory, an imposing balance standing to its credit in the bankers' books.

*Temple.*—The February meeting was held on Wednesday the 6th inst., at the Freemasons' Arms, Long Acre, for the election of officers for the ensuing year, when the following results were declared: Commodore, Mr. Hildersley; Vice-Commodore, Mr. Chellingworth; Rear-Commodore, Mr. Antill; Treasurer, Mr. Hildersley; Hon. Sec. Mr. Dixon; Auditors, Messrs. Howard and Maxton. Lieut. J. G. Lyne, yacht *Lady Blanche*, 8 tons, was proposed for election.

*Royal Western of Ireland.*—We understand that Her Majesty has presented a cup to the Club, to be sailed for at Queenstown in June.

*The Sailing Barge Match.*—We are glad to see that this interesting river match is assuming the stability of an annual "Institution," exercising as it does a beneficial influence over the large class of men employed in this branch of navigation: the Committee have already issued their programme for 1867, which evinces a vitality that must command success, and have fixed upon Thursday the 11th of July, as a date when the Yachts will have concluded their matches on the Thames, and no other important aquatic local event appears likely to clash with them. We wish them every species of good luck, and promise our yachting friends who purpose being there to see, as novel and exciting a day's amusement as ever they witnessed upon the river.

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#### TABLE OF WINNERS FOR 1866.

In presenting our readers with the result of our racing clippers labours for the past season, we have upon this occasion omitted stating the number of times they started, as owing to the extremely variable weather experienced, and the number of matches during which calms exercised varying influences, we think it would be unjust to contrast events contested under circumstances which were beyond control.

The *Fiona* stands at the top of the first-class cutters, and after her comes the *Christabel*, *Vindex*, *Sphinx*, *Mosquito*, and *Niobe*. Of yawls we find the *Leah* and *Xantha* most prominent, and the "two-stickers" are headed by the *Selene*; the *Aline* and *Pantomime* stem and stem for second place their winnings being equal; and the *Blue Bell* and *Egeria* in order of their names. Amongst the smaller cutters the *Vampire* has done best, and the *Torch* has maintained her reputation, and the *Glance* and *Secret* cannot subdue the ruling passion for an odd cup or two. The average number of matches have been sailed, and although the principal winners have somewhat varied their amounts, the value of prizes contended for does not materially differ from the season of 1865.

## TABLE OF AMOUNTS WON, 1866.

Yacht's Names.	Owners.	Times Won.		Amount \$		Builders.
Erolite.....	Dowdall & Cooper, Esqs.	2	18	0	Aikenhead	
Alexandra .....	Hamilton & Bald, Esqs.	2	20	0	Millwall Iron Co.	
Aline .....	C. Thellusson, Esq. ....	2	175	0	Camper & Nicholson	
Anita .....	E. Packard, Esq. ....	3	60	0	Simons	
Aquiline.....	H. Dudgeon, Esq.....	1	25	0	Harvey & Sons	
Armada .....	B. B. Bell, Esq.....	2	37	0	Fife	
Avalanche .....	J. Wheeler, Esq. ....	1	25	0	Wheeler	
Avalon .....	J. Goodson, Esq., MP. ...	1	18	0	Harvey	
Banshee .....	A. Wrigley, Esq. ....	1	52	10	Jones	
Belvidere .....	Barnsby & Teesdale, Esqs	1	10	0	Read	
Blue Bell .....	F. Edwards, Esq.....	3	165	0	Camper & Nicholson	
Buccaneer .....	Capt. H. E. Bayly .....	4	61	0	Bulley	
Charm .....	D. D. Abbott, Esq. ....	1	15	0	Watkins	
Christabel .....	A. C. Kennard, Esq.....	4	240	0	Aldous	
Darenth .....	W. Lake, Esq. ....	1	31	10	Harvey	
Dawn .....	M. R. Dalway, Esq. ....	1	5	0	Rogers	
Dione .....	Admiral French .....	1	75	0	Hatcher	
Dione .....	T. Field, Esq.....	1	10	0	Harvey	
Don Juan .....	W. Cooper, Esq.....	1	5	0	Hatcher	
Echo .....	W. L. Doherty, Esq.....	2	90	0	and D. Edinburgh cp.	
Egeria.....	J. Mulholland, Esq. ....	3	160	0	Wanhill	
Electra .....	E. Turner, Esq. ....	1	25	0	Clarke	
Elida .....	G. N. Duck, Esq. ....	3	51	10	Fife	
Enid .....	F. Scovell, Esq.....	1	50	0	Wanhill	
Excelsior .....	D. Bryen, Esq.....	1	8	0	Boag	
Fiona .....	E. Boucher, Esq.....	7	600	0	Fife	
Flying Fish .....	— Strong, Esq.....	3	23	0	West of England	
Gertrude .....	M. & T. Hayes, Esq. ...	1	63	0	Wanhill	
Gipsy King .....	J. Barr, Esq. ....	1	5	0	Clyde Yacht Club	
Glance .....	A. Wood, Esq. ....	4	180	0	Hatcher	
Glide .....	D. Fulton, Esq.....	1	20	0	Fulton	
Gloriana.....	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq....	1	100	0	Ratsey	
Heroine .....	J. C. Atkins, Esq.....	1	50	0	Wanhill	
Hirondelle .....	Lord C. Lennox.....	1	20	0	Wanhill	
Hyacinth.....	Lord Burghley, & F.....	1	37	10	Wanhill	
Ianthe.....	F. Moore, Esq. ....	3	20	0	Bulley	
Ida .....	T. K. Arscott, Esq. ....	3	11	0	Vantier	
Isabel .....	F. Thompson, Esq. ....	1	20	0	Duck	
Ivy .....	Capt. Cator, R.N. ....	1	7	0	Marshall	
Kittiwake .....	P. A. Iremonger, Esq. ...	1	26	5	Owen	
Lady Alice.....	N. Boyd, Esq. ....	1	15	0	Boyd	
Lapwing.....	H. H. Bruton, Esq. ....	6	37	0	West of England	
Laure .....	Capt. Allen.....	1	15	0	R.W. of Ireland	
Leah .....	J. W. Cannon, Esq. ....	3	226	0	Wanhill	
Loose Star .....	G. T. Seymour, Esq.....	1	10	0	at Dartmouth	
Luna .....	G. Putland, Esq. ....	1	20	0	Fife	
Madcap .....	J. A. Dunbar, Esq.....	1	80	0	Wanhill	
Marguerite.....	H. K. Thompson, Esq....	1	5	0	Harvey	
Menai .....	Lieut.-Col. Lloyd .....	1	70	0	Ratsey	
Misty Morn .....	E. Payne, Esq. ....	1	12	0	at Western-Super M	
Mosquito .....	T. Houldsworth, Esq.....	2	200	0	Mare & Go.	
Myrrha .....	A. Falconer, Esq. ....	1	5	0	P.A.Y.C.	
New Moon .....	Ld. Willoughby de Eresby	1	50	0	Tutt & Son	
Night Thought.....	J. D. Lee, Esq.....	1	5	0	White	

Yachts' Names.	Owners.	Times Won.	Amount £ s.	Builders.
Niobe .....	W. Gordon, Esq. ....	2	123 10	Hatcher
Octoroon .....	F. H. Lamann, Esq. ....	3	20 10	Hatcher
Pantomime .....	Lieut-Col. Markham ...	3	175 0	Ratsey
Pet .....	R. H. Stewart, Esq. ....	1		Bishop
Pixie .....	E. H. Le Breton, Esq. ....	2	10 0	Teignmouth & Terb.
Pixie .....	— Maw, Esq. ....	1	11 0	at Shoreham
Queen .....	Capt. Whitbread .....	5	47 0	Hatcher
Quiver .....	Capt. T. Chamberlayne..	2	85 0	Owner
Red Rover .....	S. Nightingale, Esq. ....	4	60 0	and Silver cup
Ripple .....	J. C. Boyd, Esq. ....	1	50 0	Fulton
Rosebud .....	Sir B. Chichester, Bart ..	1	40 0	
Sapphire .....	Major Bannister .....	1	6 6	
Satanella .....	Capt. Bennett .....	5	76 10	Aldous
Scud .....	J. B. & H. Morgan, Esq. ....	4	37 0	N. & S. Y.C.
Secret .....	T. D. Keogh, Esq. ....	3	90 0	Wanhill
Selene .....	D. Richardson, Esq. ....	2	196 10	Steele & Co.
Snipe .....	P. B. Drinkwater, Esq. ....	1	30 0	Wanhill
Sphinx .....	H. C. Maudslay, Esq. ....	6	230 0	Owner
Spray .....	G. Foster, Esq. ....	2	7 0	N. & S. Y.C.
Surf .....	J. Temple, Esq. ....	2	73 0	Fife
Swallow .....	W. Martin, Esq. ....	1	6 0	R. W. of England
Tern .....	— Strickland, Esq. ....	1	3 0	McDowall
Torch .....	G. B. Thompson, Esq. ....	5	112 0	Fife
Vampire .....	T. Cuthbert, Esq. ....	6	152 10	Hatcher
Vampire .....	W. S. Everett, Esq. ....	1	3 0	N. & S. Y.C.
Vanguard .....	Capt. Hughes .....	3	70 0	Ratsey
Venture .....	M. B. Dalway, Esq. ....	1	21 0	Rogers
Vespa .....	W. Clark, Esq. ....	2	20 0	
Verper .....	G. Beyan, Esq. ....	2	35 0	Rubie
Vindex .....	A. Duncan, Esq. ....	6	231 0	Millwall Iron Co.
Vindex .....	J. Tomlinson, Esq. ....	2	13 0	N. & S. Y.C.
Vixen .....	Wilson & Millard, Esqrs	1	5 0	N. & S. Y.C.
Waterlily .....	H. P. Green, Esq. ....	1	15 0	N. & S. Y.C.
Wave .....	D. H. Potts, Esq. ....		ch. cp.	R. Halifax C.
Whisper .....	Dr. Daws .....		P. W. C.	R. Halifax C.
Xantha .....	Lord A. Paget .....	2	150 0	Harvey

## YACHTING IN CHINA.

A veteran blue jacket who exchanged his brass bound cap and South of England buttons, for the prospect of a Mandarin's robe, and solitary head ornament, informs us that yachting in the Celestial Empire is becoming quite a feature, and at Hong Kong in particular the manners and customs of the maritime English, especially as regards our most national sport, flourish exceedingly, despite the pirates that levy black mail after such a savage fashion, even in the most frequented highways of those eastern seas.

On Friday, the 14th of December 1866, a goodly array of racing buntine, dragons' tails and all, was given to the breeze at Hong Kong, to contend for a prize entitled the Douglas Challenge Cup; the vessels which started were the *Hilda*, *Mayflower*, *Heather Bell*, *Celestial*, and *Re-Echo*. Scarcely an air of wind was abroad when they started, and for some two hours 'twas a monotonous drifting match, until a light air from the westward enabled

the vessels to creep past Green Island, the Heather Bell well ahead, with the Celestial, Hilda, Re-Echo, and Mayflower in the order of their names. Throughout the day the wind proved very light and variable, and it was not until 2h. 20m., that the vessels were enabled to get round Lingting Island, with a gentle air from north-east: the Heather Bell still held first place, but the Re-Echo passing Hilda and Celestial took second place, the Mayflower bringing up the rear. A calm shortly after set in and the vessels were scattered in all directions: at 7h. 30m. p.m., a nice air sprang up from N.E. again; but the Re-Echo and Mayflower were the only yachts on hand to render an account of themselves, the Re-Echo passed to leeward of Pootoy shortly after 8 p.m., the wind gradually freshening, and weather generally assuming an extremely dirty aspect. At 9 p.m., the Re-Echo made the Ly-e-moon passage, but the wind had now increased to a gale, and notwithstanding the gallant efforts made by her crew to force her through, the squalls came down ahead of her so hot and furious, as to beat her back, and the weather becoming very bad indeed she was forced to take down another reef; whilst her crew were thus engaged a heavy squall struck and hove her down on her beam ends, carrying away her bowsprit, and blowing her jib out of the bolt ropes. The Mayflower passed Pootoy at 9h. 30m., experiencing very strong wind and a nasty cross sea; working to windward of Sookon, her weather topmast backstay parted, and to save the spar she was compelled to stow her topsail; off Tathong Rock her weather shrouds gave up and her crew had just time to heave her about to save the mast, but not in time to prevent its being sprung; however the mainsail was speedily reduced by two reefs, the head-canvas shifted, and the injured shrouds repaired: it was now about midnight, and whilst the Mayflower's crew were bravely battling with a succession of mishaps, the little Re-Echo still trying to make good her passage although sorely crippled, was caught by a ripping squall, which split her mainsail in twain, and sprang her boom badly; so she had no resource but to stow the remnants as well as possible, and putting up her helm to run under her jury jib before wind and tide, making for the open sea; fortunately for her however, the wind changing shortly after, she was enabled to make the Island of Loochow, where at daylight they repaired damages, and got into Stanley at 12 o'clock on Saturday the 16th, having had perhaps as narrow a squeak as ever fell to the lot of an adventurous racer. The Mayflower stuck to her work like a veteran, and succeeded in bursting up through the Ly-e-moon strait at 1h. 30m. a.m., on Saturday morning, when shaking out her reefs she reached Fort William after nearly being again becalmed, at 3h. 55m. The committee declared her to be the winner, as she only accomplished the course: the Celestial, Heather Bell, and Hilda returned to harbour during Saturday morning, but without sailing the prescribed distance.

The Mayflower is 12 tons, and the property of Mr. R. F. Hawke of Hong Kong, who is a member of the Royal Albert Yacht Club. She was built by Mr. S. White of Cowes.



## Editor's Locker.

THE FIONA AND SPHINX.

*January 22nd, 1867.*

SIR.—The letter of your able correspondent "Red with White Maltese Cross," which appeared in your Dec. number, is a most valuable one to all yachtsmen, it clearly sets forth the events of the yachting season of 1866,—certainly a most unprosperous one,—and it gives a very interesting table of the number and value of prizes offered by the various yachtsmen; your correspondent observes in one portion of his letter that these Clubs contribute but very little in money towards real sailing, and it really is surprising how very little is usually appropriated by the various Clubs to the purchase of prizes. Very many yachtsmen are members of several yacht Clubs, annually paying subscriptions to each, and some Clubs have been formed bearing this designation, and supported by yachtsmen, in which yachting interests appear to be the last thing thought of, and the so called yacht Clubs are little better than reading rooms and billiard Clubs, for the use of those members who may happen to reside in the neighbourhood of their head quarters.

I would however, draw attention to the new Club called the Royal Albert Yacht Club, formed at Southsea, in June 1865, which has for its special purposes the encouragement of naval architecture, and if it perseveres in carrying out this object it must prove of great value to all yachtsmen. Judging from the past the interests of yachting will be most zealously studied by the Club, and there is every reason to believe that under the auspices of its Royal Commodore, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, it will continue to be both useful and popular.

I would here observe that the amount offered in prizes last season by this Club was £164, then nearly half its annual income, and if all Clubs act thus your correspondent would not have to complain of the small amounts set apart for prizes.

That yachtsmen are willing to encourage any Club which has the interest of yachting for its real object is manifest from the fact in less than two years 70 yachts have been placed on the register of this Club, and among these are the several clippers of the day, including the Fiona and Sphinx, and as it was in the race for the Albert Cup, that the Scotch clipper got beaten by the Sphinx, I shall venture to give you a few particulars of that match, certainly for a time the most exciting race of the season. I shall also give you a short account of the cutter match of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, where the Fiona and Sphinx again met.

The race for the Albert Cup took place on August 7th, at Southsea,—and not at Southampton, as stated by "Red with White Maltese Cross."

There were seven vessels entered viz :—Fiona, Sphinx, Vanguard, Dione, Christabel, Niobe, and Rosebud, but the two last did not come to the starting post. The wind was W.S.W. blowing a stiff gale, the course being round the Warner light-ship, round the S.E. buoy of the Middle, back round the Spit Buoy, thence round a flag-boat moored off Southsea beach, three times round, the distance being 44 miles.

As my object is only to give an account of the race between the Fiona and Sphinx, I shall confine myself to the doings of these two vessels, merely observing that all others had to bear up sooner or later, and run for Portsmouth harbour, some disabled and the rest found that they had had quite enough of it, and that there was no chance for them ; and at the start Fiona was well to windward of the Sphinx, but this was not a great advantage as both vessels were able easily to fetch their first mark. Previously to starting the Sphinx sent her topmast on deck, and on the starting gun being fired she ran up her head sails with extraordinary smartness, wore inshore and was off before the Fiona well knew what she was about. This was a very plucky but dangerous manœuvre, dangerous because she could not have had more than a few inches of water between her keel and the ground, as she came round ; however all's well that ends well, and by so doing she obtained a lead of at least a quarter-of-a-mile. The Fiona came bowling along after her, but it was a long time before she could get all her sails set properly ; when she did it was clear that she was gaining on the Sphinx ; and coming up the harbour channel to round the flag-boat for the first time she tried to pass her, but Sphinx would not have it, and both vessels touched the ground but were soon off again, Sphinx rounding the mark-boat first, and Fiona a few seconds after her. It was then soon apparent that something was wrong with Fiona ; she did not travel as she did before touching the ground, and on the completion of the second round she had gained little or nothing ; she however stood on for the third round, but it was of no avail, and finding that she was making water fast, (her weather pump drew), she bore up and ran for the harbour, leaving the Sphinx to complete the round at her leisure ; and this she did in gallant style, proving herself to be in stormy winds the fastest vessel of her size afloat, and certainly one of the best of sea boats. On the Fiona being docked it was found that she had sustained much injury to her copper and bottom, and this was the cause of her reduced speed after the first round.

The cutter match of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club came off on the 14th August ; and a fleet of splendid vessels started for the cup, but here I shall again only notice the Fiona and Sphinx. The course for this race was from Ryde round the west buoy of the Middle, back round the Nab lightship, twice round,—the wind about W.N.W., a good topsail breeze. The start was a most magnificent one, but scarcely had the Fiona got her sails set when away went the shackle of her bobstay ; of course it was "in jib and gaff topsail" as quick as possible, and she was turned down the greater part of the way from Ryde to the Middle buoy under foresail and mainsail, and rounded this mark before the Sphinx. Once round she set her square

headed working topsail for the run to the Nab, and a man was slung over her bows in a bowline knot, with much difficulty he succeeded in getting a couple of holes through her stem with an old toothless augur, and to these holes the bobstay was seized by a wire strand; but as the holes were not sufficiently low the bobstay had not power to keep the bowsprit down, and consequently her jibs could not be properly set up, and she was thus sailing under a great disadvantage. However in the second run back to the Nab she was leading, and the Sphinx was nearly hull down; indeed the latter was so far behind that she was not timed in rounding, but in the turn back to Ryde a strong breeze sprang up, and the way she came up was most surprising. She passed all but the Hironnelle and Fiona and looked very like a winner; for the Hironnelle had to give her about seven minutes, and the Fiona had to allow her nearly nine, and moreover the pilot on board the Fiona was hammering her away against a strong lee tide, while Sphinx was cheating it by working up inshore, and to increase her chance the seizing of the unfortunate bobstay of the Fiona carried away as she was making her last board, but nevertheless the Fiona was able to run in the winner by about one minute with her bobstay over her bowsprit, the Sphinx taking second prize by time.—Yours truly,

MAIN SHEET.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

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#### OUR RACING YACHTS.

February 23rd, 1867.

IN the January number of your *Magazine*, one of your correspondents in an article headed "the victories of the Clyde yachts," seems to have given offence to H. G. of the "*Field*." This is little to be wondered at, as H. G. quarrels with the *Field* itself, for printing another correspondent's idea of the place likely to be held by the Blue Bell schooner, namely a third one, and that in a list of five. He confesses however that he merely took up his *goose-quill* to glean information, or extract opinions better or more reliable than his own. He then draws one or two comparisons, but any school-boy could inform him that comparisons are at all times odious, however true they may be, and more especially so when personalities are descended to.

In the north we have always been led to believe that the season down south has considerably the start of us, yet H. G. informs the *Field* that on 26th January, "yachting matters are quite at three quarters ebb;" whilst on the Clyde here, we have turned the corner, and to use his simile, we say the season 1867 is almost at a quarter flow, no little life astir already on board some of our racing craft, which we expect will soon be general. Before the conclusion of this letter the tune changes, and from gleaning information, he suddenly becomes rather dogmatical, striving to thrust his gospel down the throats of those whose opinion he is endeavouring to extract.

But to the point, the performances of the Selene last season seem to be a stumbling block to some of our English friends, who try to argue that

because their favorite was nowhere, the more fortunate vessels attained undue advantage somewhere or other. They cannot yet make up their minds to say amen to,

" Oh ! what so foul a disgrace  
As e'er to be seen the last in the race ?"

And even though it has been proved satisfactorily, they are not inclined to admit that the Blue Bell is not the fastest schooner. H. G. acknowledges that the Selene may have reached the goal, securing the prizes to her owner, on two different occasions, one of which at least, he says, was by a fluke, as it is elegantly expressed ; it is most unfortunate however that the Blue Bell could not have *fluked* it too. No one can deny that the Scotch yacht barely got justice in the *Times* and *Field's* reports of the races to Cherbourg and Plymouth respectively ; the Witchcraft being the favorite of the former, as the reporter had a free berth on board, and he could not malign his keepers. The *Field* went to sea we understand in the Blue Bell, and consequently *she* must be *his* idol. So far as we remember the *Times* did not inform its readers that on the arrival of the Witchcraft at Cherbourg, blue lights and rockets were called into requisition and lavishly fired off to herald the approach of the winning yacht, unaware all the while that the two Scotch lassies had been snug in their berths for full two hours previously. Captains Campbell and Houston of the Selene and Fiona respectively, were awake however, and had the full benefit of the display, perhaps these rockets and blue lights may have been set off by a " fluke" too. We think " great shakes" of the Blue Bell as well as of the Witchcraft, but we are inclined to *shake* in a different way from H. G. The owner and crew of the Aline are afraid of neither, and so expressed themselves previous to the start for Plymouth. They were confident of being first round the Start, on one condition, which was, that the Selene should carry away a spar, or come to grief in some other way. This *sine qua non* fortunately for Mr. Richardson did not take place, and the Aline had to put up with second place, the Blue Bell making a very bad third ; however accordingly to H. G. these ocean matches are no criterion of a yacht's power, whilst the unvarnished truth is that in the run from Cherbourg, the Blue Bell would not have had the shadow of a chance, if there had been a knot or two's beating to windward ; her forte lay in her balloon canvas with which she had come plentifully provided, and although the Selene kept a point and a half off her course, she was dogged most pertinaciously by H. G.'s favorite ; so soon however as the Solent was reached and more beef had to be put on the various sheets, the Selene shook herself clear and walked to windward, whilst the Blue Bell rather than own a defeat put about in an attempt to gull those on board her opponents ; she gained little by the subterfuge, and from that moment the Selene knew that the race was won. All the beating the two vessels had together told in favor of the latter, and from what source H. G. has drawn his inspiration as to the ability of the Blue Bell, we are at a loss to discover. Every one must confess she does her builder credit and has proved herself to be

a worthy antagonist, but we would require to see more of her performances, before we are convinced "all things and all weathers considered" that she deserves the first place. The crew of the *Selene* consider she is no match for the *Aline*, and the crew of the *Aline* would as soon run with her as with the *Selene*. This latter vessel had difficulties to contend with which the others wanted, she was in strange waters, and in cruising trim, not long off a voyage from Gibraltar, and Captain Campbell was astonished as well as annoyed at the coolness and impertinence of a pilot, whose services he was bargaining for; the fellow told him upon his honor as a pilot, that he would not *sell* the *Selene*, and said so with so much earnestness, that Campbell believes there is the possibility of a race being *bought*. He very narrowly escaped being chucked overboard. The *Fiona* went ashore somewhere in the same neighbourhood, well but then of course that was no fault of the pilot!

To H. G.'s letter the Editor of the *Field* adds a postscript, in which he takes occasion to say "we certainly do not consider the *Selene* such a very fast vessel, and the cut of her sails is anything but handsome. Her foresail is very narrow, and it seems almost useless to carry a great spar like her foremast, with such a small sail upon it." Every one is entitled to form an opinion, and the Editor aforesaid has formed his, and given expression to it. He is above giving any reason for the conclusion at which he has arrived, and therefore we must be excused if we are not convinced by the force of his argument. His ideal of a yacht must be something rare, as well as something very fast indeed; the *Selene* is not fast, he says, and yet the craft has still to be built that can beat her. The last season proved this, and we have no hesitation in believing that the coming one will still further demonstrate the fact. We would rather keep cool, but so long as we are unconvinced, we won't believe that "the first shall be last." As to the cut of the *Selene's* sails, we must again refer the *Field* to *Hunt* for January, they were an English job, and Laphorne was the maker. After they were received here they had to be altered, puckered, cut, and added to, before they would sit, and even yet the master has to be very careful in the hoisting of them, so as to make them passable, but with all their defects the *Selene* was shoved through the water twice at least ahead of the *Blue Bell*, "than which no finer or faster boat was ever built." The question is, if the *Selene* had had proper wings, how much further astern would her antagonists have been at *Byde* and *Plymouth*. Again the Editor surely knows that if a cutter and schooner of equal tonnage were matched against each other, ten chances to one, the cutter would be in first, as on a wind the cutter would leave the schooner drifting to leeward; it therefore follows, and this Mr. Richardson knows well, that the closer you can make a schooner's sails to a cutter's the greater chance there is of success. The theory is a good one, and a better has yet to be brought forward. The *Chance*, *Circe*, and now the *Selene* were all built from the same idea; all had narrow foresails, and yet they all sailed well. It is but seldom that a race is dead running throughout, and it

is only at such a time that a large foresail would tell ; in fact, the worst cut sails frequently do the greatest wonders off the wind.

The *Selene* is at present in Steele's graving dock at Greenock undergoing some alterations, her sternpost is being straightened, and some of her shot bags are being stuck on to her keel.

B.B.B.

*To the Editor of H.Y.M.*

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#### YACHTING QUERY.

*February 25th, 1867.*

SIR.—Perhaps you will be good enough, by yourself—or some of your practical correspondents, to assist a thoroughly perplexed individual out of a maze.

I am desirous of becoming the owner of a schooner of not less than 100 tons, and to this end I purpose building, although strongly advised to the contrary. With the latter class of counsellors happily therefore I am done ; I would, I could say as much with perfect satisfaction of my building monitors. One advises me to build of iron, and another to stick to wood, whilst a third gravely assures me that a "composite" vessel ensures perfection ; again—a first recommends me *Cowes*, a second the *Clyde*, a third *Southampton*, a fourth *Lymington*, a fifth *Poole*, another and yet a sixth says "stick to the *Thames* and iron."

I am told by a sage adviser I can have my object carried out at an expense of about £25 per ton, and in good style ; well—I meet another who assures me the thing cannot be done under between £30 and £40, and scarce have his well intentioned admonitions made their impression, when I become dissatisfied by hearing that "So and so's vessel—a splendid craft as any afloat, and perfect in all details !" cost him just £27 10s. ready for sea.

Now the class of vessel I want is—such a craft and of such a tonnage, as will be able to take her part amongst the fastest first class schooners afloat, (I would not take a present of any other,) and at the same time a vessel of such accommodation and with such fittings, as I could with propriety and comfort take a moderately sized family to the *Mediterranean*, *Madeira*, the *West Indies*, or across the *Atlantic* ; perhaps should their fancy suit—round either of the *Capes*. Now what I want information respecting is this ; where is my mark for a builder ; what price per ton should I pay for a really fast—first class vessel ? what is the best tonnage for the above combined purposes, whether is wood or iron the material ? I have been advised to try *America*, on the plea that the builders there have hit the happy medium of combining high speed with sea-going power, but I am inclined to stick to my native land, as a rather hazy suspicion will haunt me, that the recent exploit of the American schooners has been the parent of the idea ; perhaps I am wrong—and that were I to entertain it I might hit upon the exact thing I require.

However if you can find room in your excellent *Magazine*, for these en-

quiries, and exercise your persuasive influence over a few of those experienced yacht owners whose names appear in your annual list, to confer a little of their, I have no doubt, well earned experience, upon a bewildered novice you will oblige.

Yours, &c.,

BLUE WITH RED HAND.

*To the Editor of H.Y.M.*

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#### YACHTING INTELLIGENCE.

**THE ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB HOUSE.**—The spacious and beautiful Club-house which has just been erected for the use of the Royal Western Yacht Club at Plymouth, was the scene lately of a most agreeable re-union. A dinner was given to the committee of management and the secretary by the members of the Club, to commemorate the removal of the Club from its location at Millbay to the more salubrious, prominent, and aristocratic region of the Hoe. About fifty gentlemen sat down to dinner, which, as is invariably the case, was rich in all that constitutes table excellence. Mr. J. Kelly occupied the chair, and Mr. Francis Fox and General Moore were Vice-Presidents. The toast of the evening, "Success to the Royal Western Yacht Club," was given by the Chairman, who enlarged on the assiduous exertions which had been made by the committee in preparing that building for the reception of the members, and upon the very great success which had attended their efforts, as illustrated by the perfection of arrangement seen on every hand. Mr. Thierens responded on behalf of the committee of management, expressing a hope that the building, which now they only rented, might before long become the permanent and absolute property of the Club.

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#### FINE ARTS.

**AMERICAN SCHOONER HENRIETTA.**—We have received an excellent portrait of this yacht, representing her under all canvas during the race from New York: it is the most spirited and life like production of the lithographers' art, as applied to a maritime subject, we have seen for a long time, and reflects much credit on the professional talent of Mr. Dutton; and the manner in which it is brought out is worthy of its publisher's reputation. We have long wanted something out of the tame routine of our yachting portraits, and in those of the Dagmar and Xantha there was a manifest improvement. Considerably difficulty is experienced by the artist we know, in preserving a faithful outline of hull and canvas, and at the same time imparting that moving—animated appearance necessary to constitute an effective picture; we look for something more than a mere representation that says "this is a yacht with her canvas set!" We want a picture that will make us exclaim "that is glorious—should I not like to be on board?" We have likewise before us the companion print to the "Henrietta," and one every

way worthy to hang side by side; as illustrations of the most remarkable yacht race that has ever taken place, one is incomplete without the other, and both form a brilliant addition to the yachtsman's collection. It represents the Henrietta, Fleetwing, and Vesta starting from Sandy Hook, and Mr. Dutton has seized the moment when the crews having set their canvas, pause for breath, and to take that anxious look around to see how things are going; the vessels seem to be just shaking themselves down to their work, and the sea beneath their prows gives evidence that they are settling to their speed; the Henrietta creeping from under the land to windward appears just to be getting the force of the breeze that has sent the Vesta and Fleetwing slightly ahead, the former dead before it with her after sails wing and wing, and the Fleetwing all rap full on the starboard tack, forms a picturesque reality on paper that will recall many such similar scenes to the practical yachtsman. *London*:—Published by Wm. Foster, 17, Billiter Street, E.C.

**YACHT BUILDING ON THE THAMES.**—Steam yachting appears to have become quite the fashion, within the last few seasons; and our annual *Yacht List*, as each succeeding edition is issued, registers some fresh additions to our steam pleasure navy. We learn that the very pretty twin screw yacht of 48 tons, which is building at Messrs. Lewis and Stockwell's yard, Bow Creek, is for Major A. B. Brandram, Royal Albert and Royal London Yacht Clubs. We understand she is from the designs of J. F. Delany, Esq., and is of the following dimensions:—Length between perpendiculars, 70ft.; beam, 12ft.; depth, 7ft. 6in.; draught of water aft, 5ft. Her engines are being constructed by Messrs. J. Penn and Son, the eminent engineers of Greenwich, and are on the same principle as their steam launch engines of which so many has been supplied to this Government.

The same firm has also the drawing of a screw yacht of 305 tons, which is about to be built, but as the contract is not yet placed it would be premature to give names connected with her, but we hope to do so in our next.

#### REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- June 6.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—at Cantley.
- 28.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club.
- July 4.—Norfolk and Suffolk—at Wroxham.
- 8.—Bray—Inland
- 10.—Royal Irish Yacht Club—Kingstown.
- 11.—Sailing Barge Match.
- 18.—Royal Cork Yacht Club—Queenstown.
- Aug. 1.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Oulton Broad.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. B. J. BOSTON.—Cruise to New York in our next.

ULTRA MARINE.—Letter will receive early attention.



# HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

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APRIL 1st, 1867.

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## A CRUISE FROM THE "HUB OF CREATION" TO THE "EMPIRE CITY."

AT sunrise on the morning of the 10th August, the yacht *Marie* lay in the harbour of Hull, a small town about eight miles below Boston, bound on a cruise to the Empire City. The day broke bright and clear, and as the sun tipped the Milton hills a light breeze sprang up, gently rippling the still waters of the harbour, whilst the roar of the surf on the spit forming the shelter, and the tumbling sea at the Gut, showed the heavy swell still running outside from the north-easter of the previous day.

The *Marie* is a low black schooner of 42 feet length,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  feet beam, and 4 feet draft. She carries two topmasts and a jib-boom, something very unusual in these waters for so small a craft. The uncommon rig, together with her lowness in the water, and saucy, rakish look, make her appear much larger than she really is.

Boston yachtsmen, or at least those of our class, affect the pilot boat or fisherman style, as being workmanlike, and look upon such nautical dandyisms as a fore-topmast and jib-boom with disfavour, savouring too much of "putting on airs." Many were the predictions of a direful fate when the *Marie* first showed her graceful hull and tapering spars off City Point, all hands prophesying a speedy termination to her career, as being too fragile for the eastern seas.

The crew consisted of three, of which the owner and skipper is your humble servant. The first officer is H, a denizen of the "Hub of Creation," an ex-Colonel and survivor of numerous battles,—remembrances of which he bears in the shape of sundry scars,—an ex-boarder of Libby Prison, and lastly an enthusiastic yachtsman. The third is our fore-mastman and cook, whom we address by the patronymic of Pilot, though he does not profess to act in that capacity.

Shortly before seven o'clock our sails were hoisted, and under mainsail, foresail, jib, and flying jib we stood towards the Gut, through which the strong flood tide was boiling like a mill race. We soon found the wind was too light to enable us to stem the current, even with the help of the main-topmast-staysail, so we bore up, and with flowing sheets ran rapidly along the shore of Peddock's Island. At 7h. 30m. a.m., we rounded the west end in company with the Gem, and hauling on the wind, headed seaward. A few minutes took us in sight of our anchorage, but this time *outside* the harbour, leaving Fort Warren and the Spit and Outer Lights on our port hand; we pass the beacon off Point Aldeston at 8h. 15m., and easing our sheets steer for Cape Cod, distant some 40 miles. In half-an-hour we were abreast of the Iron Bell boat on Harding's Ledge, as it lay booming ominously in the swell. The wind now free and very light, and we did not come up with Minot's Light until 10h. 20m., and soon after it died away entirely, and left us rolling heavily. The lighthouse on Minot's Ledge is a fine granite column of great strength, it was built with much difficulty, as the rock on which it stands is small, and to begin with, it was only possible to work three hours per day, and on account of the exposed situation, only then in calm weather. There are numerous reefs in the vicinity, on which many a gallant ship and hardy crew have met an untimely fate. To pass the time, H. and the *Pilot* tried fishing, and were rewarded by the capture of some splendid cod. At sunset we were still quite close to the light. Just as the sun disappeared, the wind hauled S.W. and came out fresh, and we were quickly dancing over the waves on our course. At 8 p.m., we sighted the Highland Light, and in half-an-hour the light on Race Point was visible. Shortly after Long Point Light came into view, but we could not make out the harbour, as it was impossible in the darkness to distinguish between the low beach close aboard and the loftier sand

hills in the distance; we were totally unacquainted with the locality, and were rather at a loss what to do, when we saw a schooner apparently coming out, we spoke her, and learning that she was steering south, hauled up north, and soon found ourselves in the desired haven. No time was lost in coming to an anchor and furling our sails, and we "turned in," very tired, about midnight.

The following morning we ran up to Provincetown to get a pilot for the shoals, but not finding one, we decided to go "on our own hook." At 9 a.m., we started with a fresh breeze from N.W. and exchanging greetings with the yacht *Iris*, bowled down the splendid harbour with a flowing sheet. After rounding Long Point, we hauled close on a wind, making slow progress against the young flood, and did not come up with Race Point till noon. We now slackened our sheets, heading to the southward, but the wind dying away we had barely steerage, and only came abreast of the Highland Light at 2h. 15m. p.m., when it fell calm. Whistling, sticking a knife in the mast, and every method of "raising the wind" (except drawing a bill) being exhausted, we towed our barky inshore and anchored in four fathoms, about half-a-mile from the beach. Finding the clear water an irresistible temptation, we were soon disporting ourselves therein. We had plenty of swell during the night, although the "Irish hurricane" still continued, but our *stom-jacks* being of proof, it only helped us to sleep.

The vicinity of our anchorage is one of the most desolate tracts in existence. The Cape is one vast expanse of undulating sand, blown into strange and fantastic shapes, rising into dunes or hills near the water's edge. The inhabitants endeavour to render the status of the land as permanent as possible, by planting sea grass, which is pretty nearly all that will *grow*, we can't say *flourish*, in such an inhospitable soil. Off the southern end near Monomy Point are the dreaded shoals, so fatal to the hardy "toilers of the sea," their numerous and winding channels are marked by several lightships, but they are frequently missing when most needed. It is almost impossible for them to keep their stations during the violent and destructive storms to which this coast is subject, not only from the terrific power of the seas surging against them, but the danger to which they are liable from the parting of the chains, the coarse gritty sand cutting the iron cables like a file.

At daylight the following morning we found a light breeze blow-

ing, and at 4 a.m., we hove up our anchor to the bows, and stood slowly on our course. At nine o'clock we were abreast of the three lights marking the harbour of Nauset, making but little progress; away to seaward we saw the yacht *Actea* of Boston, bound into the Sound, and still farther off a large steamer, apparently a British vessel bound to New York. About 3 p.m., we came up with *Chatham Light*, and soon after falling in with another "Irish hurricane," we found ourselves unable to stem the flowing tide, and came to anchor near *Schooner Bar*. A delightful bath in the transparent water was then very acceptable, as exposure to the hot sun during the calm day had produced a feeling of weariness and lassitude. A few moments after dressing, the skipper went out on the end of the mainboom to clear the topping lift, which had got foul, and afforded considerable amusement to the second in command by incontinently tumbling overboard.

At five o'clock on Monday morning, we were again underway, with a 5 knot breeze, heading for the Shoals, on which we could see the strong tide rips boiling, and swirling in various directions. Our skipper with lead in hand, "conned ship," keeping a sharp look out for *very* shoal spots. A few minutes took us into seven feet, 'ere long we had but *six*, shoaling gradually to *five*. We felt rather anxious, but it was too late to "try back," so we sped through the impetuous current, yawing wildly, sometimes carried bodily to windward, the silence only broken by the sound of the rips, and the "luff you may," "port a little," "steady as you go," of the skipper. We were within 20 yards of the Channel, showing a deep steady current as clearly defined as the banks of a canal, when a slight grating sound was heard, but it was "touch and go," for the next moment we were in the fairway of the Channel, heading for the *Shovel* lightship. At 6h. 40m. a.m., we came up with and passed it, and now point for the Lightship on the Handkerchief, which we have abeam at 7h. 20m. Soon after we spoke the steamer *George Appold*, from Baltimore for Boston, and begged them to report us, which they promised to do but neglected. Taking as direct a course as possible we crossed the Horse Shoe Shoal, passing *Cross Rip Lightship* at some distance. On our starboard hand we can just see the land near *Hyannis*, to port is *Great Point* on the Island of *Nantucket* with its light tower, and in the bight of the land are the steeples of the quaint old whaling town of "that ilk;" the Island

itself with Cape Poge on Martha's Vineyard, appearing as though suspended in the air, in the mirage of the summer morning. Being short of water, we made for Holmes' Hole, a well known harbour of refuge, running between the Hedge Fence and Squash Meadow shoals.

At 11h. 30m. we were off East Chop, and hauling our wind we anchored off the town at noon. H. and the pilot went ashore, the former in search of a pilot, as we wished to run all night and take advantage of the favoring breeze, and the latter in quest of "grub" and water. The only pilot available was a stout, jolly old chap, whose excessive modesty (?) would not permit him to ask more than 40 dollars for the run! Fearing the introduction of so large an amount of currency might have a tendency to corrupt the morals of the community, we decided to trust to our own *skill* or *luck*, whichever our readers prefer, "you pays your money and you takes your choice." Insinuating to our fat friend that his services would not be required, he betook himself shoreward, having first taken a drink, and we bade adieu to Holmes' Hole with a flowing sheet: skirting the Middle Ground Shoal, we bowled rapidly along wing and wing, past Wood's Hole and Tarpaulin Cove, both of which are well known to navigators of these waters, as havens of shelter in the heavy winds which are so severely felt at the entrance to the Sound. As we spin along past the Islands of Naushon, Pasque, and Cuttyhunk, the skipper points out the scene of the wreck of a brig in which he was slightly interested, and appears half to expect to see the ghost of the Coquette arise from the waters. By-and-by looms up on our port hand the bold and imposing outline of Gay Head, "the finest headland in America," with its curious layers of many coloured strata.

The wind now fell light and at 4h. 30m. p.m., we passed the Relief lightship on the Sow and Pigs reef; steering for the light-vessel on Brenton's reef, abreast of which we arrived about 9h. 30m. p.m., mistaking Beaver Tail Light for Goat Island, an error to be attributed to our weariness; we ran for it, and on finding our mistake had to beat against a strong ebb tide to get into Newport. Tides we may remark bear a most remarkably similarity to pigs, inasmuch as they invariable run in the contrary direction to that which you require them. After thrashing about in the almost unfathomable Channel from shore to shore, until after midnight, we found our efforts were totally unavailing, as it was impossible to gain a foot. We there-

fore put the helm up and easing off the sheets stood on our course down the Sound, sending the man to his bunk. The wind had now risen, and as we passed Brenton's reef the second time we had as much as we wanted. An easterly gale was evidently at hand, from the heavy swell rolling in and the clouding up of the sky. At 2h. 15m. a.m., we were off Point Judith, that bugbear of Sound travelers, going about 10 knots, both wind and sea rising fast. The Sound is here quite open to the Atlantic, and the heavy rollers looked very formidable as they came surging in, but the little beauty danced merrily along without throwing a drop of water. The night was very dark and we had to keep a sharp look out for the eastward bound steamers and sailing craft, we took remarkably good care to give them a wide berth, knowing the recklessness of *other peoples* lives peculiar to coasters and steam-boat men, and bearing in mind the adage touching the swimming together of iron pots and earthenware! Near Point Judith we saw the Newport boat, towering up like a castle, with lights enough for a small town. Watch Hill Light now gleams on our starboard hand, and to port are the distant beacons on Block Island and Montauk Point, with Gull Island nearly ahead; all these are barely visible, except when we rise on the crest of a lofty sea. As the sun began to show in the east, we turned in, leaving the schooner in charge of the pilot. The wind now seemed to increase, suggesting a new hand at the bellows, and the sea followed suit.

Tired and weary, the skipper and H. were very soon asleep, but the latter, finding the excitement too much for his somnolency turned out again in a couple of hours. The skipper who has a mortal dislike to "dog-naps" didn't show on deck till nine o'clock, by which time breakfast was ready. The meal was partaken of with difficulty, the plates and cups manifesting a disagreeable tendency to tumble off the table, as the schooner was nearly before the wind and rolled very hard. About 5h. 30m. we sighted the royal of a brig going west, and at 6 a.m., the pilot not being able to lay his course or sail wing and wing, jibed and went on the starboard tack.

At 6h. 30m. Little Gull Island was close aboard, and we passed between it and Valiant Rock. The scene here was very fine, we were about 4 miles from the Long Island Shore, tearing through the water at a rate that momentarily threatened to swamp our yawl, the seas running very high and breaking into snow white combers

on every side. The few vessels in sight were all going westward, nobody caring to work to windward in such a blow; about this time our yawl swamped, disappearing almost entirely from view for a moment, but luckily the stout painter held; we tried to get in and bail her, but could not; we then got her alongside, but going so fast she was still under occasionally. By-and-by, we sighted the Long Sand Shoal, on which the heavy seas rolled and broke with tremendous violence, the roaring sound being distinctly audible at a considerable distance. We made several attempts to wing our fore-sail but unsuccessfully, as the schooner rolled too much; 11 a.m. brought us up with Faulkner's Island, which we left to starboard.

At 2h. 30m. we jibed again, dropping the peak of the main-sail to do so, and got on the port tack; at 2h. 30m. p.m., the light-ship on the Middle Ground was abeam, and a few minutes brought us up with Old Field Point. The sea now became so heavy and confused, that it was necessary to take in the foresail to avoid losing the yawl, which we could not take on deck. It was a great drag—being full of water, and we expected every moment to see the shackle break or draw out. Now and then it would sweep along on the crest of a towering sea, as though coming over the taffrail, and as the schooner received the impetus and shot forward, the boat would drop into the trough with a surge that tried the rope and fastenings severely. At 5h. 30m. p.m., off Eaton's Neck we decided to go into the first anchorage, and rounding the next headland,—Lloyd's Point, we hauled up for Cold Spring harbour, in which we let go our anchor at 7h. p.m.: the ceremony of "splicing the main-brace" was duly performed, and we drank to the pretty little craft that had carried us with such speed and comfort. A pipe or two and a short chat concluded the day, and we scarcely need add that no lullaby was required to send us to sleep.

When we came on deck the following morning the gale had entirely subsided, but the sky presented a wintry and uninviting look. At 7 a.m., we got underway and slipped slowly down the harbour with a light breeze, which died away when we got outside and left us rolling in the swell. We met several craft trying to beat to windward against the tide, the surge breaking over their bows and flying along the decks like a cataract. We drifted slowly along until nearly up with Execution Rock, when we fell in with a squall of rain and wind, of which we got a sufficiency of the former and very

little of the latter, enough however to carry us between the Rock and Sand's Point. In about half-an-hour the rain set in with a violence worthy of the diluvian days; of course it knocked the wind into a "cocked hat" and we made but little progress, which we did not complain of as the rain was so heavy that off Hart's Island we could see neither shore, and had to steer by compass. After passing Fort Schuyler the sun shone out, very much to our satisfaction, as we resembled drowned rats more than anything, oilskins were useless and boots merely receptacles for water. Off Whitestone a breeze sprang up and we passed College Point flying, in company with a very pretty white sloop yacht. Between this and the Brothers we met a large fleet of schooners working to windward, endeavouring to reach Throg's Neck at high water, and so have the favouring tide on their course. A short time brings us in sight of Hell Gate, so dreaded in the days of yore; our skipper has sailed through once, (in the contrary direction) and determines to try his luck once more, so away we run into the swirling, boiling, tumbling current, and in a "brace of shakes," or any other infinitesimal space of time, we find ourselves off Astoria heading for the Channel on the Jones Wood side. As we pass the end of Blackwell's Island we observed the miniature fort constructed by an unfortunate but industrious lunatic. Ahead of us is the Empire City, her borders fringed with lofty masts, carrying the flags of all nations. Sweeping by the Navy Yard with its old line-of-battle ships and frigates, the new double enders, trim despatch boats, lead coloured blockade runners, and most striking of all, the stern powerful iron clads with their immense guns; we run through the East River between a perfect forest of spars near the Brooklyn side. Dodging about among the ferry boats, lighters and other craft, we get at length into Buttermilk Channel, and hauling round Redhook, the Marie heads for the basin in Gowanus Bay. A few minutes more and we haul down the jib and come to anchor near our old friend Peter's wharf, among the trim and jaunty craft, carrying the flags of the Brooklyn and Atlantic Yacht Clubs.

"Biled shirts" and shore going togs are quickly donned and we take the cars for the city, our sunburnt faces attracting considerable attention. The skipper's phiz strongly resembled the red light of a steam-boat, while H. would readily pass for one of the aborigines.

A day or two after our arrival, we invited a number of friends on board and ran down to Sandy Hook and up the Shrewsbury river.



We had a fair wind and got there in a couple of hours, just about sunset. Yielding to the persuasions of some of the party who wished to visit Thompson's, we ran up too far and got ashore, luckily it was nearly low water and we soon floated off, all hands going forward to bring her on an even keel, and pushing with boat hooks &c. H. signalized himself by pushing vigorously and then tumbling overboard, probably to see what sort of a hole he could make. His pipe remains there and will probably be found in the aforesaid aperture if any are inclined to investigate. Some of the party paid a visit to the Pavilion and to the Neptune Club-house, where they remained all night, and the rest of us turned in.

The morning broke with a strong breeze from N.W., and we got underway bright and early. The wind fell gradually as the sun rose, and off Fort Tompkins it died away entirely; fearing we might be there some time, we landed our friends at Fort Hamilton, to make their way to the city by land. Soon after we got a breeze, light baffling airs at first, then strong and steady, and we reached our anchorage at 11 a m.

We made several attempts to get our lady friends out sailing, but from sundry reasons were not successful. Two of these however, paid us a visit one day in the harbour, and to their influence we are inclined to attribute the Marie's remarkably good behaviour on the return voyage.

H. being obliged to return to the "Hub," the skipper's brother W. was installed in his place.

We started on our return voyage at 6 a.m., of the 22nd August, with a good breeze from the westward, and in a few minutes found ourselves in Buttermilk Channel, going wing and wing, sweeping through the East River like a steam-boat. The Ferries are quickly passed, the Navy Yard, Blackwell Island and Astoria, and now we come again to Hell Gate. For some time we have been trying to get past a large coal schooner, but at present she has the advantage of us, her lofty sails catching the wind over the land. Her proximity in passing the hubbub of the Gate was decidedly unpleasant, as her gigantic boom jibed several times, and a stroke from it would have knocked away our sticks like so many ninepins. Clearing the Gate we get to windward of our big friend and setting the staysail, haul up a little on the port tack, quickly giving her a good sight of the name on our stern. Now is the time for the Marie to show

her paces, and with every stitch drawing like a steam engine, she dances lightly over the water, catching up with and leaving everything. Passing the Brothers we have to go wing and wing, and pass Fort Schuyler at 8 a.m., the Stepping Stones soon after, and at 9 o'clock are off Sand's Point. At 10 we go on the starboard tack and reach Eaton's Neck at 11h. 10m., and Old Field Point is abeam at 12h. 45m. About one o'clock we heard thunder at some distance, and the wind shifted to N.W., which is just what we want; although the wind blew over the land there was a very respectable bobble, and we tore through it in beautiful style. At 1h. 15m., the Middle Ground was on the starboard beam, and at 4 p.m., we were off New Haven Lighthouse. Being unwilling to "come to" so early, we kept along shore, and at 6 o'clock, carefully picked our way into a small cove near Guildford where we lay very comfortably.

The next morning was cold and dull, wind N.E. dead ahead. We sailed at 6 a.m., and reached the buoy on the Long Sand Shoal at 9h. 15m. At eight we passed a large schooner yacht going west. About 9h. 30m., we were obliged to reef mainsail and take bonnet off jib, taking in foresail altogether, as we had split it. The wind had increased a good deal and brought up a heavy chopping sea; 9h. 45m., stood over towards Saybrook, 11, tacked again off Connecticut River, and at 2 p.m., came to anchor in the spacious and beautiful harbour of New London, off the Pequot House; where we found a large fleet of yachts belonging to the New York Yacht Club. The remainder of the day was wet and stormy, but with tobacco and sleep we made ourselves tolerably comfortable.

The next morning was bright and clear; we left the Thames river at 6h. 20m., with a light N.W. breeze, passing the North Hummock at 7h. 15m., and Eel Grass Shoals' light-boat at 8h. 15m. Off Watch Hill the wind freshened, and at 9h. 30m., we had a splendid breeze and bowled along rapidly wing and wing. Point Judith was abeam at 11h. 45m., and at 2h. 40m., we passed the Sow and Pigs. By this time the wind had increased to half a gale with a heavy swell; the little craft flew along rapidly and easily, rolling a good deal, and now and then dipping her jib-boom pretty well under. W. who had been suffering from an attack of bilious fever had a relapse, and we had to lay him below swathed in blankets. Rounding the West Chop we hauled close on a wind to go into Holmes' Hole, when we had as much as we could carry with mainsail and jib, and at 5h. 30m., let go our anchor.

The following day we left our anchorage at 6h. 30m. a.m., and sighting Edgartown, with Cape Poge in the distance, ran for Cross Rip, where we saw the jolly old Skipper, who enquired for news. With a rattling breeze we dashed quickly along, passing the Handkerchief at 11h. 30m. About 12h. 15m., we passed the Shovelful, leaving it about two miles on the port beam—crossing the tail of the Stone Horse bank, we passed the Pollock Rip Lightship at 1h. 30m. Bearses Shoal and Schooner Bar presented a beautiful sight, in wonderful contrast to our former visit, the sea now breaking over them with tremendous uproar, throwing foam and spray high into the air. Nauset was passed at 3h. 15m. p.m., and the Highlands at 4h. 55m., when we hauled on the wind. Off Nauset we took in staysail and flying jib, fearing squalls off the land, and scarcely had we got them down, when a rasper showed the precaution was not ill timed. Off the Highlands the increasing breeze made it advisable to shorten sail, so we took in the foresail. W. was now better, but did not care to be much in the sun. At 6h. 15m., Race Point light was in view, and we could see the blue outline of the Gurnet off Plymouth. 10h. 45m. took us off Minots, and a few minutes after midnight we came to anchor under Fort Warren in Boston harbour, having made the run from New York in 48 running hours.

H.B.J.

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### THE LITTLE ATLANTIC SHIP—RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

THE adventurous American mariner Captain Hudson, with his equally hardy mate, Mr. Fitch, have sailed for Paris, to add their gallant little ship to the many wonders of the Exhibition. On Sunday the 3rd of March, an immense crowd of spectators assembled on the Pier at Dover, to witness if the tiny ship was actually going to face the heavy westerly gale and mountainous sea which prevailed in the Channel. The steam tug Palmerston towed her clear of the harbour, the sea making a clean breach over her decks more than once during the service, whilst the Red, White, and Blue, was over and under like a wild duck; once cast off however she rose like a sea-bird over the rolling waves, and spreading her canvas wings dashed away in gallant style for the

shores of France, amidst enthusiastic cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs from the host of wonderers on shore.

An equally exciting scene took place when she was being towed by the *Souvenir* out of Caen *en route* for Havre, the sea was breaking furiously on the bar, and the steamer filled her deck three times, but the little ship and her daring crew went through it merry as sandboys, to the astonishment and delight of the crowd of French that lined the Pier.

We understand that a similar incredibility to that expressed by many visitors to the ship when at the Crystal Palace here, prevails amongst our French neighbours, but not to the same extent: however Captain Hudson can afford to smile—he has satisfied all whose opinions are worth having. We should not wonder at all if his passage across the Channel ditch was as equally incomprehensible, and as obstinately denied.

We subjoin a copy of her Log to Havre, kept in civil time.

Friday, February, 27th.—Launched little ship into Regent's Canal, and re-rigged same day.

Thursday, 28th.—Hauled out of Regent's Canal Docks—steam tug *Rose* took hold of our rope and towed us to Gravesend, where we let go our anchor at 1 p.m.

Friday, March 1st.—At 7 a.m., made fast to the British brig *Delhi*, in tow of the steam tug *Magnetic*; strong breezes from E. and N.E., with passing showers of hail throughout the day, and very heavy sea heaving in from the eastward. Little ship jumping considerably whilst in tow. About noon off Sheppy Island. At 4 p.m., steam tug cast off *Delhi*—which made sail. At 5 p.m., North Foreland bearing W.N.W., about 3 miles, parted the tow rope in the very heavy sea still heaving; we set fore and main-topsails, and fore-sail, and kept off west for the Downs. At 7h. 25m. p.m., passed South Foreland; 8h. 30m., at gun fire ran into Dover, made fast, night looking very dark, cloudy, and threatening, and the mate Mr. Fitch not well. The Coast-guard did not know what to make of us, our coming in took them by surprise.

Sunday, March 3rd.—During the whole of this day there were strong gales from east, with very heavy seas heaving. At 10 a.m., the steam tug *Palmerston* towed us clear of the Admiralty Pier, when we set foresail and topsail, and kept her S.W., to get under the French land. At Meridian passed Folkestone—distant about 6 miles, also at same time a screw steamer hailing from Cork—bound east, and three British fishing luggers, all of which saluted us as we passed. 2 p.m., Dungeness bore N.N.W., distant about 14 miles. Up to sunset ship doing very well, but pitching and jumping considerable, and shipping great quantities of water occasionally; the wind hauling a little to N.E. at times. At 8 p.m., sighted a revolving light on Point D'Ailly bearing S.S.E., distant about 6 or 8 miles. We must have had a southerly current setting us in towards the coast, or should

have made St. Valery or Fecamp first. At 10h. 30m. p.m., Point D'Ailly, bearing east we made Fecamp lights about west, found ship close in shore, so hauled off west and W.N.W., to round the light. Midnight lights abeam strong wind, and heavy sea.

Monday, March 4th.—Commences with strong gales and heavy sea, the little vessel shipping considerable water. At 1h. 30m. a.m., made the two lights of Cape Le Hève—bearing about S.W. by W., and sought for a third, expecting it was Fecamp. As the first light was revolving at Point D'Ailly, the next to be seen was St. Valery, but not seeing that, took Fecamp for it, as it showed the same lights, the red tide light not to be seen, although we were close in, so that about 4 a.m., when I became certain of the Cape Le Hève lights, we were too far off to fetch in under the Cape the way it was blowing, so we hauled up the foresail and concluded to let her go in towards the shore, when we made the high land between Havre and Caen. Looking for the entrance we saw a sloop and schooner coming round the shore, also two steamers. Got through in time to follow the schooner in, and at 8 a.m., made fast to the steamer Souvenir of London, Captain French, who took us in tow to Oysterschaven, the Entrance to Caen.

Thursday, March 7th.—At 8h. 30m. a.m., the Souvenir got up steam, we made fast and she towed us over Caen bar, and to Havre; at 11 a.m., cast off at the end of Havre Pier, and the steamer proceeded on her voyage to London. At noon we got inside and snug in Havre Dock, where as many opinions and doubts were expressed about her as in England.

We take this opportunity of expressing publicly our sincere thanks to Captain French of the British steamer Souvenir, for the extreme courtesy and attention we experienced from him whilst at Caen, and for his kindness in towing us from thence to Havre.

(Signed) JOHN M. HUDSON, *Captain,*

*Ship—Red, White, and Blue, of New York.*

*Havre, March 10th, 1867.*

[Since the above was written we have learnt that the little vessel has arrived safely at Paris.—*Ed.H.Y.M.*]

## THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN GLORY.\*

### PART XIV.

ON the thirteenth day after taking her departure from the Cornish land, and encountering a more than average proportion of the adverse winds and seas that vessels bound westward may expect, the Golden Glory impelled by a northerly wind was within a day or two's sail of soundings; the weather, as is not infrequent in those parts of the

\* Continued from page 124

Atlantic where the influence of the Gulf Stream is felt, was thick and hazy; throughout the night it had been piercingly cold, and more than ordinary vigilance was exercised on board in consequence of the fog, and of being in the track of vessels bound for Europe: although such precaution is always strictly observed in the routine of every well ordered craft, yet on the open ocean the tracks of ships are so diverse, so minute and separate on the great wilderness of waters, and so seldom identical as to lead to collision, that such a contingency is regarded as of remote probability but still one to be guarded against; it is however in the presence of the sailors' dread enemy fog, and drawing in with great maritime ports from whence night and day the outward bound fleets of commerce are ceaselessly ploughing the diverging paths to the great highway, that the mariner is called upon to redouble his usual caution, and the sharpest eyes in the ship become the best wardens of her safety. The dawn was struggling to pierce the cold grey masses of driving mist with a doubtful light when Sebastian Almonté emerged from the cabin, and casting his eyes aloft at the sails, and then to windward, addressed Harry Considine in cheery tones.

"Snug canvas lad—snug canvas—what's the news Harry boy, wind hanging up to the Nor'rid still, and this confounded fog holding in its teeth, what's the meaning of all this, eh?"

"Why, sir, it means we're in the Gulf or pretty close to it; nothing new sir—we've kept her going steadily since this fog dropped, for you never know what may turn out from the thick of a haze, and 'tis best to keep a craft just in command, especially when there's no occasion to drive ahead for a market."

"Quite right boy, moreover we must peril nothing this trip, neither of us have ever been so near the end of a voyage that fortune favoured more bravely; and it will be our own fault if we allow the coy lady to show a leg when we have her handsomely turned over like a turtle on the sand; but how do you make the run lad—hast got a grip of the ground yet?"

"Not for thirty hours more Cap—unless this cloud about us lifts, and we can pile a yard or two aloft; we're to the southward and eastward of the Flemish Cap, and heading for the tail of the Grand Bank."

"Who has the look out, for we shall need all our eyes about us here, I'm sure I cannot make out where our jib-boom end is?"

"There's Abner Watson, harpooner Ned, and Frank Bedmore, on the forecastle sir,—and Mr. Sheppard is in the fore-top; indeed all hands forward are keen."

"Then you have not turned in yet—go below lad, I'll keep the deck with Mr. Sheppard."

"I think of keeping this watch aloft Captain Almonté, with your permission, although I'm good for my full due swinging or standing when the weather is clear and the wind making harp strings of the gear, yet my sleeping tackle wont sheet home in a mantle of mist, and a spare pair of eyes is never an incumbrance though they may wink sometimes."

"As you will Considine, but how bitter this air feels, it seems getting colder and colder ever since I came on deck, but the wearying fogs which hang about these banks always make it so."

"Heaven send it may be nothing worse than fogs," muttered the chief officer as he seated himself on the transom arm and peered keenly ahead.

"Tis well nigh seventy years now since the Frow Elizabeth travelled the outward-bound track Harry, and every knot we shorten our road makes me more anxious to know did old Simon Stuyvenson leave a successor; you see my venerable ship-master's tale at Rio proved so far true to the letter, and he tried twice for the Dutelman's moorings, at least so he said;—well you see a sailor man verging on the tottering age makes a bad pilot amongst the shoals and quick-sands of a city like New York, and 'tis not probable when he brought up amongst such company as the shipmates of his youth were safe to have been, they were a bit likely to help him in his quest for a staid merchant, such as the Dutch Burghers of those days might be supposed to average; he was a wonderful old tar—that he was; lithe and active as a stripling, and seeming to care no more for hardship that would strike down many of the strongest than a lad of nineteen; but the fever took him at last, although a tough fight he made of it: we were all fond of that man, for though rough he was kindly, and could give advice better than take it, like many another kindly christian."

"Where did you fall in with him sir?" enquired Considine.

"I sailed with him as chief officer from Boston in a ship called the 'New Horizon' two whaling voyages to the South Seas, he treated me as if I had been his son; he was Captain of that ship when we put into Rio, but there we buried him, and I brought her home; I might have commanded her still, but somehow his tale always haunted me—never letting me rest: do what I would it was ever uppermost in my mind, there seemed a fate that I was to be the man, although to tell truth I looked upon it often as but some idle creation of the old sailor's brain."

"But did he not say how he became possessed of that chart and those directions—surely they indicated some reality?"

"Ay, lad, there you have me, it seems he had run away from his apprenticeship, shipped in the *Frow Elizabeth* and was the only human being saved from her; but what caused me most doubt was—why a smart youth who had presence of mind and ability in the midst of such danger so accurately to note the locality of the disaster as years after to lay it down like a printed book, and yet never endeavoured to turn the circumstance to his own advantage, looked uncommonly like a dog watch yarn, with that bit of chart and writing to give point and substance."

"It does seem strange too—particularly when having arrived at the standing of Master, he could easily have found prospecting owners to undertake the search."

"I have heard report that a search was made from hints dropped by Captain Roodmore, but the old man although fond of boasting he possessed secretst hat would make men's fortunes, was cunningly cautious; moreover he was singularly prone to that fatal habit, so far as self was concerned—of postponing for the week what should have been done on the day; he was the worst I ever saw for a hurried job, except he was caught in a squall, and then to do him justice he took to harness like a man; 'twas lack of energy and not of ability that was Roodmore's bane."

"Where was the *Frow Elizabeth* bound to on that voyage Captain Almonté?"

"Another mystery,—had I known that, we might have been spared 3,000 miles of salt water; you see the long war was then raging and the merchant *Stuyvenson* was wary in running the gauntlet of the British fleet, Roodmore said they sighted no land, save soundings, until they plumped ashore at midnight on the reef of that false bay in the midst of a gale, rain, and thick weather; her masts went by the board and she beat over the reef, going down next day between it and the shore, and on part of the wreck he was drifted through the rocky arch into the haven and made a landing; she must have been a rare strong old tub too!"

"Which looks as if she had been bound eastward, and the Dutch skipper had made too much northing; if the nine hour's tide from the Lands' End picked him up 'twas sure to set him all astray, especially if he did not sight the Scillys."

"Very likely, Harry, I did not give that a thought: I'd rather than a hundred dollars we could fall in with Hiram Underwood—there's not a vessel has sailed out of New York for the last century, that man or some of his crew can't remember something of, were it only by way



of tradition; he's the oldest pilot in these waters, and from Table Head to the Florida Reefs there's not a creek, or cove, or vessel that frequents them—unknown to him."

"Hist Captain Almonté,—heard you not the rush of a breaking sea?" suddenly exclaimed Considine starting from his seat.

"Ay sure enough there is something awash!" cried Almonté after listening intently for a moment. "For'rid there—can you make out anything?"

"The fog is thickening very much ahead sir!" returned the second mate from aloft, "it's coming down in a cloud as black as midnight!"

"Hard up with your helm Daly!" exclaimed Sebastian vehemently, "'tis land or a tide rip—though how either can be here passes my experience!"

"Ay hard over and with a will Captain—'tis an iceberg!" hoarsely shouted Considine, throwing his weight against the tiller with the helmsman.

"Ease away the sheets men—settle away the main-peak!—steady lads—steady!" cried the Captain in the cool confident tones of a man equal to any danger.

A loud warning cry arose forward, as the schooner gliding through a dense black fringe of fog emerged suddenly into a circle of light, and there the appalling sight met them of a huge Iceberg close upon the starboard bow, with a spur or fork of its glistening mass stretching across their head-way; to attempt to bring the schooner by the wind would have been madness, for she was under the lee of the giant mass, and her sails flapped uselessly in the calm; she payed off a little—still carrying way, but as if drawn by some irresistible power, held her course for the terrible ice mountain—the pinnacles of which towered far above her masts; 'twas a sight to make the bravest heart quail—for escape seemed hopeless, and as the starboard watch tumbled up to seek the cause of their ship-mates alarmed cries, knitted brows and firmly compressed lips denoted the desperate strait the hardy seamen felt themselves to be in.

But with a sailor to think is to act, and Almonté was the man for the occasion.

"Out boats my lad's—see and check her off before she strikes; cheerily my bonny boy's—we've been in worse scrapes than this, and stout hearts and ready hands have not failed us!"

The hearty sonorous voice of the commander startled the awe stricken men into instant life; the boats were over the side in a trice, and darting ahead endeavoured to check the vessels course away from the danger,

in a measure they succeeded, but the impetus she had on was too powerful, they could do no more than prevent her bows being crushed in, by causing her to strike obliquely ; every man held his breath for the shock as she dashed at the frozen mass ; there was a rending and crashing of timber, a jerking and bursting of gear, her jib-boom bent like a yew bow and flew in splinters along her deck, her fore-topmast swayed wildly for a moment and the wreck crushed the bulwarks like dust as it tumbled over the side, with the scend of the sea the ponderous bowsprit was torn from its bed, and in riven fragments scattered from the knight heads ; in the midst of destruction the brave crew worked like men that knew not fear, fenders were cast over and spare spars set against the glassy wall, with the hope of getting her clear, but the doom of the bonnie schooner seemed sealed, the stormy north wind had the stupendous berg in rapid motion, and when Almonté and Considine breathlessly paused in the expectation of seeing her sheer away, to their horror they perceived that she was settling in closer to the sea worn base and careening away from the mass ; gradually as her port side approached the water, the terrible truth dawned upon all—the Berg in its progress was sucking them under.

“ To the boats men for your lives !” shouted Sebastian as a massive sea surged up the deck.

There was a rush and plunge in the ocean as with a sullen roll she was pressed almost on her beam ends, and the boats were urged with desperate strokes from immediate peril ; a deep groan burst forth from Almonté as they hovered near the beautiful craft, which battled nobly to the last with her destroyer, and shading out the sight with his hands as though 'twas the last struggle of a human being whom no earthly power could help, he bade the crew give way before the advancing mass until a projecting angle hid the vessel from view : then commenced another struggle for life as they endeavoured to outflank it ; but that awful looking Arctic pyramid seemed resolved they should not escape, for notwithstanding the almost superhuman efforts made by the ship-wrecked mariners, the awful looking spur of ice was still gliding ahead of them, and the breadth of the face of the berg astern rendered it hopeless to return on their tracks ; by voice and gesture Almonté and Constantine stimulated their crews, a single stroke of the powerfully plied oars missed now and their fate was certain : for a space of time that seemed to them hours this fearful race for life was prolonged, until at length flesh and blood began to yield, the strokes became longer and feebler, the men were gasping for breath ; the commander and Considine shifted the men in their respective boats, and thus encouraged the struggle was again renewed, but relentlessly—silently—swiftly, like a

gloomy—mysterious fate—the massive outline would loom out from the mist above their heads—pursuing to the death; first one man—then another—dropped from his oar utterly spent and senseless, yet the cheering voice of the officers still forbade the thought of yielding to despair; the point of the spur of ice was almost reached—a few more strokes and they would be in safety, but just at the critical moment five more men were struck down by exhaustion, and then the battle with the berg seemed over—a gloom fell upon them—in vain the Spartan hearted Almonté rallied them to the fight, in vain Harry Considine applied himself to an oar with the vigor and strength of a Titan.

"It aint no use," exclaimed a feeble voice "'tis plain some of our logs are written up, but that is no reason why all should perish,—I say let those who have strength left double bank one boat with the officers, and leave us to our fate!"

A murmur of approbation arose amongst the stricken men.

"Never shall it be said that Sebastian Almonté, or officer of his, deserted a crew in the hour of their mortal need!" exclaimed the commander firmly, "it would be a dastard's act and deserve a dastard's doom—cheer up brave rovers of the sea, Providence never forsakes those who have faith and trust!"

Scarcely had Harry Considine re-echoed his captain's resolution, than as if in confirmation of the latter's solemn exhortation a remarkable change took place in the iceberg; whether it was effected by the current of the sea, or a shift of wind, or the melting away of its submerged base, or all combined, it suddenly heeled over to the westward; there was a moaning unearthly roar as the air belched forth from the caverns worn in its side, amidst a mass of seething foam and flying spray it reeled to and fro in the troubled ocean, the spur or promontory they had vainly endeavoured to double disappeared with a plunge that drove the boats astern on the crest of a surging wave which half swamped them, and as the men sprang to their feet in the expectation that the dread moment was at hand, the enormous fragment of Arctic waste whirled away ahead of them and gradually disappeared in the mist.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Captain Almonte as he reverently bared his head; a gravely uttered response was succeeded by a solemn silence in the boats; stern men were inwardly communing—and lips but too prone to other utterance moved without sound; it was one of those eventful moments when for a wise purpose, thoughtless or hardened hearts are stricken home with the conviction of the utter insignificance of man; are taught upon the brink that a mighty hand and an all-seeing eye guards their very nothingness.

The boats were quickly alongside each other and many a hearty grasp was exchanged between those who a short space before never expected to meet again in life.

"Where is Mr. Sheppard?" exclaimed Considine in startled tones as he called over the crew.

Then—and not till then it was discovered that the gallant young second mate was missing; he was last seen in the fore-top before their collision with the berg, and a shudder passed through the crew at the thought of his fate beneath that mountain of ice; swiftly and cautiously, without losing sight of each other the boats searched around—hoping against hope that perchance a fragment of wreck might afford rescue to the hapless young sailor; but no—the dense fog closed again worse than ever, and neither plank nor spar of the Golden Glory was visible to encourage that hope, they shouted lustily but in vain—the breaking of the wave-caps was the only response. With a doubly saddened heart Sebastian gave orders to discontinue the search, his men were in a perilous condition, without food or water, without compass to guide them, and many seriously exhausted, he felt the depth of responsibility he should incur by further delaying an attempt to reach land; the nearest to their present position was Newfoundland, full four hundred miles distant.

"The boats are fast and light air, and the season of the fisheries has just commenced, we shall be sure to fall in with cod vessels less than two hundred knots from where we now are, besides we are right in the fair-way track of ships bound East."

"True, very true Harry," returned Almonte, "our lives have been spared and we have reason to be thankful: many a fine ship's crew have accomplished more perilous voyages, but nevertheless we must not make light of it, for we have that before us sufficient to try what we are made of: had we but a breaker or two of water, just to moisten their lips, for thirst is the sailors' most dreaded enemy; I have reason to know our men are of such stuff as we can depend on, so that it remains only for us to do our duty: 'tis a terrible blow Harry lad—such a vessel—and such a glorious prize too; there is one consolation however—we were bound on a lawful and honourable quest, and whether our gains might have been salvage or sole ownership they would not have been such as an honest sailor need have been ashamed of; that poor lad Sheppard—a brave seaman, and true as steel, I'd have given my share of the venture to bring him amongst us again;"

"What has happened is all for the best Captain Almonte, we thought too much of our prize and too little of the Providence that guided us to

success; we have had our lesson, let us accept it like men, and be grateful we have life and vigor left; it is a sore trial I admit, and I know your feelings with regard to those for whom we wooed fortune, but suffer not this to cast you down, I shall never leave you until we bring home comfort and plenty to the Wreckers' Roost yet!"

A warm grasp of the hand was the response, and Considine stepped into his own boat; the men anxiously awaiting the result of the conference were addressed in a short manly speech, which was received with a spirit and determination that amply justified Almonte's opinion of the crew under his command; the men in both boats were divided into reliefs at the oars, a slender stock of tobacco was the only thing that could be called refreshment in their possession, this was carefully husbanded, and noon of that memorable morning saw them cheerfully commence their toilsome voyage for the distant land.

*(To be continued.)*

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### YACHTING BIOGRAPHIES.\*

THE next pair of celebrities (Phantom, 27 tons, and Thought, 28 tons,) whose racing career we now intend presenting, have been so long and so intimately connected together by friendly rivalry, that their names seem to follow each other as naturally as the letter C does B in the alphabet. Both have been engaged in so many matches, and have defeated such celebrated clippers, that we have taken particular pains to collect as many and as accurate particulars about them as possible, which we now lay before our readers, begging as before, that if any omissions or inaccuracies appear they will be pointed out to us, when we shall have great pleasure in correcting them. The Phantom was built as far back as 1841 by Pinney at Poole, as a 20 ton cutter, and commenced her racing life at Guernsey in the same year, being then the property of Mr. J. F. Silby, and in her maiden essay was successful, winning a £50 prize, beating four others. She sailed a few unsuccessful matches in that and the following year, chiefly in the Thames and at Poole, her native place. In 1848 she was transferred to Mr. A. O. Wilkinson, the present owner of the Gloriana schooner, who sailed her for some time with above average success, her chief opponents being the Mystery, Lord Alfred Paget's new boat which

\* Continued from page 93, vol. xv.

had just then appeared, and was we believe the first yacht built of iron which had been seen on the Thames; the Enigma, Blue Bell, and Champion.

In 1844 she was sold to Captain Greville Locke of the Royal Navy, who reduced her spars and used her entirely for cruising, her name not appearing in the racing calender until 1859, when Mr. Samuel Lane purchased her, and putting Tom Dutch of Itchen Ferry in command, brought her again to the starting buoys, having previously had her lengthened forward by Ratsey, and made 21 tons. She was not however very successful being generally beaten by the Secret then 25 tons, and by the Whisper 19 tons. In 1853 she was almost entirely rebuilt by White of Cowes, coming out as 25 tons of the then measurement, in which a short keel being a desideratum she was given a very raking stern-post and great overhang aloft. This alteration greatly improved her and she began the series of victories which have made her name so famous amongst the lovers of fast craft. Her dimensions were not however destined to remain stationary, as in 1855 Spencer and Barnes had another trial at improving her, and the present system of deck measurement, originally introduced at Cork, but now known as the Thames rule, having come into use, by which all reason for an extraordinarily raking stern-post was done away with, they lengthened her keel, shortened her deck, making her about 29 tons, and in 1856 she was again doctored by White.

This constant clipping and altering, to say nothing of the many and various ways in which racing vessels used to be measured, caused her, as well as her great rival the Thought, to appear of the most different and varied tonnages, and bred endless disputing, and bad feeling between the owners, and even at present when the Thames rule has been universally adopted, there is so much difference of opinion between the Clubs as how to apply it, that the question seems as much at sea as ever; vessels appearing of all sorts of tonnages within a few days, and we will wager that if these two ladies meet again this season, it will be quite a matter of uncertainty what time allowance is to be given between them, a disagreement which will go on, until the Yacht Clubs agree not merely on a mode of measurement, but on an universal system of applying it, and oblige each vessel wishing to race, to take out a certificate of her size from a competent authority, which shall be produced as evidence of her tonnage whenever she enters for a match.

The Thought was laid down in 1852 by Messrs. Harvey of Wivenhoe, for Mr. George Coope, expressly to meet the Phantom and Secret,

which she did for the first time in the September of that year, when she sailed as 25 tons, and beat the Phantom 20 tons, and Whisper 19 tons, by 4 minutes and 5 minutes respectively; but having been disqualified for unfair sailing, and the Whisper having saved her time from Phantom, the cup went to the last boat of the three; this race led to a private match between the two rivals which took place on 27th of the same month when the Thought won tolerably easily. In 1853 and 1854 the Phantom now 25 tons, beat her continually, so in the latter part of that year Dan Hatcher took her in hand, and entirely rebuilt her, leaving only her original stem and stern-posts in their places, and she then again tried her hand at her old rival with better success, being beaten by her sometimes only by the aid of tonnage allowance, and great was the fighting and correspondence over the various measurements, and the merits of both sides of the question. Since then the Thought has had several small alterations, both in hull and rigging but remains about the same dimensions we have given for her, and in 1857 she came into the hands of Mr. W. O. Marshall, owner of the Vestal, and had a most busy time chalked out for her as she raced in every direction, up and down the coast under the guidance of a capital skipper, J. Pittuck of Wivenhoe, and meeting not merely her old rival, but the Glance, which had lately appeared, and the Amazon, and very often with success, altho' the latter vessels were rather powerful for her tonnage.

In 1841 the Thought distinguished herself extremely in the Thames match on the 3rd of June, when she took the lead from the post of the whole fleet of racers, comprising such vessels as Osprey, Audax, Christabel, Marina, Amazon and Phantom, and maintained it all day, winning the £100 1st class prize, not merely by her time allowance but by coming in nearly 3m. ahead of them all. In this year a diagram of the lines and an account of the doings of this little beauty were published in our *Magazine*, vol. x, page 207, to which we beg leave to refer our readers. The Phantom and the Thought have met each other in all 30 times, out of which the Phantom was the victor in 18, although in some of these the Thought ran aground or met with some mishap, and altogether two better or faster specimens of the 2nd class racing cutters have seldom been turned out, and even now it would be hard to name a craft of their own size able to beat either of them. The Phantom in 1857 ran the Thames course from Erith to the Nore, and back again 64 miles, in 5h. 32m. 45s., a feat which remained unrivalled until the very last race she sailed, when she outdid herself and went over the same distance in 5h. 27m. 50s. She has won 48 prizes for Mr. Lane, including amongst them the final possession of the Challenge Cup given by

the Rear-Commodore of the Royal London, and the Southampton, Weymouth, and Teignmouth Challenge Cups, and although he has now declined racing and has lain in lavender for the last three years, we trust her last day has by no means yet arrived, and that she will again appear, as we learn her rival is likely to do this year to dispute the palm of victory with the Glance, Kilmeny, Torpid, Echo, and her old rival the Secret. We believe that if any spirited racing man would purchase either of these heroines of the wave, and put a good skipper in command he would have more fun and win more cups throughout the season, than by going in for the very heavy expense and trouble of a 1st class racing cutter. Such vessels as the Arrow, Fiona, Hirondelle, Menai, or even Audax, Mosquito, and Volante, take a great deal of expense to keep up and bring them to the post, while these saucy little dames are well able to take their own part even in the larger class, when the weather is light, and if the very fair rule which is now in use in some Clubs be generally adopted, of allowing "a yacht to enter at any tonnage higher than her real rate, on conforming to the sailing regulations of such tonnage," i.e. taking a reduced time for tonnage, in order to be able to compete, any person buying one of these vessels would find himself at the end of the season well repaid for his outlay.

In conclusion it is fair to remark that both have had a great advantage throughout their career, from the skippers who have been in charge, as the names of Tom Dutch of Itchen Ferry, and J. Pittuck of Wivenhoe, being well known to all racing men, while Joe Barr who succeeded to the Thought when she left the Thames for Liverpool, is far from a bad hand at managing a clipper cutter; and now that this vessel has returned to her old quarters it is to be hoped she will fall into equally good hands, and continue her success.

† *Phantom*.—Built 1846<sup>4</sup> by Pinney at Poole; lengthened forward 1850 by Ratsey at Cowes; re-built 1853 by White at Cowes; altered 1855 by Spencer and Barnes at Cowes; and re-altered 1856 by White. Present length (forepart of stem to after part of stern-post) 51ft. 3in., beam 11ft. 2in.,=26½ tons; mast (deck to hounds) ft. in., boom 39ft. 6in., gaff ft., bowsprit (out board) 23ft., draft aft 10ft., ballast tons.

The following gentlemen have been owners of this vessel:—1841-2 J.F. Silby, Esq; 1843-6 A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.; 1847-9 Capt. G. Locke, R.N.; 1850-67 Samuel Lane, Esq.



Date.	Sailed at	Placed.	Value.	Positions of other Yachts. Those in <i>ITALICS</i> received the prize.
1841.				
June 29	Guernsey	3	50 0	Victoria, Gulnare, St. Margaret, Charley
30	...	2		<i>Gulnare</i> , St. Margaret
Aug. 20	Southampton	2		<i>Vixen</i> , Pet
Sept. 7	Poole	1	25 0	Gulnare
1842.				
May 23	Thames	2		<i>Mystery</i> , Mary, Sea Nymph, Rival, Brilliant
June 4	...	3		<i>Ada</i> , Mary, <i>Mystery</i> and Champion disbl'd
July 5	...	5		<i>Ada</i> , <i>Mystery</i> , Champion, Mary
Aug. 1	...	0		Champion, Gnome—race undecided
1843.				
May 23	...	2	25 0	2nd pz., <i>Mystery</i> , Bluebell, Cruiser, Meteor
June 8	...	5		<i>Enigma</i> , Bluebell, <i>Mystery</i> , Champion
July 25	Teignmouth	1	Ch.Cp.	Giulia.
Aug. 10	Southampton	1	20 0	Enigma, Eliza, Black Bess
11	...	1	30 0	Blue Bell, Champion, Gnome
18	Cowes	2		<i>Champion</i> , <i>Zadora</i> , Black Bess, Blue Bell, Enigma, Sabrina
24	Plymouth	1	30 0	Black Bess, Grand Turk, Young Queen
1844.				
May 11	Thames	5		<i>Mystery</i> , Gnome, Enigma, Gazelle
June 7	...	1	Painting—	Enigma, Spartan, Exquisite, Romulus, Rival
July 10	...	1	100 0	(Capt. Coxedge's Cup)— <i>Mystery</i> , Champion, Gnome, Enigma, Widgeon, Violet, Exquisite
25	...	3		<i>Blue Bell</i> , <i>Champion</i> , Gazelle, Enigma
Aug. 17	Cowes	4		<i>Mystery</i> , Champion, Gulnare, Gnome, Blue Bell, Gazelle
21	Teignmouth	1	20 0	Grand Turk, &c.
23	Torquay	1	40 0	Champion, Gulnare and 10 or 12 more
1845.				
June 30	Thames	4		<i>Belvidere</i> , Prima Donna, Widgeon
July 25	Harwich	1	50 0	Prima Donna, Blue Bell, Belvidere
29	Yarmouth	2		<i>Blue Bell</i> , Prima Donna, Belvidere
Aug. 18	Cowes	3		Fawn, Secret, Champion, <i>Mystery</i> , Gulnare, Violet, Blue Bell, Belvidere
26	Plymouth	0		Lily of Devon, Heroine, Corsair, Daring, Comet, Noran, Tartar, Maid of the Mist, (race undecided)
1846.				
June 19	Thames	6		<i>Heroine</i> , Cygnet, Secret, Ino, Champion, Prima Donna, Belvidere, Vixen
1847.				{ Did not race
1848.				
1849.				
1850.				
June 19	London	3		<i>Frolic</i> , Moor Park, Rival, Alligator
July 16	Southampton	0		<i>Don Juan</i> , Gleam
Aug. 15	...	2		<i>Champion</i> , Elizabeth
16	...	0		Sibyl, Gnome
21	Teignmouth	1	Ch.Cp.	last time—Charlotte, Vesta, Grand Turk, Young Queen

Date.	Reg.	Sailed at	Placed.	Value.	Positions of other Yachts.—Those in <i>ITALICS</i> received the prize.
1850.					
Aug. 24	20	Torquay	1	30 0	Tartar, Sybil, Lady, Maid of the Mist, Weasel
Sept. 3		Dawlsh	2		<i>Enigma</i> , Gazelle
30		London	1	Ch. Cp	given by Rear-Commodore—Whisper
1851.					
May 10	21	London	0		<i>Whisper</i> , Frolic, Minnie, Mazeppa, Traveller
20		Thames	0		<i>Whisper</i> , Secret
June 10		London	4		<i>Secret</i> , Mouse, Whisper, Gnat
July 8		Thames	0		Volante, Mosquito, <i>Cygnat</i> , Secret, Arrow, Heroine, Whisper
18		Margate	2		<i>Secret</i> , Whisper, Minnie
Aug. 4		Southampton	1	Ch. Cp	
5		...	0		<i>Heroine</i> , Tartar, Secret
21		Cowes	2		<i>Secret</i> , Blonde
27		Plymouth	3		<i>Secret</i> , Fawn, Blue Bell, Fleur de Marie
29		Torquay	2		<i>Fawn</i> , Vampire
Sept. 1		London	1	Ch. Cp	given by Rear-Commodore, 2nd and last time—Whisper, Mouse
1852.					
June 12		Thames	2	50 0	Secret, Zuleika, Whisper
24		London	3		<i>Secret</i> , Zuleika, Vampire, Mouse, Whisper Diavolo
26		Harwich	2		<i>Pauline</i> , Fawn
July 7		Lowestoft	3		<i>Secret</i> , Zuleika, Whisper, Ariel
14		Yarmouth	3		<i>Zuleika</i> , Ariel, Whisper, Kestrel
19		Bridport	1	25 0	
22		Margate	2	25 0	Secret, Zuleika
24		Ramsgate	2		<i>Secret</i> , Marina
28		Boulogne	2		<i>Secret</i> , (Phantom lost bowsprit)
Aug. 14		Southampton	1	Ch. Cp	last time—Wasp, Vampire, Don Juan
25		Weymouth	1	25 0	Secret, Sea Serpent, Vampire
26		...	2		<i>Secret</i> , Sea Serpent
Sept. 9	20	Thames	2		Thought, <i>Whisper</i> , (Thought disqualified)
27		...	2		<i>Thought</i> , (private match)
1853.					
May 3	25	Thames	1	50 0	Thought
June 16		London	1	40 0	Thought, Maud
30		Thames	3	40 0	3rd prize— <i>Mosquito</i> , Volante
July 5		Yarmouth	1	50 0	Thought
6		...	1	25 0	Thought
12		Lowestoft	1	30 0	Thought, Maud, Ariel
22		Brighton	1	50 0	Emetic, Merlin
Aug. 2		Bridport	1	35 0	Ladybird, Elfin
4		Weymouth	0		<i>Mosquito</i> , Elfin
5		...	1	25 0	Ladybird, Fleur de Marie, Blue Bell
24		Poole	1	50 0	Sea Serpent, Vesper, Surprise
1854.					
May 22		Thames	2	50 0	Thought
June 20		London	1	40 0	Thought
July 15		Harwich	1	30 0	Thought, Marina, Emetic
18		Lowestoft	2		<i>Thought</i> , Avalon, Maud
Aug. 1		Yarmouth	2		<i>Thought</i> , Sheldrake
3		Grimsby	2	60 0	Thought, Phoebe
22		Teignmouth	1	21 0	Annie
24		Weymouth	1	Ch. Cp	Volante, Delvin, Edith
30		Poole	1	25 0	Surprise, Sea Serpent, Vesper

Date.	g f.	Sailed a	Pla- ced.	Value.	Positions of other Yachts.—Those in <i>ITALICS</i> received the prize.
1855.					
May 24	29	Thames	1	100 0	Marina, Thought, Avalon, Amazon, Sophia, Napoleon
June 9	31	London	1	50 0	Waterlily
July 4	28	Harwich	4		Amazon, Glance, Marina, Thought, Water- lily
Aug. 8	27	Southampton	3		Amazon, Thought, Wildfire
29		Poole	1	40 0	Glance, Triton
1856.					
June 3	28	London	1	40 0	Walked over
July 9	28	Harwich	1	63 0	Amazon, Vision, Minion
22	27	Lowestoft	2	15 0	dispute as to tonnage—Phantom & Glance divided, Thought, Maud
Aug. 12		Southampton	4		Amazon, Glance, Extravaganza, Cyclone
26		Torquay	2		Glance, Thought, Secret
28		Weymouth	2		Thought, Wildfire
Sept. 2		Dover	2	30 0	Thought
1857.					
June 2	27	Thames	3		Thought, Emetic, Glance, Silver Star
18		London	1	30 0	Thought, Rose of York
30		Harwich	1	63 0	Thought, Mars
Aug. 10		Ryde	7		Lulworth, Arrow, Mosquito, Zouave, Wild- fire, Extravaganza, Emmet, Vestal, Whirlwind, Quiver, Don Juan, Mara- quita
26		Plymouth	0		Glance, Thought, Lulworth
28		Torquay	1	30 0	Glance, Thought, Emmet, Firecloud
Sept. 3	28	Weymouth	2		Thought, Emmet
4		...	3		Wildfire, Thought, Emmet
7		Dover	1	30 0	Thought, Amazon, Cyclone
1858.					
May 22	27	Thames	2		Emmet
June 7		London	1	40 0	Zillah, Gnome
Aug. 20		Torbay	1	30 0	Secret, Emmet, Violet
31		Weymouth	1	Ch. Cp	for 2nd & last time, Vesper, Ella, Wildfire
1859.					Not in commission
1860.					
May 30	27	Thames	1	50 0	Thought
Aug. 8	28	Weymouth	1	25 0	Thought
1861.					
June 8	27	Thames	2	20 0	2nd prize—Thought, Phaama, Queen
July 8		London	2	50 0	Christabel, Queen, Eva
Aug. 20		Plymouth	2		Audas
1862.					
June 7	26	Thames	2	20 0	Second prize—Queen, Emmet, Vampire, (Phantom lost bowsprit at start)
16	27	Southend	2	50 0	Audax, Emmet, Queen, Christabel disabled
1863.					
June 11		Thames	1	50 0	Emmet, Waterlily*
1864.					
1865.					Not in commission
1866.					

\* This was the fastest race on record over the Thames course, 64 miles, in 5h. 27m. 50s.

+ *Thought*.—Built 1852 by Harvey of Wivenhoe, 25 tons; re-built by Hatcher at Southampton, 28 tons. Present length (fore) part of stem to after part of stern-post) 52ft. 9in., beam 11ft. 3in.,—27½ tons, mast (deck to hounds) ft., boom ft., bowsprit (outboard) ft., draft aft ft., forward ft.

The following gentlemen have been owners of this vessel:—1852-6 G. Coope, Esq.; 1857-62 W. O. Marshall, Esq.; 1863-4 J. Jones, Esq.; 1865-6 T. Seddon, Esq.; 1867 G. Wells, Esq.

Date.	Sailed at	Placed.	Value.	Positions of other Yachts.—Those in <i>ITALICS</i> received the prize.
1852.				
Sept. 6	London	1		<i>Whisper</i> , <i>Phantom</i> , ( <i>Thought</i> disqualified)
27	...	1	50 0	<i>Phantom</i>
1853.				
May 3	Thames	2		<i>Phantom</i>
June 16	London	2		<i>Phantom</i> , <i>Maud</i>
July 5	Gt. Yarmouth	2		<i>Phantom</i> , <i>Maud</i>
6	...	2		<i>Phantom</i>
12	Lowestoft	2		<i>Phantom</i> , <i>Maud</i> , <i>Ariel</i>
1854.				
May 22	Thames	2		<i>Phantom</i>
June 20	London	2		<i>Phantom</i> , <i>Vampire</i> , ( <i>Thought</i> got aground)
July 15	Harwich	3		<i>Phantom</i> , <i>Marina</i> , <i>Emetic</i>
18	Lowestoft	1	30 0	<i>Phantom</i> , <i>Avalon</i> , <i>Maud</i>
Aug. 1	Gt. Yarmouth	1	50 0	<i>Phantom</i> , <i>Sheldrake</i>
8	Gt. Grimsby	1		<i>Phantom</i> , <i>Phoebe</i>
9	Southampton	0		<i>Vesper</i> , <i>Arrow</i> , <i>Elizabeth</i> , <i>Antagonist</i> .
				<i>Mazeppa</i>
24	Antwerp	1		<i>Avalon</i> , <i>Bonita</i> , <i>Fawn</i> , <i>Petrel</i> , <i>Victorine</i> , ( <i>Thought</i> 1st. but disqualified for want of register)
30	Dover	1		<i>Kitten</i>
1855.				
May 26	Thames	3		<i>Phantom</i> , <i>Avalon</i> , <i>Amazon</i>
July 4	Harwich	5		<i>Amazon</i> , <i>Glance</i> , <i>Marina</i> , <i>Phantom</i> , <i>Water- lily</i>
24	Lowestoft	1	30 0	<i>Avalon</i> , <i>Maud</i>
Aug. 7	Southampton	1	30 0	<i>Wildfire</i>
8	...	2	30 0	<i>Amazon</i> , <i>Phantom</i> , <i>Wildfire</i>
17	Boulogne	0		<i>Amazon</i> , <i>Adiante</i> , <i>Alicia</i> , <i>Secret</i> , <i>Sophia</i> , <i>Waterlily</i>
22	Antwerp	2		<i>Amazon</i> , <i>Nymph</i>
1856.				
May 14	Thames	1	70 0	<i>Secret</i>
July 22	Lowestoft	3		<i>Glance</i> , <i>Phantom</i> , <i>Maud</i> , (prize divided)
Aug. 19	Ryde	1	50 0	<i>Extravaganza</i> , <i>Hesperus</i> , <i>Haides</i>
26	Torbay	3		<i>Glance</i> , <i>Phantom</i> , <i>Secret</i>
28	Weymouth	1	ch cup	<i>Phantom</i> , <i>Wildfire</i>
Sept. 2	Dover	1		<i>Phantom</i>
1857.				
June 2	Thames	1	50 0	<i>Emmet</i> , <i>Phantom</i> , <i>Glance</i> , <i>Silver Star</i>

Date.	g c	Sailed at	Pla- ced.	Value.	Positions of other Yachts—Those in <i>ITALICS</i> received the prize.
1857.					
June 18		London	2	20 0	2nd prize—Phantom, Rose of York
30		Harwich	2		<i>Phantom</i> , Mars
Aug. 26		Plymouth	2		<i>Glance</i> , Lulworth, Phantom
28		Torquay	3		<i>Phantom</i> , <i>Glance</i> , Emmet, Firecloud
Sept. 4	25	Weymouth	1		<i>Phantom</i> , Emmet
5	29	...	2		<i>Wildfire</i> , Phantom, Emmet
7	25	Dover	2		<i>Phantom</i> , Amazon, Cyclone, Zuleika
1858.					
1859.					Not in Commission
July 26	27	Lowestoft	1	50 0	Violet, Amazon
Aug. 22	28	Folkestone	1	50 0	Haidee, Amazon, Wildfire, Kitten, I no Waveney
1860.					
May 30	27	Thames	2		<i>Phantom</i>
June 13		London	2	50 0	Audax, <i>Glance</i>
14		Thames	1	50 0	Kitten, Violet—(Amateur Crews)
Aug. 3		Southampton	1	25 0	Lady Bird, Laura
4		Cowes	0		<i>Lulworth</i> , Osprey, Wildfire, Audax, Arrow Amazon, Laura
7	25	Ryde	3	10 0	2nd prize— <i>Cymba</i> , <i>Glance</i>
13		Weymouth	2		<i>Phantom</i>
25	27	Torbay	0		Audax, Violet, <i>Glance</i>
1861.					
June 3		Thames	1	100 0	Osprey, Audax, Chrystabel, Phantom <i>Glance</i> , Marina, Amazon, Phasma Queen, Glimpse
July 4		Liverpool	0		<i>Osprey</i> , Audax, <i>Æolus</i> , Lurline, <i>Glance</i>
5		...	1		<i>Æolus</i> , Osprey, Audax, Cecilia*
6		...	2		<i>Æolus</i> , Lurline, Osprey, Audax
16		Kingstown	2	30 0	Lurline, Phasma, Coolan, Storm, Secret, Surprise
17		...	1	30 0	Coolan, Atalanta, Vivid, Ripple, Bijou
23		Queenstown	5		<i>Glance</i> , Avalanche, Lurline, Secret, Stella, Sibyl
Aug. 13		Ryde	0		<i>Arrow</i> , Christabel, Audax, Enid
15		...	3	50 0	Audax, Christabel, Wave
19		Weymouth	2	25 0	2nd prize— <i>Christabel</i> , Phasma, Whisper, Emmet
27		Dover	2	10 0	2nd prize— <i>Audax</i> , <i>Glance</i> , Eva
1862.					Not in commission
1863.					
June 26	27	Liverpool	4		<i>Phryne</i> , Phosphorus, Surf, Cecilia, Echo, Vindex, Queen, Silver Star
27		...	4	20 0	extra prize— <i>Phryne</i> , Phosphorus, Vindex, Surf, Queen
July 7		Dunoon	1	30 0	Glide, Banba, Cinderella, Ripple, Swallow, Onda
8		...	0		<i>Surf</i> , <i>Phryne</i> , Vindex
15		Kingstown	1	30 0	Queen, Emmet, Fingal
16		...	1	30 0	Glide, Queen, Fingal
22		Queenstown	1	40 0	Avoca, Emmet, Echo, Warrior
23		...	4		<i>Vindex</i> , <i>Phryne</i> , Surf
25		...	1	30 0	Avalanche—Private match
29		Kinsale	4		<i>Vindex</i> , <i>Phryne</i> , Surf
30		...	1	50 0	Vindex, <i>Phryne</i> , Surf
Aug. 26		Plymouth	2	10 0	2nd prize— <i>Phryne</i> , Vindex

\* Race undecided, not being finished before 9 p.m.

Date.	Sailed at	Placed.	Value.	Positions of other Yachts.—Those in <i>ITALICS</i> received the prize.
1863. Aug. 28	Plymouth	1	25 0	Phryne—Prince of Wales' Cup
1864. June 23	Queenstown	6		<i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Astarte</i> , <i>Alert</i> , <i>Osprey</i> , <i>Avalanche</i>
24	...	0		<i>Phryne</i> , <i>Osprey</i> , <i>Avalanche</i> , <i>Avoca</i> , <i>Alerte</i>
July 2	Liverpool	2	50 0	<i>Secret</i> , <i>Xema</i> , <i>L'Eclair</i> , <i>Kilmeny</i> , <i>Queen</i> , <i>Stanley</i>
5	To Kingstown	0		<i>Kilmeny</i> , <i>Secret</i> , <i>L'Eclair</i> , <i>Queen</i> , ( <i>Thought</i> <i>disabled</i> )
8	Kingstown	5		<i>Vindex</i> , <i>Phryne</i> , <i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Volante</i> , <i>Enid</i>
19	Queenstown	2		<i>Avoca</i> , <i>Secret</i> , <i>Minna</i>
20	...	0		<i>Astarte</i> , <i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Alerte</i> , <i>Osprey</i> , <i>Secret</i> , <i>Vindex disabled</i>
Aug. 10	Portsmouth	1	26 0	<i>Moonbeam</i> , <i>Vampire</i>
Sept. 6	Ryde	2		<i>Torpid</i> } Private matches
7	...	2		<i>Torpid</i> }
1865. }				Not in commission
1866. }				

## SUMMARY.

## PHANTOM.

## THOUGHT.

Date.	Start.	Lost.	Unde cid'd	Won. 1st.	2nd.	Value. £	Date.	Start.	Lost.	Unde cid'd	Won. 1st.	2nd.	Value £
1841	4	2		2		75	1852	2	1		1		50
1842	4	3	1				1853	5	5		0		"
1843	7	2		4	1	105	1854	9	7		2		80
1844	7	3		4		160	1855	7	4		3		90
1845	5	3	1	1		50	1856	6	3		3		120†
1846	1	1				"	1857	8	5		2	1	95
1850	8	5		3		30	1859	2	0		2		100
1851	11	9		2		"	1860	8	4		3	1	135
1852	14	9		5		125	1861	11	4	1	4	2	245
1853	11	1		9	1	395	1863	13	4		7	2	265
1854	9	2		7		226	1864	10	8		2	0	76
1855	5	2		3		190							
1856	7	3		4		148							
1857	9	5		4		153							
1858	4	1		3		70							
1860	2			2		75							
1861	3	1		1	1	70							
1862	2			1	1	70							
1863	1			1		50							
Total	114	52	2	56	4	1,992	Total	81	45	1	29	6	1,256

Besides the Cup given by the Rear Commodore of the Royal London, the painting given by Mr. Condy, and the Teignmouth, Weymouth, and Southampton Challenge Cups finally.

† And challenge cup—1st time, Weymouth.

## REVIEW OF THE PAST SEASON.\*

MR. EDITOR.—In the *Magazine* for the months of January and March, you were kind enough to allow me to make some remarks on the racing of the past year, and with your permission, I will now add a few observations on the matches of the 2nd and 3rd classes, before the fast coming spring fills your columns with more attractive matter. I regret much, that with respect to the racing of the 2nd class, i.e. above 25 and under 40 tons, their doings, as in 1865, must be pronounced very poor. On the Thames where the races between the Phantom, Thought, and Secret, to say nothing of the Heroine, Ino, Gulnare, Mystery, Belvidere, Champion, Prima Donna, and other well known clippers of a former generation, used to excite such lively interest, there have been literally no entries, and in the Mersey for a prize of £50 but two vessels of this class put in an appearance, and though the owners of the little Alexandra in the most spirited way entered her to make up a race, I am informed that the Committee on the success of the Secret, refused to give her more than the half of the offered prize, a very poor encouragement for owners to take vessels so far on the mere chance of a race being made up. The Scotchmen were more lucky in their tournament, as they had a good entry on the 3rd July, when seven splendid little clippers came to the post, and although the Kilmeny by many considered to be the present champion of this class was absent, Wull Fife was well represented by his two new productions the Denburn, 31 tons, and Ellida, 30 tons, neither however had much chance with the veteran Glance, now in the 12th year of her racing career, and the next day she again made a sorry example of her newer rivals, repeating her success at the Royal St. George's Yacht Club regatta in the next week, when she beat the Echo first day, and on the second was sailing a remarkably close and well contested race with the same vessel, when an unlucky mistake caused by the extraordinary and novel course round which the yachts were sent, induced one of the mark vessels to leave her station before the third round was completed, and deprived the race of its interest and conclusion, not without some sharp correspondence between the owners and the Sailing Committee, which ended in the Glance spending nearly a week in trying to walk over the course, while her other rival the Secret was doing the same at Queenstown. Owing to the non-fitting out of the Kilmeny, Phantom, and Thought, the racing of this class lost most of its interest, and was only reclaimed from

\* Concluded from page 87

absolute dulness by the extremely close contest which took place in Dublin Bay, between the Echo and Secret on the 14th June, for the second class match of the Prince Alfred Yacht Club, and between the same vessels and the Luna, for H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh's cup on the 8th and 15th August, all ending in the glorification of the former vessel. In the race for the former prize, the result was doubtful to the very last, and at first it was supposed that the Secret entered as 30 tons, had just saved her time by 23s., but on a most careful measurement by the committee it was found that she exceeded  $30\frac{1}{2}$  tons, tho' only by a very small fraction, and thus was obliged to rate as 31 tons, an increase which had the effect of transferring the handsome claret jug to the owner of the Echo.

As some grumbling took place at the decision, and comments on the fact that by the measurement of the Royal Mersey, a few days after, the Secret was declared to be under  $30\frac{1}{2}$  tons, I may explain that the Prince Alfred Yacht Club, acting on the strict Thames rule, take the beam, "from outside to outside in the broadest part of the yacht," and make no allowance for extra thickness of the side for wales or doubling planks, or whatever they may be called; while the Mersey men fritter away their own plain rule, by some directions as to allowances for these extras, the effect of which was to rate the Secret one inch less beam in Liverpool than at Kingstown, and make the difference of a cup more or less in her plate locker. When will some agreement be come to amongst Yacht Clubs, not merely to adopt the same rules but to read them in same manner, and thus avoid these tiresome disputes.

To return to our subject however, the rest of the racing of this class, about the most interesting and instructive we have, was almost *nil*, and we must only hope that the season now fast approaching, may see an improvement, and that the Glance, Phantom, Echo, Thought, Kilmeny, Xema, Torpid, Ellida, Secret, and some of the new ones which are reported as building, may come together, and as of yore excite quite as much interest by their matches, as their larger sisters, for example see yachting biographies of Glance and Secret in last year's, and Phantom and Thought, in this month's *Magazine*. The third class, from above 12 and under 25 tons, were much more busy, and the Vampire, Dione, and Satanella, made their mark about the southern coast, while the Torch, as in 1865, carried all before her on the western shores. The latter beautiful little clipper, (whose dimensions I have already given in p. 32, vol. 15), the model of the Fiona, and equally as good in her own line as that renowned skimmer of the seas, thought no class or place



too hot or heavy for her, and beginning with the Prince Alfred match on the 9th of June, when she unfortunately got ashore in leaving the harbour, was found in every place in the Irish Channel, where a regatta was held throughout the season, and stuck her impudent little nose into any class however large, into which she could gain admittance; her greatest triumph being on the 28th July, when she ran away with the principal cup of the Prince Alfred Yacht Club, from such opponents as the Enid, Echo, Secret and Luna, with which latter vessel she had two or three most severe tussles, beating her on 10th August, at 45 seconds per ton, but yielding to her at Bray on the 14th, at the usual 30 seconds allowance. To her especial credit be it said that she never had extra hands or pilot on board, but was always steered and sailed by her owner, and her crew consisted of her usual pair of boys and a party of able and willing amateurs. It is a great pity that vessels of her class are not easily taken long distances from home, as a meeting between her and the clippers of her own size, which hail from the Thames, such as Queen, Satanella, and Dione, would be most interesting, especially if as seems likely from the London match on the 9th July, the southerners would be willing to sail and steer their vessels on the amateur principle, one which I am happy to say seems likely gradually to creep into favour, and which is especially supported in Dublin Bay, where the Prince Alfred Yacht Club will be found ready to find vessels and crews to meet all comers, from a 160 ton schooner to a 3 ton cockle shell, and to give a hearty welcome to all vessels and crews anxious to join in promoting amateur yacht sailing.

This leads me to say a few words about the Vampire, which represents the aged racers of the third class, and since she was launched in 1851, as a 15-tonner, from that emporium of fast cutters, Dan Hatcher's yard at Southampton, has been seldom idle, and amongst such opponents as she met on the Thames, Whisper, Frolic, Mazeppa, she always maintained a worthy place. In 1856 she was lengthened by the bow by Spencer and Barnes of Cowes which increased her to 18 tons, and she has since grown into a 20-tonner, and is now the property of Mr. Thomas Cuthbert, a most determined votary of yacht racing, as he rarely misses an opportunity of appearing at the starting buoys when he can get a chance. In 1865 she was very successful, winning five prizes, value £140, and in 1866 six, value £150, but it must be owned she has had the good fortune to be pitted against vessels very inferior in size, chiefly 12 or 15 tonners, and the difference of power in such racers is very decided and by no means compensated for by the usual tonnage allowance, 45 seconds per ton being quite a fair scale in this

class. Mr. Cuthbert won the cup for Amateur crews on the Thames in 1865, presented by Messrs. Maudslay and Smith, as well as that given by the London Club last year under similar conditions, and it is a pity he does not for one season revisit his native shores and bring the old vessel to try her speed with the *Luna*, *Torch*, *Venture*, and other clippers of the Irish Channel, where he would get plenty of amateur sailing and helmsmanship, and see how the red bat on a white ground would look under the red and blue burgees of the Yacht Clubs of the green island.

The prospects of racing for the ensuing season do not seem particularly cheerful just now, as several of our brightest stars amongst the clippers are for sale, *Hirondelle*, *Christabel*, *Andax*, *Volante*, *Sphinx*, *Phantom*, *Wildfire*, *Gertrude*, and *Glance*, being all in the market, while I have not yet heard of an owner being found for the *Sinbad*, and it is doubtful if the *Mosquito* will fit out. On the other hand the *Phryne* has got again into capital hands and is likely to renew her old laurels, and the *Alarm*, *Albertine*, *Kilmeny*, and *Thought* will also reappear. Of new ones I do not hear much talk, except in the Clyde, where Steele is building a 200 ton schooner for Lord Wilton: and Fyfe has one or two craft in hand, one of which for Sir Robert Gore Booth is intended as a rival to the *Kilmeny* and *Glance*.

It is not yet announced which of the Metropolitan clubs will open the ball, but on the West coast matters have fallen pretty well into the old groove:—the Royal Mersey having fixed the 28th and 29th of June, to be followed by the Bray on the 8th, Royal Irish 10th and 11th, and the P.A.Y.C. on 18th, and Royal Cork on 18th and 19th July, the latter fixture rather I fear clashing with our French friends at Havre, who offer a very handsome prize, £125 for the 22nd July. The racing season is however so short, and the desire to return to the South in time for Goodwood Races on the 30th of July, followed by the R.Y.S. and Royal Victoria meetings on the following weeks, that it could not be helped.

I am happy to see that Dublin Bay is to follow the Mersey, a much more natural arrangement for many reasons, geographical and otherwise, than allowing the Clyde to intervene between them, and one I hope will never again be departed from. There is nothing to prevent the Clyde anticipating the Mersey fixture, or waiting until yachts go up from the Southern waters about the 22nd of August, which would be a much better plan than crushing all the racing into the month of July, and causing a hurry-scurry from port to port, with nothing to do all the rest of the year.

The sailing on the Solent ought to be particularly exciting this year,

if it were only from the presence of the three American schooners, who will probably take part in it, and if such a Match, as I proposed in your last number could be got up, it would be worth the while of a yachtsman going over half the world to witness it. Here, Mr. Editor, I may correct a small misprint by which you have made me wish to send them 70 miles on each point of sailing, I meant 20, and think a course could easily be so laid out that, barring shifts of wind, the competitors might run 20 miles, beat back 20, and then reach 10 with the wind 2 points before, and 10 with it 2 points aft of the beam, which would try all points of sailing fairly, especially if the Judge and spectators accompanied the match in a steamer, as there would be no need of returning to the point started from, or consulting the convenience of shore gazers. Such a race would I think for many reasons be more popular and likely to be got up than the one you proposed, which might however also take place later in the year, when owners would be more inclined to spend so long a time as a week away from the quieties of the Solent, or the attractions of the Paris Exhibition, to which many will run up leaving their craft at Cherbourg or Brest to wait their return.

I have now, Mr. Editor, gone through most of the racing of last year tho' in a very crude and imperfect way, and glanced at the prospect of the coming season, and I now feel that it is quite time to drop anchor, therefore wishing you and my brother yachtsmen a fine summer with plenty of wind, but less rain and storm, and more sunshine than it was accompanied with last year.

I remain, yours, &c.,

RED WITH WHITE MALTESE CROSS.

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PHOTOGRAPHY.—We have received a very carefully executed and excellent photograph of the American schooners Henrietta, Vesta and Fleetwing at anchor off Cowes. The Henrietta of course is the most prominent in the group, with the Vesta just swinging with the tide on her port bow, and the Fleetwing having canvas hoisted to dry,—wind-rod on her port quarter. As a truthful portraiture of these remarkable vessels, and giving an accurate idea of their proportions, rig, and general appearance on the water, this admirable photograph will be sure to find its way into every yachtsman's collection. We are glad to see that the publishers contemplate following their success in this instance, by similar photographs of the most celebrated English yachts of the day, which if produced in the same style, cannot fail of commanding an extensive circulation amongst the numerous supporters of our great National sport.—*Brown and Wheeler, West Cowes.*

## THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE LIFE-BOAT SERVICE.

MUCH more than the usual interest which attaches to the annual meetings of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, was felt in the gathering of the 28th ult., from the fact that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had graciously consented to take the chair on the occasion. Every circumstance connected with the annual meeting held on that day, contributed to render its result highly satisfactory to the friends and supporters of the Institution.

The chair was occupied by the Prince of Wales, whose illustrious father had been a warm patron of the Institution. The meeting took place in the noble Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, (by the kind permission of the Lord Mayor,) which was filled to repletion by ladies and gentlemen.

The report of the Committee told a tale of uninterrupted success, increased public support, enlarged areas of action for the saving of precious life, and the actual preservation of numerous lives during the past year; and there were besides, the unusual and wholly unexpected incidents of some munificent sums of money being handed from the body of the meeting to the Royal Chairman. At a few minutes before two o'clock, the hour fixed for the commencement of the proceedings, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, arrived at the Mansion House, attended by General Kuollys, and was received at the grand portico by the Right Hon., the Lord Mayor, attired in his state robes, and accompanied by the sword bearer and mace bearer, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Waterlow, and Mr. Sheriff Lycett, Earl Percy, President of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, and several noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Institution.

After Mr. Richard Lewis, Barrister at Law, and Secretary of the Institution, had introduced to His Royal Highness some members of its Committee, the Prince was conducted to the *dais* in the Egyptian Hall, on which amid the warm and respectful greetings of the goodly company, he took his seat in the Lord Mayor's Chair of State, high on the back of which were emblazoned the City Arms. On a table in front of His Royal Highness, were placed the sword and mace, and a little to the right was a beautiful model of a life-boat under a glass shade, which, as will be learned below, was presented by the Institution to His Royal Highness.

His Royal Highness, in opening the proceedings said: My Lord Mayor, my lords, ladies and gentlemen, it affords me very great pleasure to occupy the chair to-day upon so interesting an occasion as the present. Among the many benevolent and charitable Institutions of this country, there are, I think, few which demand our sympathy and support, and in which we can feel more interest, than the National Life-boat Institution. (Cheers.) An Institution of this kind is an absolute necessity in a great maritime country like ours. It is wholly different in one respect to many other institutions, because, although lives are to be saved, they can in those cases in which this Institution operates only be saved at the risk of the loss of other lives.

(Hear, hear.) I am happy to be able to congratulate the Institution upon its high state of efficiency at the present moment, and on the fact that by its means very nearly 1000 lives have been saved in the course of the past year. (Cheers.) Life-boats have been given by many benevolent individuals, some as thank offerings from the friends of those whose lives have been saved, and others in memory of those who are unhappily no more. I am happy also to be able to say that life-boats exist not only upon our coasts, but our brave example in this matter has been emulated by many foreign maritime countries, and they have chosen to model their Institutions upon our own. (Cheers.) I beg upon this occasion to tender, in the name of the Institution, our warmest thanks for the kindness and courtesy of the Lord Mayor for allowing us to hold our meeting in this hall. (Cheers.) It is indeed a peculiarly fitting place in which to hold it, from the intimate connection which must necessarily exist between the City of London and the Institution. Half a century ago it originated in this city. In 1852 the late Duke of Northumberland became its president. My lamented father was also the vice-patron, and took the warmest interest in its prosperity. (Cheers.) I am happy to say that the respected Secretary, Mr. Lewis, occupied that position in 1850, and indeed, long before that time. He has held it ever since, and much of the success of the Institution is owing to his long experience; and the energetic manner in which he has directed its working has raised the Institution to its present high state of efficiency. (Cheers.) I should also mention that Mr. Thomas Chapman, Sir Edward Perrott, Bart., Capt. J. R. Ward, R.N., the Inspector of Life-boats to the Institution, and many other gentlemen have rendered and do render to the Institution most important service. I may say that there are 174 life-boats afloat, and that in the course of the past year many have been called into existence at a cost of no less than 17,000*l.*, the whole of which has been defrayed by benevolent individuals. Before concluding the brief remarks which I have addressed to you, however imperfectly, on this occasion, I call upon you, once more to offer your support to so excellent an Institution. I am certain that you must be convinced that it is one which is really a necessity for a great maritime nation like this. I congratulate you that it has arrived at so excellent a state, and I feel quite sure that you would be the last to wish it to decay for the want of support to its funds. (Loud applause.)

Various resolutions expressive of sympathy and support, on behalf of the Institution were afterwards moved and seconded by the following noblemen and gentlemen:—The Right Hon. Sir John Pakington, Bart, G.C.B., M.P., V.P., First Lord of the Admiralty; Admiral the Earl of Hardwicke; Lord Alfred Paget; The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P.; Sir Edward Perrott, Bart., V.P.; Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, K.C.B., Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty; General Knollys, K.H.; His Grace the Duke of St. Albans; T. B. Potter, Esq., M.P., V.P.; The Right Hon. Earl Percy, P.C., President of the Institution; and Thomas Baring, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., V.P. We append the last resolution and the response of His Royal Highness thereto.

Earl Percy moved :—" That the loyal and respectful thanks of this meeting be given to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, &c., for so graciously and ably presiding over the forty-third annual meeting of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, and thus, by his countenance and support, rendering to the philanthropic cause in which it is so actively engaged the greatest service." The noble lord asked His Royal Highness to accept the model of a life-boat which had been contributed for by the city of Manchester and was placed on the shore of his (Earl Percy's) native county at Berwick-upon-Tweed. It had already been instrumental in saving between thirty and forty lives. (Cheers.)

Mr. T. Baring, M.P., seconded the resolution, which was carried amid loud cheering.

His Royal Highness :—" My Lord Mayor, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen, I tender you my warmest thanks for the very kind manner in which the noble lord has moved his resolution, and for that in which it has been seconded by Mr. Baring. I beg also to thank you all for the great kindness with which you have supported me on this occasion. So much has been said, so many able speeches have been made, and so much time has already been occupied by the proceedings of the meeting that I will not trouble you with any further remarks. But I have not only to thank you, my lord (Earl Percy), and the other members of this Institution for your kindness in presenting me with this model, but also to accept it with peculiar pleasure as it is named after my eldest son. (Applause.) And I hope that in time, when he grows up, he will recollect that in his infancy a life-boat was named after him, and that in the three years after his birth it was instrumental in saving from thirty to forty lives. (Applause.)

His Royal Highness was then conducted from the chair by the Lord Mayor and left the hall, the entire company standing and cheering him as he went out.

The proceedings then terminated.

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### GALLANT CONDUCT OF A YACHT'S CREW.

EARLY on Monday morning the 18th of March, the schooner *Urania*, 170 tons, the property of William Wise, Esq., of Dundanion Castle, County of Cork, having lost her bower anchor in Seaford Roads bore away for Southampton in a terrific gale and snow storm; as she passed the Owers Light-ship her squaresail went in ribbons from the bolt ropes, and whilst the crew were endeavouring to secure the remnant of the sail, the sailing master of the yacht Mr. W. H. Hurst, discovered the masts of a Brigantine sunk upon the shoals, with the crew lashed in the rigging; he immediately gybed ship, and setting his mainsail treble reefed, beat to windward of the wreck against storm and tide, and standing in as close as the shoal water would admit,

have to; a crew immediately volunteered to man the yacht's cutter, which be it observed was not a life-boat; the names of these brave men we feel proud to record, they were M. Archbold, Learmouth, mate; Frederick Turner, Hull, steward; Thomas Dear, Cowes; Robert Farrow, Cowes; John Dyer, Cowes; and James Matthews, Bembridge, seamen. Resolutely dashing in through the appalling surf raging upon the shoals, amidst which it was a miracle the boat lived, they succeeded in reaching the perishing mariners, whom they found so benumbed and helpless from six hours exposure to the rolling surges, and piercing cold of the snow flurries, as to be quite incapable of making the least effort on their own behalf; but the yacht's crew were not to be baffled on their errand of mercy, after an arduous struggle they succeeded in rescuing the Brigantine's crew, and a bottle of brandy which the thoughtful steward Turner had foreseen the necessity of providing, restored the suffering men considerably. The scene as the gallant little cutter again fought her way through the tumbling breakers was as described by an eye-witness, fearfully exciting; the noble schooner lifting bravely to the seas, whilst her gallant Captain and his hardy crew, watched eagerly through the gloom and storm for their fearless ship-mates; a ringing cheer welcomed them as they reached the schooner's side with their half drowned brethren of the sea, speedily they were got on board, where everything to cheer and comfort them was amply supplied. The Brigantine proved to be the *Caberfeigh*, Captain Rigden, of Whitstable, from Guernsey for London, laden with granite; the unfortunate mate perished before the yacht's crew arrived.

*"March 19th, 1867, Southampton Sailors' Home.*

"We the undersigned members of the crew of the brigantine *Caberfeigh*, wrecked on the Owers yesterday, offer our heartfelt thanks to the following brave men:—M. Archibald, Learmouth, mate; Frederick Turner, Hull, steward; Thomas Dear, Cowes; Robert Farrow, Cowes; John Dyer, Cowes; James Matthews, Bembridge, seamen, who so nobly risked their lives in rescuing us from our perilous situation; we having been exposed upwards of six and a-half hours in the rigging during a snow storm. We believe but for their timely assistance we must have perished, as the vessel was breaking up fast. We also thank Captain Hurst and the rest of the yacht *Urania*, for his kindness and attention to us whilst on board of the yacht, for supplying us with dry clothing and every comfort necessary we could wish. Also to the two gentlemen on board for their attention.—Capt. Rigden; John F. Lambert, Brest; Robert Sager, Whitstable; Joseph Parsons, Dover; George Hancock, Whitstable, seamen."

We trust that this gallant action will meet with due recognition from the Royal National Life-boat Institution, as it surely must amongst yachtsmen.

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## MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

*New York Yacht Club.*—The adjourned annual meeting of this Club, was held at Delmonico's, on the 28th of February, Rear-Commodore Anson Livingstone in the chair.

The Secretary (Mr. W. J. Morton, acting) called over the list of yachts, when seventeen were represented.

Letters were then read from Commodore McVickar, Vice-Commodore Major, and Rear-Commodore Livingstone, declining candidature for re-election.

The reception of these communications was marked with a general expression of regret, the following preamble and resolution was unanimously adopted.

The New York Yacht Club, at its regular annual meeting, held on Thursday, the 28th of February, having received communications from Commodore W. H. McVickar, Vice-Commodore Alexander Major, and Rear-Commodore Anson Livingston, declining to be considered candidates for re-election for the coming year, resolved as follows :—

That they receive with unfeigned regret the letters of Commodore W. H. McVickar, Vice-Commodore Alexander Major, and Rear-Commodore Anson Livingston, and take the occasion to express to them their high appreciation of their valuable services—services mingled with unfailing courtesy to all, and marked by a perfect knowledge and scrupulous discharge of all the duties pertaining to yachting life. The Club tender to them their warmest thanks for their continuous, earnest and successful efforts to secure and advance the prosperity of the association during their term of office.

The election of new members was then proceeded with when eighteen were added to the lists.

The following gentlemen were then elected as officers for the ensuing year.—Commodore, Henry G. Stebbin, Phantom schooner ; Vice-Commodore, J. Gordon Bennett, jun., Henrietta, schooner, 205 tons ; Rear-Commodore, D. Sears, jun., of Boston, Actæa, schooner, 98 tons : Secretary, Hamilton Morton ; Treasurer, Robert S. Hone ; Measurer, Alfred W. Craven.

The annual regatta was fixed to take place on Thursday, June 13th, and Messrs. W. W. Shippen, Fletcher Westray, and A. M. Knapp, were appointed a committee to arrange the programme and all necessary details.

This sudden secession of such leading and popular yachtsmen from the guidance of the great American Club, indicates that such an institution there, is not, no more than those this side of the water, free from difference of opinion that leads to serious alterations ; we only hope that the causes which have led to this sudden change of officers, may not more seriously affect the well being of this distinguished Club.

*Boston—United States.*—The increase of yachts and yachtsmen in Boston induced several of the leading spirits in this noble pastime to canvass their friends, with the object of raising a Yacht Club. Their views were



promptly met by a larger number than was at first anticipated, and the Club was inaugurated in November last.

Dexter H. Follett, Esq., of the *Nettie*, was chosen Commodore, and Thomas Manning, Esq., of the *Minnie*, Vice-Commodore. For some inscrutable reason the legislature declined to give the Club a charter, but it is supposed the difficulty, whatever it may be, will be removed and a charter obtained.

The Club now numbers about 125 members, owning about 80 boats, and occupies a handsome suite of rooms at No. 5, Tremont Street.

*Royal Thames*.—Mr. C. Allison, *Loadstar* yawl, 60 tons, and Captain H. Woodhead, *Constance* schooner, 15 tons, were elected members on Wednesday evening March 6th.

*Temple*.—The meeting was held at the Freemasons' Arms, Long Acre, on Wednesday, March 6th, when it was resolved that the opening cruise should be held on Thursday the 18th of April. Lieut. J. G. Lyne, *Lady Blanche*, cutter, 8 tons, was elected a member.

*Prince of Wales*.—The annual general meeting was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Monday evening the 11th of March, the Commodore Mr. Cecil Long presiding. Thursday the 18th of April, was fixed upon for the opening trip, yachts to assemble off Blackwall at 2 p.m., and proceed to Purfleet, dinner to await the members at the Purfleet Hotel. The election of officers for the season of 1867 was proceeded with; the usual formalities being observed, and the result was declared to be as follows:—Commodore, C. Long; Vice-Commodore, W. L. Low; Rear-Commodore, R. Sadlier; Treasurer, Mr. P. Turner; Cup-bearer, Mr. Webster; Hon. Secretary, Mr. Legg. The gentlemen returned to serve the respective offices having duly expressed their thanks, the proceedings terminated.

*Ranelagh*.—The monthly meeting was held at the Pier Hotel, Chelsea, on Monday evening the 18th March, Rear-Commodore Lemann in the chair. Mr. A. Louch, *Dagmar*, cutter, 5 tons, and Argonaut 18 tons, was elected a member of the Club. A motion was made for increasing the maximum tonnage of yachts entering for prizes, but was not proceeded with. Saturday May 4th, was fixed upon for the opening cruise, yachts to assemble at Blackwall at 2 p.m., and proceed to Erith Bay. The first match of the season was settled for Tuesday, May 28th, from Erith to the Chapman and back.

*Royal Mersey*.—The general monthly meeting was held on Monday, March 4th, at the Tower, Liverpool, for the annual election of officers, and to receive the report of the Sailing Committee on the revised laws.

After the preliminary business had been disposed of, the resignation of Mr. Wilkinson Tetley as Rear Commodore was read, and the following vote passed unanimously—"That the best thanks of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club be presented to Mr. Tetley, for the earnest, energetic, and able manner in which he discharged the onerous duties of Rear-Commodore of the Club for the many years he held that office."

The election was then proceeded with, when the result was declared as follows:—Commodore, S. R. Graves, Esq. M.P.; Vice-Commodore, T. W. Tetley, Esq.; Rear-Commodore, P. B. Drinkwater, Esq. The remaining officers were duly re-elected, Mr. F. M. Ross succeeding Mr. Drinkwater as one of the Auditors. Rear-Commodore Drinkwater has signified his intention of giving a Cup to be sailed for in June, by the yachts of the Club, from the Mersey round the Isle of Man and into Douglas Bay.

*Dart*—This new Yacht Club established at Dartmouth in June 1866, is we are glad to see progressing famously. There was an excellent opening for a first class Yacht Club between the Wight and Plymouth, and this has been taken judicious advantage of, so that the want felt by yachtsmen on the southern line of coast between the limits above mentioned no longer exists. The members have established an excellent and well appointed Club-room at Dartmouth, to which members of Royal Yacht Clubs have access. The rules have been submitted to us and seem to be drawn up on sound bases, and to deal comprehensively with all details necessary for the foundation and permanent establishment of a very desirable club. Although so recently founded the amount of support it has received has been conclusive, it already numbers eighty-five members (the majority of them well-known yachtsmen) and a fleet of thirty-two yachts. The flag officers are—Commodore H. Studdy, Wild Duck yawl, 20 tons; Vice-Commodore, G. P. Bidder, Esq. Mayfly, schooner 120 tons; Secretary, W. Smith, Esq. Black Puss, yawl 3 tons. Amongst other yachtsmen-members may be mentioned A. H. Dendy, Star of the Sea, schooner, 130 tons; J. H. Baxendale, Anemone, yawl 72 tons; G. Hunt, Reindeer, schooner 72 tons; H. Morant, Irish Lily, cutter 83 tons; G. R. Stephenson, Northumbria, screw yacht 600 tons; Earl Vane, Lotus schooner, 188 tons; Capt. Wigsell, Acorn, schooner 103 tons; A. O. Wilkinson Esq., Gloriana, schooner 134 tons,

We perceive that Ackers' Signals and Code have been adopted, and that the Club are taking measures to obtain an Admiralty Warrant, pending the grant of which the Ensign and Burgee of the Club have not yet been defined. We heartily wish the Dart Club every success, and have no doubt it will meet now with that hearty support it is sure eventually to command. Dartmouth is a great favourite place with our roving yachtsmen, and the establishment of such a club there will increase its popularity as a yachting rendezvous.

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## Editor's Locker.

## ON DIMENSIONS OF YACHTS.

Plymouth, March 10th, 1867.

SIR.—Being one of your subscribers, who get the *yachting Magazine* only when complete at the end of the year, I am by no means desirous of provoking any controversy with any of your contributors, as until December arrives, and the annual volume is forwarded, I must of necessity be *ignorant* of any reply. However I am anxious to correct some erroneous impressions which appear to prevail amongst your correspondents as to the relative size of the “Alarm” as a cutter, deeming it advisable that the rising generation of yachtsmen should not have anything in the shape of unreliable data offered them to form their opinions, or draw their conclusions from.

Now I find at page 19 of last year's vol., in a “Review of the Past Season, by a yachtsman:” he describes the Alarm as perhaps the largest cutter ever put together. I am sorry that he is so sadly misinformed, surely every man about Cowes and Portsmouth who can count his 9 or 10 lustres, must recollect the Duke of Norfolk's Arundel 210 tons, not only a larger, but in my eye a handsomer cutter than the Alarm, being 6ft. longer, or 90ft. on deck, with nearly the same beam.

I now give from the pages of Charnock the dimensions of some 18th century cutters:—

Name	Length Deck Foot	Keel	Breadth	Tonnage.
Kite ...	77 5½	55 11	27 1	218
Flying Fish	75	51 6	25 10	190
Pigmy ...	80 4	55 3½	26 1½	201
Alert ...	78 10	60 7½	25 3	205
Mutine ...	79 11	59 5½	26 1	215
Pilote ...	78 6	60 5½	26 0½	218
Ranger ...	80 4	55 3½	26 1½	201
Jackall ...	72 10	54 3	25 4	187
Barracouta	75 2	51 11	25 11½	197
Sea Flower	72 5	56 9½	25 11	203

Here then, Mr. Editor, we find no less than eight cutters larger than the Alarm, and nearly all in existence about the year 1780. I also refer “Yachtsman” to James's Naval History, vol. 6, where in the abstracts of the Navy at the end of the vol. he will find that in 1813, there were *nine* first-class cutters averaging 200 tons each, one of 214 and another of 225 tons; in 1814 there were *eight* cutters averaging 212 tons each, two, averaging 251½ tons, in 1815 *seven* cutters averaging 252 tons, one 214 one 152 tons.

Well, Sir, without thinking it at all necessary to do more than allude to the once celebrated Leith and Berwick smacks, I think I have pretty effectually demonstrated that the Alarm instead of being the largest cutter ever put together, was not even remarkable for size, not even the largest cutter yacht we have seen in the English Channel.

And now for "Red, with White Maltese Cross," to whom, I must say I am extremely sorry to offer anything like a correction. He too says of the Alarm, page 108, "was from mere size as unfair an opponent for the pigmy she used to meet." Now the Heroine may be termed perhaps justly a pigmy, to contend against the Alarm, but she only appeared in 1845. The Arundel of 210 tons, and the Menai 176 tons, both which vessels we well recollect, were certainly not entitled to that appellation, neither were the Louisa 140 tons, the Earl of Belfast; the Miranda 147 tons, nor the Marquis of Anglesea's, Pearl 180 tons, and all these vessels came to the starting buoys some 35 and 36 years ago, as did the first Lutworth, which latter craft is reported to have trimmed ballast on one occasion to a most unheard of extent. Yachting men of a generation since, will I think corroborate what I advance, and their legendary lore and reminiscences should not be despised by the burgees and distinguishing flags (who all praise to them) seek to diffuse, "tar-ry and briny," information in your pages.

Yours &c.,

ULTRA MARINE.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

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#### SAILING REGULATIONS

Portsmouth, March 12th, 1867.

SIR.—Having read with considerable interest several letters which have recently appeared in *Bell's Life*, upon the subject of our Sailing regulations, it is to be hoped that the Sailing Committees will give attention to the particular points under discussion, and I trust you also will lend the weight of your columns, in attaining some definite solution, of what is now, and if suffered to remain in its present unsatisfactory state, promises still further to be a fertile and annoying source of dispute among yachtsmen.

"Spun yarn" in opening up the question calls attention to the "great want of a rule which would prevent, as far as possible, vessels driving each other ashore or against marks." In stating his views of supplying this want "Spun yarn" adopts the fair and common sense principle, "that no vessel, whether to windward or to leeward, has a right to drive another vessel either on shore, or against a vessel at anchor, or against anything else, and that the outside vessel on being hailed ought to give way." I assume that the vessel in danger (*i.e.*—the vessel nearest a shoal, mark-boat, or buoy, &c.,) is the second vessel, and is attempting to pass to windward of the leading boat, whose owner conceives he has the right of stopping her by luffing, (and this is the Gordian knot.) "Spun yarn" suggests that many may object to the adoption of such a principle, on the ground that an injustice is done the leading vessel by giving the second vessel the right of passing to windward, and cleverly meets it by quoting the existing rule of a vessel on the port tack, having to give way to a vessel on the starboard tack, showing that an injustice is by it sanctioned for the very same purpose that the new rule

is required, namely—to prevent collisions. With some very apposite remarks upon allowing yacht racing to degenerate into trials of strength or construction, and sailing masters' recklessness, and properly advocating that it should be conducted with the same spirit of chivalry that has hitherto distinguished it, "Spunyarn" suggests a rule to meet the difficulty.

"Should two or more yachts be close to any shore, shoal, pier, rock, buoy, boat, vessel or any other obstructions to sea-room; and should any of the yachts, owing to their relative positions, be unable to pass clear of those obstructions, or to be able to pass to the side required by the sailing regulations of any buoys, boat, or vessel used to mark out the course, and at the same time clear both of each other and the other vessels, the yacht liable to cause such foul (owing to their not being room between her and such obstructions or marks for her adversaries to pass clear of them, her, and each other) shall on being hailed, give way."

"Marline," follows up "Spunyarn," and whilst agreeing with him upon the necessity of legislation upon the point at issue, differs as to the mode of attaining a successful result; he considers that "Spunyarn's" principle if adopted would be a premium to reckless skippers, who if they did not succeed in placing their vessels so as to overlap the leading vessel, and gain the right such an overlap would confer, would rely on the way their vessels carried to frighten the other vessel into bearing away from a fear of being cut down.

"Spunyarn" quoted in his first letter part of the 22nd rule of the Royal Thames Yacht Club,—"*Any yacht bearing away or altering her course to leeward, provided there is no obstruction, thereby compelling another vessel to go out of her course, shall forfeit all claim to the prize,*" with a view of strengthening his argument, by showing that that Club contemplated the right of a vessel to room in rounding a mark if she succeeded in overlapping the leading vessel; but "Marline" shows that this is an interpretation not to be depended upon, inasmuch as the second flag officer of the Club upon being appealed to on the subject, gave it as his opinion that the second vessel had no business to overlap the first to windward, except "*at a reasonable distance from the buoy,*" whilst a leading member of the Sailing Committee as authoritatively stated "*that in all cases of an overlap the first vessel should give way.*" After a very pertinent observation on the anomaly of officers of a Club, regarded as one of the highest authorities in matters "yachting," differing in the interpretation of their own rules, he touches on the injustice alluded to by "Spunyarn," which he (Marline) would rather inflict upon any but the leading vessel, and considers that the effectual way to do so, and at the same time provide against collisions, would be by confirming the principle now recognized, that "*no boat is obliged to allow another to pass her to windward,*" and submits a rule of his framing based upon the principle, viz :—

"That where a yacht has obtained a *clear* lead, *i.e.* when she has drawn so far ahead of her antagonist that the latter can go up on either side of

the former she pleases, she shall be entitled to luff up as she chooses, to prevent her opponent passing her to windward, even if by doing so, she drives her adversary ashore, or to the wrong side of a mark-boat, inasmuch as the vessel so attempting to pass to windward does so at her own peril, but must not bear away or hinder her passing to leeward."

"R.Y.S." follows "Marline," with a hope that no other Club will follow the example of the R.V.Y.C. in adopting a rule, that the leading yacht on a weather shore, must when hailed keep away, so as to allow the inside vessel to pass her to windward, stating as his reason that such an injustice to the leading vessel ought not to be permitted. In fact he endorses Marline's views, that a vessel trying to pass to windward of the leading yacht should be prevented doing so by every possible means, even to forcing her ashore. He recognizes however the necessity for the rule of port and starboard tack—to prevent numberless collisions!

Commander Denison, R.N., in a pithy and sensible letter, suggests that the rules of racing should not put aside the law of the road at sea—and recommends to notice that section which provides "that vessels being close hauled, and one wanting to pass the other, the sternmost vessel passes to leeward, or if there is a foul by his passing to windward, he is responsible for the damage."

"C.M." adopts the views of "Spun yarn," and cannot see what greater injustice giving room to the second vessel would inflict than under the "Port and Starboard" and "Shore" rules; he quotes several imaginary cases bearing upon the subject, and one position he suggests in argument will prove a puzzler to the "rule makers," according to Marline's principle. "What is to be done if the *second* vessel has come up to leeward, and just drawn her bowsprit ahead. Has *she* a right to jam the other into the barges or ashore?" He then says, "the only proper rule is, that, when two vessels are approaching a mark, rock, pier, ship at anchor, or other object, the vessel furthest from the object on being hailed must leave room for the nearest vessel to pass."

"Spun yarn" in his second letter, reiterates his former arguments, with some additions, in reply to Marline," and "R.Y.S.," and reminds Commander Denison, that there are qualifying rules in the "order of council," whereby "special circumstances" authorize a departure from the strict rule of navigation; or in other words when "immediate danger," or the "probability of a collision," render it imperative.

"Marlinspike" thinks that the usual practice that has hitherto held amongst yacht-owners at the start, when vessels are approaching a turning buoy early in a match: namely "that room should be given to each other" might with advantage be turned into a rule, and applied throughout a race. He approves of "Spun yarn's" rule, and rejects "Marline's," as a novel rule that would never work.

"Marline" in his second letter after deprecating the notion of being opposed to any rule but his own, advocates the passing of some rule that shall define "a right and a wrong side" for passing, but he does strongly object

to any rule based upon "C.M's," principle, of a hail from another vessel; he also denies the right of any vessel to luff upon another until she has obtained a clear lead.

"R.Y.S." also in a second letter—seems to be haunted by the case of the *Albertine* and *Witchcraft*, and considers the question practically to be "when vessels are racing on a weather shore, one leading, say by a clear length, must she give way when the other places herself upon her weather quarter?"

As I perceive I have already exceeded reasonable space, perhaps you will allow me to make a few observations on the above in your next, and in the mean time subscribe myself.

Yours, &c.,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

OLD MATCH SAILOR.

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ANSWERS TO YACHTING QUERY.

March 23rd, 1867.

SIR.—Will you be kind enough to convey to the gentleman who so courteously and promptly answered my request in your Magazine for March, for information relative to building a schooner yacht, my very sincere thanks. I beg you will accept the same for enabling me to obtain it, and for forwarding me the correspondence relative to the same, which has been most satisfactory.

Yours, &c.,

To the Editor H.Y.M.

BLUE WITH RED HAND.

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NEW BOOKS.

THE PURCHASE SYSTEM IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

WE have received a very able pamphlet from the pen of Sir Charles E. Trevelyan K.C.B. upon the above much debated subject; and although emanating from a civilian, the opportunities which Sir Charles has had of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the administration of the British Army, and which he has improved with unwearying labour and perseverance, entitle him to rank as a high and reliable authority. As an earnest Military Reformer he has now for a considerable period been before the public, and the bases upon which he founds his arguments are so sound and reasonable, that it will be found difficult, if not impossible, to controvert them. We strongly recommend all members of the profession, and those interested in its most vital interests, to read this soundly conceived and excellently written pamphlet.—London: *Longman and Co., Paternoster Row.*

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THE BOOK OF KNOTS.—A very useful little handbook, under the above title, has just reached us; treating upon the various knots, splices, and ties, applicable for facilitating the management and economy of cordage and rope in general: to yachtsmen, and also those whom professional or other duty,

brings in occasional contact with seafaring matters, it will impart excellent information; but it is more particularly to such as are engaged in extensive architectural or engineering operations, during which the erection of temporary wooden framework or scaffolding is necessary, and requires a knowledge of the most effectual and secure methods of applying rope fastenings; also where the transport of heavy material, and raising the same to heights, involves the connecting of ropes by knots and splices, that the Book of Knots will be most valuable. The instructions and rules for formation are individually illustrated in very clear and admirably executed lithograph, so that should any doubt exist in the mind of the student as to the correctness of his interpretation, a glance at the illustration of the particular knot, tie, splice, or lashing will at once explain it clearly.—London: *Hardwick, Piccadilly*.

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### YACHTING NOTES.

The *Mirage*, schooner 167, Captain P. C. Lovett has arrived at Plymouth from the coast of Ireland.

The *Madcap*, schooner 70 tons, built by Wanhill of Poole in 1863 has been purchased by Mr. David Tod of Glasgow from Mr. J. S. A. Dunbar, and arrived in Gourock Bay from Gosport.

The *Red Gauntlet*, schooner 148 tons, Mr. J. Hay, is bound for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

At Trinnock's yard, Salcombe, a cutter of 25 tons, is in course of completion for the Reverend C. Seymour.

Mr. A. B. Holdworth of Weddicombe, Devon, has a new craft nearly ready for launching at Mr. Pierce's yard, Dartmouth.

The new schooner ordered by the Earl of Wilton from Messrs. Steele of Greenock is in rapid progress, and promises to be a most important addition to the Royal Yacht Squadron; and one every way worthy to carry its broad pendant.

The *Selene*, schooner 273 tons, Mr. David Richardson, has undergone a thorough overhaul at the same builder's yard, and is now fitting out for the racing campaign, during which it is confidently anticipated she will distinguish herself, and carry fresh laurels to the Clyde by defeating the American cracks.

Fife of Fairlie displays crowded stocks; he has two schooners in a forward state, one of 118 tons, the other of 70 tons, both for Mr. J. Stephens of Glaseow. A cutter for Mr. N. Stewart of Glasgow, a cutter for Mr. Lang of Largs, another for Sheriff Tennant of Greenock, and one for Mr. Gore Booth of Sligo; besides a small steam yacht for Loch Lomond.

Messrs. Ratscy of Cowes have in hand a schooner of 168 tons, to be called the *Alert*, for Colonel Loyd; the *Sea Drift* cutter of 23 tons for Mr. W. Ord Marshall; a cutter of 62 tons, the *Pleione* for Mr. Babington, and a steam launch for the Marquis of Conyngham.



# HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

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MAY 1st, 1867.

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## A CRUISE ROUND SKYE IN A 130 TON SCHOONER,

BY J. A. L.

HAVING seen in last year's volume of this *Magazine*, a very amusing description of a voyage to the wild regions of the Isle of Skye, performed by the owner and three friends on board a little eight ton cutter, it occurs to me that some of its readers may like to learn how a party fared who visited the same shores, but in a somewhat larger vessel and under more luxurious circumstances. I have therefore furbished up some old memoranda of a cruise thither in 1853, which I send rather in the hope that their perusal will stimulate other yachtsmen to publish more interesting and newer descriptions of the comings and goings of their vessels in various parts of the world, than from any expectation that my crude and well nigh forgotten notes will prove very interesting; although by myself—and I believe I may safely say by all my fellow voyagers—this expedition is still held in grateful remembrance, as the best planned and most successfully carried out pleasure trip, in which I or they can ever hope again to participate.

On the 4th August, 1853, a merry and light hearted party of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the Tontine Hotel, Greenock, for the purpose of embarking that same evening on board the fore and aft schooner yacht *Laura*, 130 tons, belonging to the fleet of the

Royal — Yacht Club, and bound on a cruise to Oban and thence to Skye and the Western Isles. She was however in the first instance to touch at West Tarbert, to take on board Mr. and Mrs. R——, the father and mother of her owner, who had determined on joining the party at that point, to avoid the possible roughness and *disagréments* of the passage round the Mull of Cantire, and whose arrival was eagerly looked forward to by all on board, as from their well known and often experienced kindness of disposition and warm hearted love of young people, the dear old couple were, and I am truly happy to say still remain, the centre suns round which the fun and amusement of the whole family revolve.

The present party consisted of five ladies and four gentlemen, over whose appearances and virtues a feeling of modesty causes me to draw a veil ; suffice it to say that a more happily selected company, or one promising better for the success of the expedition, could not have been got together, and although rather, (especially, the gentler sex,) too much crowded at night, all set out with a steady determination, so useful in like cases, to be pleased with everything and everybody, a frame of mind which augured well for the harmony as well as the pleasure of the voyage.

Our good ship was a rather old fashioned and by no means clipper schooner, built by White of Cowes, and had formerly belonged to a gentleman, who made several voyages to the Mediterranean in her. Although she would be rather looked down upon by the owners of the fast sailing fore and aft schooners which are now the fashion, her roominess below and the ample accommodation for a large party she afforded, especially in her fore-castle and after cabins, would have put to shame many of their long cut away lean quartered craft, running so sharp forward and so shallow aft as to have, even when ballasted almost entirely with lead, no proper accommodation for their crews in the fore-castle or head room for the occupants of the after berths.

The old Laura was none of these fly-aways : she had a good wide roomy main cabin with an easy and convenient staircase leading from her companion hatch to it. On each side of her cabin was a swing table, one larger than the other, but ample between them to dine 13 or 14 people : decorations—French grey picked out with pale blue, while the martial taste of her former owner was shown by racks of boarding pikes, cutlasses, tomahawks and pistols disposed round

the panels. Of this on one side opened a good state room, but the door was for the nonce blocked up by a piano, introduced with the praiseworthy object of encouraging dances on deck while at anchor; and which by removing the main skylight from its coamings could be perfectly heard above, and afforded a capital resource for fine evenings. Aft of this state room was a famous bath, not one of your modern inventions stuck in the floor of the cabin, and holding some two gallons of water, but a fine large lead cistern containing as many hogsheads, and big enough for a man to practice swimming: next to this was another bath room fitted with a shower bath and dedicated to the use of the ladies, which was filled when wanted with a bucket by the watch through a plug hole in the deck. There were two roomy cabins on one side of the passage, and three berths on the other, while right aft her large airy ladies' cabin had been divided in the centre by a contrivance which formed a table by day, and at night opened like the top of an escritoir making two excellent sleeping places for the smaller females, and with the regular standing bed places, held all the younger ones of the party, while the elders divided the state rooms among them, one young gentleman being condemned to sling his cot in the main cabin, and to rise by times in the morning for fear of the steward, who always lowered him down by the head at 7 a.m., if he overslept himself.

She was commanded by Captain Robert Howett, who had been a yacht skipper all his life, and knew his duty thoroughly, and equally well how to conduct himself towards his employers and the guests on board; civil, respectful, and obliging, but one who never took liberties himself or allowed them to be taken with him: a mate and five seamen, with a cook, steward, and stewardess, completed the crew, but we shipped a capital old fellow as pilot at Campbelton—Archibald McAlister, who had been for years in the revenue service on the coast of Scotland, and knew every nook and corner, tide or eddy on it; no small advantage in making a passage or obtaining a quiet night at anchor, instead of battering to windward or making your passengers sick and uncomfortable by heaving to in a rapid tide way, uncertain what to do until morning, when a little local knowledge would have shown a snug cove into which the vessel might have gone and lain quietly at her moorings. So much for our ship and her inhabitants, but one word, and alas "in memoriam," must be added

in praise of our steward William Neck, who was the most active, energetic, cleanly and obliging of his class, a first-rate caterer and who never left you without cream or fresh eggs for breakfast, if to be had within five miles of the anchorage. To any one who knows the importance to a party of eleven people of such a functionary, I need make no apology for mentioning our little friend, who stood about 4ft. 9in., and in his blue jacket with anchor buttons, neat white waistcoat and gold laced cap, was the very *beau idéal* of that hardest of all hard luxuries to procure—a first rate yacht's steward.

At 3h. 30m. p.m., after a comfortable lunch and general unpacking and stowing away of gear, guns, garments, &c., all boxes and portmanteaus being sent over the side, and stowed away at the Hotel to await orders for being sent to meet us, we weighed anchor and ran before a nice light breeze to Helensburgh, where we landed the owner's brother who had come to see us off, and at 6 p.m., having got our boat on board took our departure for Rothesay, where we had intended anchoring for the night; but the evening was so lovely, the wind so fair, and the moon and stars so bright, that all agreed to bring up was a tempting of Providence; therefore at 8h. 45m., the main boom was gybed over and away we went for the Mull of Cantyre, wind light but coming to the southward, air warm and soft as possible.

Just as we left Rothesay Bay one of the young ladies leaning over the bulwarks let her ring slip from her finger into the water: and one of our friends latest from school racked his brains for precedents, whether according to ancient and modern fables the consignment of a ring to the keeping of the fishes, was to be considered a good or evil omen of our fortunes.

By 11 p.m., we were off the Cumbræ light, but had no time to inquire if the good minister of that ilk, who never in his prayers for his own flock forgot one for the prosperity of the adjacent Isles of Great Britain and Ireland, was still in being; and soon after met the Claymore schooner, 130 tons, A. Campbell, Esq., with his broad pendant as Vice Commodore of the Royal Northern Yacht Club at her main truck, looking lovely in the bright moonlight as with every stitch of canvas set alow and aloft, she slowly glided towards her anchorage.

August 5th, we were off Campbelton, that dullest and fishiest of all villages by 5 a.m., and having embarked our pilot and filled up

our milk cans proceeded on our course, steering  $W.\frac{1}{2}N.$ , wind light but favourable, and the sunrise splendid. At 6h. 30m., we were off Sanda Island Light, (red fixed) breeze getting lighter and lighter, while alas the well known Scotch mist, *anglicé* heavy rain, was settling down, and by 8 a.m., it was really raining heavily with a thick fog and almost no wind. The state of the weather somewhat interfered with the breakfast of a few of the parties, but the fragrance of a Finan haddock which Mr. Neck had thoughtfully provided was so enticing, that the writer for one cast dull care to the dogs, and protested that for such a meal he would be content to drive up and down the Sound of Sanda for a week, to be employed in a perpetual breakfasting. At 10h. 30m., tho' still raining, the cheery old pilot expressed an opinion that the "faug was a liftin'", and the wind coming to the westward." It was a long time about it however, and the ladies had given the piano a very sufficient quantum of exercise, with the appropriate tunes of "the Campbells are coming" and "Auld lang syne:" before it did really clear, and we found we had drifted back with the tide fully four miles. At 12h. 30m., a fine fresh breeze from  $N.W.\frac{1}{2}W.$  came down and we beat through the Sound of Sanda, clearing the Island about one o'clock, the day gradually becoming splendid, and every one's spirits rising to  $30\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , however at 2 o'clock the wind suddenly died away and the Laura was left rolling in a dead calm, a cutter yacht of about 60 tons being in the same plight some two miles from us. By 3 p.m., a light breeze sprung up which lasted all the rest of the day, and we rounded the dreaded Mull before 5 p.m., running free, wind E.S.E. with a light rain falling as evening came on: at 7 it was again almost dead calm, a heavy swell running, wind flying about in cat's-paws, and horizon thick as milk. Here a memorandum found in log may be introduced, "avoid all preserved milks sold in canisters, and if driven to extremity use the yoke of an egg beaten up in a little water, and commonly yclept 'pigeon's milk' in preference to any other substitute for the lacteal fluid." At 11h. 30m., a fine breeze sprung up, but Capt. Hewett was careful of his passengers, and kept her hove-to or only jogging on under the easiest of sail most of the night.

August 6th, running by the Island of Gigha, glass  $30.4$ , wind S.W. but light, atmosphere thick, numbers of porpoises rolling about; Tarbert right ahead. At 11 a.m. anchored off Ardpatrik

in heavy rain which cleared at 12, and showed us the Loch running far up into the land, with the blue mountain tops towering high above it; at 12h. 30m., lowered the boat and put the ladies on shore to stretch their legs, sketch, &c., while the owner and myself with three men started in the gig for the head of the Loch, where we were to pick up the dear old couple and their baggage. The sail was quite charming, running free under the boat's lug before a fresh breeze right up the Loch, and in an hour and-a-half landed and walked some two miles to East Tarbert, where we met the steamer just coming in with our passengers on board, and soon transported them to our boat, when the writer stripping and taking the stroke oar set a merry example to the crew, to such good effect that in two and-a-half hours we dashed alongside the yacht, and were received with that peculiarly sharp and irregular yell, which the female mind invariably conceives to be a cheer, but which was rightly interpreted into a hearty welcome to our fellow voyagers, and at 7h. 30m., we were all disposed round the two tables aforesaid—six ladies and five gentlemen—and our regular cruise may be considered to have commenced. Bright calm and beautiful, just the weather for a quiet cigar forward, after the weaker sex had sought their berths, having first given tolerably peremptory orders, "that no one was to walk up and down over their heads," an injunction which limited our promenade to a fisherman's gallop, "two steps and overboard."

August 7th, Sunday.—Morning wet gloomy and thick, which obliged us to attend Church in the main cabin, where the owner read service with great emphasis, and threatened a sermon of his own composition, but the afternoon clearing up and the view of the hills being fine, the latter entertainment was deferred and all hands landed for a walk up a neighbouring mountain, from which we had a lovely view of Isla, Jura, Gigha and the other Islands scattered along the coast. The evening was calm and beautiful, giving fine promise for the morning, and after an early dinner the piano was opened and the old hundreth and other psalms sung with great effect.

Monday 8th.—Fine, warm, sunny, and delightful, tempting the gentlemen to a header over the bulwarks and a swim round the vessel, not a very safe proceeding by the way in the Scotch fords, as the tide runs rather rapidly and will whip away a swimmer

very quickly, when it is a severe strain to pull back against it. Glass 30.4, and rising, wind S.S.W.: after bathing accompanied our faithful steward on shore, and had a breather while he laid in eggs, milk and vegetables; sailed at 9 a.m., and beat out of anchorage with a fresh breeze which continued until 12, when the sun was clearly seen to be over the foreyard, and a hamper from Fortnum and Mason's containing *crème d'apricot*, curaçoa, cherry brandy, and such like creature comforts, was unpacked and with a tin of Lemann's inimitable biscuits duly served round to the ladies; the effect of which refreshment was to cause the production of such heaps of sketch books, works, novels, &c., &c., that the deck was quite covered, and the good natured and handsome tar at the helm looked on in silent amazement at the chaos. By one o'clock a nice breeze from S.S.W. had set in, course N. by E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  E., (see how particular a young navigator keeping his first log is, now a few points more or less are not deemed of the slightest consequence,) all sail set including the squaresail and a raffie over cro'jack yard; Isla and Jura close at hand, Skerwill rock beacon bearing W., going a good 4 knots; at 3h. 30m. anchored at Crinan, the tide being done, the wind light, and ourselves in no hurry—the great panacea for thoroughly enjoying yachting. Soon after rowed ladies ashore and found the place very pretty and neat, walked to a Mr. Healcone's grounds which were nicely laid out and well kept, and afterwards sauntered along the shore picking up shells and other marine curiosities; having enjoyed the fresh air and lovely evening until eight, we went aboard and found the Ringdove surveying vessel, and the Princess Royal revenue cutter, had come in and anchored near the Laura. A round game for counters and L.O.U's, to be redeemed out of a jar of splendid preserved oranges, "comquots" about the size of greengages and fresh from China, finished the evening; but our cigars on deck were spoilt by a drizzling rain or mist which came on at nine o'clock.

Tuesday 9th.—The wet night had given place to a most lovely morning, so after a matutinal swim the word was given to get under weigh quickly—as there was a fresh breeze, and we were soon off, a small dandy rigged yacht with the burgee of Royal Northern Yacht Club, coming in as we started. All day we were going free through the Islands, passing between Shuna and Loring, with a nice light air of wind aloft filling our topsails, tho' with but little on

deck, a very strong tide running here, which at flood roars down towards the well known whirlpool of Corryvreckan, or more correctly Coirebhreacaun; at 4 we dropped anchor off Oban, where we found our first budget of letters waiting for us, and the evening was chiefly spent in augmenting the revenues of the Postmaster General.

Wednesday 10th.—Morning was gloomy and it required some moral courage to take a header, especially as an early excursion to Lough Awe had been arranged, glass however said 30·7, and going to be fine, so at 9h. 30m., we were off in three conveyances, and had a delightful drive past Dunstaffnage Castle, and by the side of Loch Etive, with Ben Cruachan rearing his head nearly 3,700 feet into the clouds; we changed horses at Tynhault, eleven and a-half miles, and drove on to near Bradry, where the road debouches on Loch Awe; here a halt was called at a convenient spot, and a famous Chinese luncheon basket produced, made of rattan cane and built in tiers, which seemed to contain the whole of Fortnum and Mason's shop. After lunch and a pleasant walk along the shores of the Lake which lay the most beautiful azure blue under the bright sun, reflecting the sky and white clouds with the mountains above it covered with purple heather, and the whole atmosphere resembling an Italian rather than a Scottish climate, we returned by half-past nine, tolerably well tired out but charmed with the excursion, and found a nice little fire in the cabin stove, (seldom unpleasant after dark in Scotland,) the lamps lighted, tea, muffins, and fresh herrings ready, and the whole scene below in the old ship, the acme of comfort and enjoyment.

Thursday 11th.—Day lovely for sailing but it was determined to remain and visit some of the lions of the neighbourhood, Dunstaffnage and Dunolly Castles included; so after breakfast manned gig and cutter and pulled to Kerrera Island, a very pretty place and forming a natural breakwater to the harbour, where the party sauntered about for some time; we rowed from thence to Dunolly, formerly the residence of the Lords of Lorn, half-a-mile from the town, and perched on a bold cliff overhanging the bay. A modern house has been built close beneath the old ruins, with Loch Etive on one hand, which forms a charming summer residence, but in winter must be somewhat bleak. We then returned on board as it was voted a pity to waste the day, and Dunstaffnage being three miles off would have detained us rather long to visit. At four got yacht



under weigh and proceeded to beat up Loch Linnhe to Ballachulish, with a fresh breeze from N.W.; passed close under Dunstaffnage Castle, once the residence of the Kings of Scotland, which is situated at the junction of the Lochs Etive and Linnhe, and reached Lismore light (perched on the Lady's rock and 103 feet in height) about 4h. 30m., but the breeze dying away we came to in a small bay at the northern end of Lismore Island, lying quite sheltered and the view and evening lovely. The Lady's rock lies at the southern end of the Island, and is so named from a story that Maclean of Duart exposed his wife, a daughter of the Earl of Argyle, thereon, intending her to be swept away by the rising tide, but her cries being heard by some fishermen she was rescued and carried to McOallum More, who, at the head of the Campbells, brought the traitor to most unmistakeable grief.

Friday 12th.—First day of grouse shooting, but these Argyleshire hills are by no means first rate, being too stony and bare of heather to suit moor fowl, and in many places, especially about the head of Loch Fyne where I passed a subsequent autumn, too steep for pleasant shooting. At Cairndow we had an almost perpendicular climb of an hour every morning the first thing after breakfast, in order to reach the moor, and although the table land at the top was tolerably level—birds were by no means plenty, and in the evening when a man's ankles are a little weak and his legs weary, the descent of such a ravine, to get home is by no means an agreeable *finale* to a day's sport. The Laura got under weigh at 6h. 30m., with a fine easterly breeze which carried her along well until off Kiel and Ilanhalnagowan, when it became very light and the sun very hot, so all landed in a natural oaken wood which came close down to the water with heather at the top of the bank, and walked along until we reached a Mr. Lockhart's place, where the path ascended the hill and a splendid view was had both ways, the yacht slowly slipping up Loch Leven and anchoring off the Hotel at Ballachulish, the walkers joining her at eight o'clock, after ordering carriages to be ready next day to take the party to the Pass of Glencoe.

Saturday 13th.—A small cutter came in during the night having a party of ladies and children on board still more disproportioned to her size than our own, in spite of which they seemed to be enjoying themselves very much. I noticed an ingenious contrivance for saving room amongst her equipments in the shape of a small

brass steering wheel placed horizontally, and should think it answered well as it did not require so much space as the sweep of a long tiller. The day rose fine and hot with a light south-westerly air, and we landed at ten o'clock and soon after started in two carriages for the Pass, the view of the mountains being splendid as they rose grey and hoar from the road, and the higher crevices still filled with the unmelted snow of the previous winter. The road runs for some distance along the southern shore of Loch Leven, as the branch of Loch Linnhe which turns off towards the east nearly at a right angle to the main water, is called, and then strikes inland, having the range of hills named the Devil's staircase on the left hand, and after traversing the deep ravine of Glencoe joins that from Fort William, and leads past the King's House Inn and Loch Rannoch to Blair Athol, and thence over the Grampians to Inverness and the north. We reached the head of the Gap about 2 p.m., and were greatly struck with its savage solitariness, and the wildness of every thing around, feelings described by Sir Walter Scott in the well known lines,

"Such are the scenes where savage grandeur wakes,  
An awful thrill that softens into sighs;  
Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's lakes,  
On dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise,  
Or farther where beneath the northern skies,  
Chides wild Loch Eribol his caverns hoar;"

while our thoughts turned back in this "glen of weeping" to the cruel massacre of 1692, which has rendered the place famous, or rather infamous, while history shall last, and whose sad story is told by Lord Macaulay with such exquisite pathos in the 4th vol. of his inimitable history, where he describes the valley and its scenery in language which my feeble pen dare not attempt to rival. Leaving the carriages by the road side the party wandered for some time along the cliffs and by the gloomy pool from which the river Cona issues, and then returning to the bridge which spans it started homeward, reaching the yacht at 7h. 30m., much impressed and gratified by the day's excursion, and 'ere long were in our snug berths.

Sunday 14th—Was a day of rest after the fatigues of the drive, and being rather gloomy little was done until kirk time—one o'clock, when we rowed ashore and heard the afternoon service, and a good

sermon from a Mr. Mackenzie, ending the day with a stroll by the side of the Loch until tea.

Monday 15th.—Saw us under weigh by half-past four in the morning, but the wind was so light that at nine when the passengers mustered on deck we were hardly three miles from our anchorage and not until 11h. 30m., was there any wind, which when it did come was S.W. and dead ahead, but this was the less regretted as the beat in smooth water down Loch Linnhe is a charming sail, and the glass had begun to fall, 29.9, and the weather looked suspicious; the evening however continued calm and fine, and we reached the Lady's rock by 9 p.m., and by 10h. 30m., were off the back of Kerrera Island when it fell dead calm, so lowered both boats, and the gentlemen earned an appetite for supper by helping to tow the ship into an anchorage in the bay under Kerrera Island, which was accomplished soon after eleven and the boat sent ashore for letters. "Mem" the mark for the Bay is the Castle in one with middle of the point.

Tuesday 16th.—Still fine but glass continued dropping, at 8 o'clock the boat was sent for some washing which had been left behind and duly promised to be ready but of course was not, (the inevitable plague both at home and abroad); nice light breeze from N.N.E., at 10h. 30m., we weighed anchor and got outside the island but were hove to for above an hour, waiting for that blessed linen, however by noon, after the usual ceremony at that hour, we got fairly off for Skye, running through the Sound of Mull before a fresh breeze, all sails set and going about 5 knots; by 12h. 30m., were off Castle Duart, the wind gradually increasing and a strong tide making in our favour: soon after 1 o'clock were off Loch Aline, passing close to the ruins of Artornish Castle, which looks right down the strait, when breeze began to lighten and we set our squaresail, a steamer appearing behind us which passed about three, and proved to be the Islay bound north; at 5 when off Loch Sunart, met the fine topsail yacht schooner Ruby Queen, 80 tons, belonging to Mr. Tennant, and in which he had visited the Faroe Islands the previous year, and by half-past sighted Rum and Eig Islands over the point of Ardnamurchan; at 7 we passed the lighthouse on the point, breeze becoming fresher from N.N.E., and we headed for Rum, beating up round the eastern side of Eig Island, and by 10h. 30m., were off the northern point, and some 12 miles from our destination, Loch

Scavig, the point of Sleat being broad on our weather beam, we worked up to the mouth of the Loch by 2 a.m., but hove to outside until daylight, wind now strong and a reef in the mainsail, but water smooth and the glass commencing to rise again.

Wednesday 17th.—A great change in the temperature and at 7 a.m., even a duck would have hesitated about going overboard, so we had a turn at the bath which proved really much colder than the open sea; at 8h. 30m., stood into the Bay, where we found a small screw steamer at anchor which turned out to be the Sea Mew Inland Revenue yacht, with the late Mr. J. Wood and Messrs. Warburton and Longman on board, bent like ourselves on a fishing excursion to Loch Corruiskin. Anchored under shelter of the Island of Soa, pulled ashore and walked to the lake, the sullen grandeur of which and the magnificence of the surrounding shores, I cannot describe better than by quoting the words which Sir Walter puts into the mouth of the Royal Bruce, when first landed in this stony wilderness.

"A scene so rude so wild as this,  
Yet so sublime in barrenness,  
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,  
Where'er I happed to roam."

For my own part I never was so struck with any place, and can well understand the King's surprise when he stood for the first time in so strange and solitary a spot. The lake itself is the darkest and most sullen of mountain tarns, about one mile long, and its shores formed of huge masses of dark granite which lie tumbled over each other in the most fantastic manner. Nothing but rock appears anywhere, not a particle of vegetation, nor a tree or a shrub to break the dull grey of the cliffs, which rise high above the margin, and seem to forbid all access except on one side, where the little stream which carries off the superabundant water finds its way to the sea, although I believe there is a path round the shore by which it can be approached on the land side. The day was first rate for seeing the place as the sun shone out brightly and the sky was a clear blue, under which even the gloomy pool and rugged rocks brightened a little, and reflected the white clouds which shot across the azure above. We carried the yacht's dingy across the slip of land which divides the lake from the sea, and up the channel of the stream aforesaid, and launched her on the black looking water in order to try the fishing, but

did little until we got out a cross line, and otter, with which, although none of us were expert at its use, and the line was overloaded with flies causing constant entanglements, we captured about a dozen of sea trout averaging about two pounds a piece; but fortunately no salmon, as a lively grilse would have probably carried the whole apparatus along with him. Got on board at 9 o'clock and found the schooner snugly moored in a small cove, the marks for which are a target, painted on the rocks, kept clear of the Island. Night fine and several herring boats about, which caused a very particular injunction to be given to the steward to take care to have fresh herrings for breakfast; and here I may remark that a herring nicely boiled is if possible a better thing than one broiled in the usual fashion, and if judiciously done the process carries off much of the richness and oil, which is sometimes objected to in this most delicious of fish; but that no cooking will make a stale herring fresh, although they seemed to think so at the Hotel at Inverary, when the *Imogen* lay anchored off in 1864. Some scientific conversation took place in the course of the evening when the *Gulf Stream*, its cause, origin, and probable nearness to Skye, with the effect thereof on the temperature of the water, air, &c., was fully described in a way which would have charmed and instructed Lieutenant Maury himself.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN GLORY.\*

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### PART XVI.

THE clouds of night were darkening the ocean on the third day, and wearily did the crew of the lost *Glory* drag at their oars; eagerly they scanned the horizon at such intervals as the fog, which still surrounded, permitted—but no welcome sail gladdened their eyes; occasional glimpses of the sun enabled them somewhat to define their course, but these were so transient as to render it by no means certain; they fancied they experienced a southerly current, and the wind according to the casual gleams of sunshine still kept to the northward; according to

\* Continued from page 169.

their rate of progress they must be close upon the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, ears and eyes were ever on the alert in anticipation of hoped for relief; Almonte and Considine cheered them on gallantly and with such effect, that could a spectator have witnessed their exertions, he would little imagine how without food or drink, and nerved but by scanty rest, these hardy men had toiled across some two hundred and ninety miles of troubled sea; they were in high spirits and the laugh and jest passed merrily from boat to boat, as if never a thought existed save the certainty of escape; the waves ran high, and but slightly broken, and though occasional squalls swept over them, the weather so far had caused but little apprehension. On this evening for the first time the misty atmosphere which hung around like a gloomy pall was suddenly riven into lanes of cold grey light, and as they waded slowly through the alternate belts of fog into clear vistas of ocean, an intense excitement became aroused at the prospect of some welcome sail being revealed; these belts of mist were travelling before the wind with the regularity of well-trained lines of infantry, but scarcely had a good look been obtained between them when another cloud would obscure the space. On several occasions Considine conceived he observed a dark speck far down to leeward in one of these dusky lanes of light, but unwilling to arouse false hopes, by retracing their way in search of what might after all be illusionary, losing much valuable ground, he held his counsel therefore until certainty warranted him to speak; again and again the lines of fog passed over that speck, and then another appeared in company; the third time there could be no mistake—for another dark object seemed to join the two first seen, yes, it must be so, they were three of the fishing craft off the bank: yet still the young sailor controlled himself until by a careless gesture he drew Almonte's attention to the objects of his suspicion; the wary Commander understood it at once; like the chief officer he too satisfied himself of their certainty—keenly did he scan that fitful space, and 'twas only when the objects for the fifth time slowly emerged from the back of the rolling belt of mist, he sprang to his feet with the joyous cry,—“Sail ho!”

Only such as have shared in peril at sea, can understand what an effect these simple words produced; in a moment fatigue was forgotten, and every man had feasted his eyes with the gladdening sight; then settling to their oars with a wild hurrah that spread far across the waters, the boats were put before the wind, and with renewed life and strength as if they had only just leaped from the schooner's deck, the crews sent them glancing across the seas.

"There is something strange going on here Considine!" shouted Captain Almonte, as the boats bore rapidly down. Shouts and cries of men engaged in hand to hand conflict were borne faintly up to windward, and now and then the sharp crack of a pistol rang above the din.

"'Tis a bit of piracy Captain for a surety!" returned the young officer, "give way my lads with a will—hooray—for the honour of the poor old Glory! We are all alive and strong enough to strike a blow in a good cause yet!"

Two vessels were close together, upon the deck of one of which a most determined battle was raging, whilst the third was hove-to at hand, apparently awaiting the issue; fierce rallying shouts, wicked oaths, and wild yells of triumph, alternated with the cries of the wounded, and the "thuds" of heavy blows given and received in stern earnest; handspike, stretcher, and maul, cutlass, axe, and boarding pike were at work; up and down the deck, from port to starboard, and back again, rolled the storm of battle; whilst from boats alongside a crowd of dusky figures were clambering upon the bulwarks of the beleaguered craft; the darkness had increased so much that it was impossible to make anything of the vessels engaged, and uncertain which to aid, Almonte and Considine ranged abeam of the neutral: their appearance caused evident alarm, but question and answer rapidly passed, and hastily grasping such weapons as could be spared them, they dashed alongside the combatants.

"Pilots to the rescue!" shouted Almonte, in stentorian tones, as he leaped into the midst of the fray, closely followed by Considine and the crew of the Glory. Struck with dismay at the formidable reinforcement that thus appeared to spring from the sea, the assaults of the Pilot crew gradually gave way, stretchers and handspikes were remorselessly plied, and many a burly ruffian was speedily felled to the deck, gasping for mercy; with a shout of triumph the hard pressed Pilots received their unexpected allies, and the tide of victory turned with the hurricane of blows following the advent of Almonte and his men: there was no feebleness now—neither exhaustion, thirst, nor hunger were felt, New York Pilots attacked upon the high Seas, was restorative enough, and their fierce onslaught swept the deck; twice did the enemy attempt to regain a footing, and as many times were they driven back, until at length a hoarse shout of command caused a last rush of the nearly beaten foe; but face to face, and hand to hand their ferocious onset was met with cool and determined courage; a lithe and sinewy figure which Almonte and Considine took to be the Captain of the Pilot vessel was everywhere in the fight, and wherever he appeared

men went down before his cutlass ; more than once had he been surrounded and nearly overpowered, but a giant Pilot seemed ever near him, wielding a handspike like a thunderbolt ; this last assault was directed to crush this daring defender, the guardian Pilot was borne back by the shock, and the slight figure was left amidst a crowd of vengeful foes striking at him wildly ; at this instant a ray of light from the unbroken binnacle streamed full upon the battling group, and Almonte's quick eye caught the glimpse of a pistol barrel aimed at the brave young stranger's face, and that face was Mr. Sheppard's : with a cry like the howl of a tiger, he sprang into the air and descending on the extended arm 'ere the trigger could be pressed, crushed the would-be assassin to the deck, shouting as he did so, "Golden Glory men rally here, 'tis Mr. Sheppard!"

"Who speaks of the Golden Glory!" cried the youth fiercely, "She's neither sunk nor taken yet—would that her brave hearts were here, they would soon make dust of this pirate scum!"

"And we are here brave boy as you shall see!" exclaimed Almonte, striking right and left with terrible effect: another headlong rush—dark bodies were tossed over the bulwarks, others leaped overboard. No quarter was shown or asked this time, the decks were cleared, and the wondering crew grouped around their Commander, exchanged hearty grasps with Mr. Sheppard and the brave pilots, who had found and done battle for the Golden Glory, for it was on the deck of no other craft that this fierce short fight was fought and won.

The sun was high in the heavens upon the ensuing day, and the crew of the Glory were scattered about the deck, scarcely yet convinced of the identity of the vessel, or their almost miraculous fortune in having thus regained her, but the marks of her fearful encounter with the iceberg, and their own wounds and bruises, were proofs too palpable that they were awake and in their right senses ; on the quarter deck Almonte and Considine listened with hardly less wonderment to the recital of the tall Pilot and Mr. Sheppard.

"No, Captain Almonte, 'twas not just the notion that would fix itself in Hiram Underwood's brain, of finding a craft belonging to you launching from under the lee of an iceberg, with a solitary hand to stand in for captain, chief officer, cook, steward, and all!" said the venerable pilot taking up the tale.

"Much less should I have thought, Hiram, that the man I wished to see a few hours previously, infinitely more than a shining pile of honest pillar dollars, should be the individual to save the vessel we were then so confidently walking upon the deck of—but to your story?"



"Wal—the yarn ain't much—more nor it 'pears like to me that odd circumstances do dovetail some, at sea as well as ashore ; since last fall we've had strange news through the Sound up East River and Hudson, and down to the Jerseys, from homeward bounders and coasting craft, particularly small fry, of queer doin's out to here ; sorter like piracy some say, others might call it payment in kind ; pretty payment we sampled last night—Eh ?—Ha-ha!—Wal—somehow 'twas thought sorter like a trifling mistake, 'til news came from Charlstun, Beaufort, and off the Capes of Ches'-pio—reaching away as high as Sable and Race, which brought matters near to hum' in the shape of truth ; but still we could not fix any one straight, and catchin' 'em wasn't just as simple as treein' a bar' ;—so a few fast critters of schooners, amongs, which that there craft, the Empire Belle,—as you remember Cap. she can shove a bowsprit pretty slick through a heap o' water, we were ordered to loaf down sorter like, and prospect for anything won'erful on the upper side of salt water. Wal, an arn'd is an arn'd, and so we took to ours kinder like fine folk to a Clam feast, but from Canav'ra] to the Freels, and thats a week's weather and water not over nice for delicate stummic's, never a thing did we cross tracks with that we didn't know as well as our own Belle. As we fetched tack and tack out of St. John's last week, for a look down to hum', my mate Jason Colesberg sets down squar' upon the rail, and say's to me, 'Cap., can you fix anyhow?' 'No how Jason!' say's I—'Quar!' says he, 'ain't it?'—Same time there was that super-lunar in his eye—won'erful—so I claps a stopper on my sentiments 'til Jason would launch again, for he do like to veer and haul cautious as 'twere, and seldom pays out more line than just fits exact. 'Thar be six on us, Cap., turnin' up salt water for informashun,' says he, 'and it's my idee we have not had enough of it under us yet to find what we seek—ef I was skipper of a sliding sort of craft like the Empire Belle, and I wanted to know more than t'other five, I'd seek that 'know more' whar it would be most like to hide, for there's long tongues in the forty fathom track, and blue water floats as good plunder as ever green did, but I ain't that skipper and it's of no account!'—and away he rolls forrid.—Wal, what Jason meant was all Squawmoo\* lingo to me, I unlaid it, and laid it up again, for 'twor no use to ax him no—sure!—at last darn me ef it wasn't clear as daylight through the Gut of Canso ; 'twas just the trick a loafing Picaroon would play ; in a handful of hours we were amongst the fleet on the Cod banks, with every eye—on a univarsal hinge, and Jason's swivellin' around like long thirty-twos. They berthed pretty thick on the outer

\* Hiram probably meant Esquimaux.

ground, one spot a'most tier'd, and lying quite permiscous to 'em was a long, low, snakish craft, lookin' as simple as a Vermont boy at a Coop hunt.

"Would ye know a stranger passin' Sandy Hook, Cap.?" says Jason.

"And ef I didn't want to?" says I.

"I'd lie low in the crowd 'til the spasm took me!" says he.—Won'erful cute that Jason!

"Wal we down'd hook in the thick of the fishermen, watching our friend kearful until the dusk, when just as sea and sky made one, and a gentle Norther began to move the mist, she drew her hook as silently as you'd draw a splice, and away with her down wind like an uneasy spirit. In the turn of a handspike the Belle had business in the same direction, she can make the knots fly too, special when those as know her temper stirs the reel, but do you know Cap., that there black looking sarpint, ef ever a craft had a witch's wind she had one; we thou't to keep a blink of her on the edge of the haze, 'til 'twas time to side out, but bless you she seemed to melt away afore our eyes."

'We've got to hit the main track for our village!' says Jason, 'its like thar 'ill be a fi'ht tharabouts sometime this centurie!'

"Wal, you see 'twas as good a lay for our work as need be, and accordin' Jason had his way agin, and some punkins he was on it too." It mought be seven bells on third day, and the fog was that thick you mought axe it out in blocks and not find a hole arter; we heard a gong going like blue thunder, we spoke the British ship Bucton Castle, bound in, put Nathan Waggle aboard—rare glad they were to find a Pilot so far east in such weather—and with our fore-sail stowed held on South under easy way, with all our listenin' tackle on the stretch for more signals. Jason would have it that hereaway we were bound to fall in with the chase; wal, all of a heap a sound comes squirmen up wind that not a mortal man of us could figger out, 'twas neither gong nor trumpet, drum or gun—nor nothin' as sailors ears could man-handle nohow, but just a fistful of everything onhuman; I was for givin' our signals play, but says Jason, 'No Cap.,—thar's deviltry there—or a wrack—but we'll try 'em,' and he lets drive a whistle—just the call of Picaroons when there's plunder a-swimmin'; the sound ceased, and then came a good manly hail; still we were cautious,—another hail followed with a regular sheave-o of the unnatural row a'most aboard of us; I had just time to shove the helm a-starboard and shoot under the stern of as great a beauty of a schooner as ever I clapped eyes on, with her bowsprit and jib-boom—starboard bulwarks and fore-topmast all in 'tarnal smash, and starboard bends like as they had been dubbed down with marlin-

spikes. She was under close reefed canvas snug enough, with an empty harness cask triced up under the main boom, and the whole crew playing a Cape Cod reel with a rigger's maul; 'twas rare music that—and well driv out too, seeing as how there was only one pair of arms to stand helmsman and drummer; wal, you see the lad was taken all aback at our sudden appearance, and the shave we gave him, besides the popilation of the Belle looked noomerous enough for a man-o'-war which less a trader, and Jason's whistle was uncommon warnin' like; 'twas no wonder that when we attempted to board her the youngster show'd fight, and hailed for sleepers to turn up. Lord bless his brave heart, you should have seed him look when we told him who we were; he could tell us no more than she'd been foul of a Berg, and he was hove over with the wreck of the topmast, and when he came to he was lying on the deck of an empty ship, with neither berg nor boats—crew or captain in sight, and the night falling fast. Wal, Cap., when I heerd she was commanded by you, 'then to York she's bound to go' says I, 'and Sebby Almonté's owners shall have a fair account of their ship from Hiram Underwood.' When he heard that, he was down on the deck like a shot—fairly worn out with work and watching. We were not long you may be sure setting everythin' ship-shape and Pilot fashion, tried the pumps, found her tight as a watch-buoy, and dividin' my crew I gives charge to Jason, and we jogged fair and softly in for New York, little thinking we had set the trap for our friend the Picaroon. We had got pretty well in for the tail of the Banks, and the fog showed signs of streaking; we were wading along seven or eight knots or thereabouts, when a sound as if something were spooming along the water rip-pin caught my ear; first I thought 'twas Jason putting me and the Belle on our mettle, but no sure thinks I—he's more sense than drivin' a crippled ship; I could see the Glory dim-like just astern, whilst out on her weather a-bit there was a black looking patch-like lump of fog, and curious enough from under it came a ripple of foam as if a sharp keel was rifting the water in a hurry somewhar. Jason saw it too, for he was on his knees peerin' through the broken bulwarks, to get a low sight, the helmsman of the Glory gave her a wipe up to win'ard to settle the mystery, the fog rolled away as if to save him the trouble, and there as I'm a cross-grained sinner was that darned dingy looking slaver we chased from the Banks, just so as he could drop his boats handy and silent like alongside of the Glory; whilst you'd cry knife she was boarded on both sides, at it they went rip and heave—hoof and claw like a nest of catamounts—I never seed such blood-thirsty manslayers in my life; but Jason's crew met 'em well, and gave us time to lend a

hug : have the ship they would though—for a second trip of the boats brought another gang, and the craft herself was sagging right down broadside and broadside. I have heerd of Angels' voices, it's a pretty idee too, but ef they're anything half so sweet Cap., as that melodious roar of yours, 'Pilots to the rescue!' May I be double darned into an everlasting thunder burst of pumpkin squash—ef they mustn't be the super-timber-typical essence of a honey hurricane."

(*To be continued.*)

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### LEAVES FROM THE "LOTUS."

STARTING from Plymouth at 2 p.m. on a Friday, with a light air from S.S.E., at 10.30 we lay becalmed off "the Bolt," rolling and tossing, till the haze thickening changed into drizzle, and a breeze came up from the S.W., so instead of putting into Salcombe for the night, we hauled down a couple of reefs, shifted our jib, and stood on for Cherbourg.

One hand turned in, another took the helm, and the third lay down in the tiny after cabin, where he could hear the water rattling against the sides, or coming aft in showers over the weather rail, as the boat bowled merrily along, leaping from wave to wave like a porpoise, splitting off the sea tops, and plunging bowsprit under to the stem head.

The wind moaned through the rigging, the loose ropes thwacked monotonously against the mast, and the bitticle not being one of Nunn and Brown's, wouldn't burn, so a light had now and then to be hauled out, from where it beamed so cheerfully at his feet, for the helmsman to see how the wind blew, as he steered all night long by the little pendant hoisted half-mast high, and fluttering vaguely in the surrounding gloom.

The breeze still freshening, we lowered our foresail and triced up the tack, and were glad enough when day broke, and released us from apprehension of being run down by the ships, whose red and green lights we saw speeding by in the darkness. Alderney now for a while loomed faintly through the drizzle, ten miles distant on our starboard bow. The wind next veered to S.E., then died away, and left us drifting westward with the tide : at length it backed round, and freshened into a gale from the S.W. We then rushed along foaming at the bows, with cross seas from the tail of "the Race" now and then splashing into our well, till at 5 we again sighted Alderney ; the lighthouse on La Hague left of it on our starboard bow, first peeping through the mist, and then standing out against it, like a tall pillar in the sea. We were hurried by the

flood at the rate of ten or twelve knots along the coast of Normandy, which stretches from the sandy spit of La Hague, thirteen miles S.E. to Cherbourg, the low undulating ground sloping gradually in long gravelly rock studded beaches into the sea.

We just whipped down our helm in time to clear a fish-backed outlier we saw ahead and beneath us. In the little valleys and ravines lay chateaux, farm houses, and churches with those conical roofed towers and occasionally a clump of trees : and now and then we saw Omonville, Urville, Querqueville, "*et omne quod exit in ville*," half a mile or so distant from the beach. We soon made out Cherbourg from the war ships' masts, sticking up like a grove of scathed pines seven miles a-head of us, though the anchorage being a mere hollow of the coast, walled in by a breakwater, is scarcely distinguishable when run for from the westward. At length the oval batteries on the Digue began to show, and running past Fort Querqueville on our right, then by the Western end of the breakwater on our left, we passed the Dock Yard fortifications, and rounded to at 7.30 p.m. in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  fathoms water in Chantereyne bay, between the S.E. corner of the Arsenal, and the outer end of the Town Mole. The wind now blew a full gale from S.W., the men of war had lower yards and topmasts struck, and the few small craft round us were rolling and heaving, with two or more anchors down : we gave our tiny craft a good scope of cable, parcelled it in the score, struck topmast, tossed over our punt to clear the funnel, and dived down to doff our dripping clothes.

While stripping we heard a ploughing through the water, felt a sudden shock, and were heeled over some fifteen degrees ; and popping out in various stages of denudation found a long lugger launch, with close reefed sails and sheets flapping, and her crew shouting and sacréing as she dropped alongside of us : leaping on the forecastle, *habitte a la Joseph*, we found our bowsprit shroud gone, and our breast hook, and butt ends started, making the deck leak like a basket. Didn't we curse them by our Gods! And the cool way in which they asked us if we were hurt too! as grinding away astern they filled on her, and without waiting for a reply, flew away at the rate of 5 knots to a liner in the distance. We had some coffee, looked at the cable, frapped the halyards round the mast, made all snug, and turned in for the night : but at 11 we heard the same rushing, had but time to exclaim, here he comes! when whiiiiesshhh, and our poor little punt lying astern was whisked out of the water, like a ball from a trap, and came down with a swash making all sneeze again : peering out we heard the launch tearing away, and the same jabbering as before, not unmixed we thought, with

fiendish laughter dying away in the distance. Northward were the Breakwater lights, inside these those of the ships, and south of us the red light on the Mole : all twinkling and blinking through the drizzle at us : while late into the night the ships' boats kept scudding to and fro, as if to harry us out ; and between the gusts we heard the sea rolling on the coasts, and " Digue," and threatening to swamp us if they did. Fatigue however prevailed, and soothed by the moaning of the wind, and the rippling of the waves, we were rocked to sleep, in cradle of the rude tempestuous surge. Next morning the wind roared louder than ever, but the rain had ceased, so dressing, we opened our scuttles, lighted our fire, and laid out our traps to dry ; in due course we breakfasted, and being evidently cooped up for the day, began to look round us as well as our floundering about permitted.

To the Westward a-head of us, in 1145, Henry the First's daughter, the Empress Matilda, disembarked in just such weather, having vowed during the storm to found an Abbey wherever she landed, and there stood " l'Abbaye du vour" till the construction of the Arsenal necessitated its removal. In our mind's eye we could picture the battered old galley wallowing round Hommet point, and hear her crew shout "*à terre reine!*" when hauling safely round, they beached the weather beaten craft, and set the trembling Matilda on shore. From the southern end of the Dock Yard fortifications and Chautereyne bay, the Quai Napoleon stretched eastward till a long jetty ran northward from it, between which and a still longer one ending in a light-house, lay the entrance to the Commercial Basin.

From the inner end of the Eastern jetty, a sandy beach, and low shore curving northward—and at a mile inland backed by the granite cliffs whence the stone for the breakwater came, swept eastward to the Fort des Flamands ; left of which a reef of rocks and sand bank with the sea breaking all along it, turned sharp north to Pelee, a reef surmounted by Fort Imperial, S.E. by E., 3,000 feet from the end of the Breakwater. The latter extends 12,000 feet N.W. by W. to W. by N. in the curve of a stiff fishing rod, the western entrance to the roadstead being 7,000 feet wide in a prolonged direction to Fort Querquerville, but due South to the sea-washed fortifications of the Arsenal, being 6,000 feet only.

The Eastern fortifications of the Arsenal run nearly due south for 4,000 feet from Fort Hommet to Chautereyne Bay, whence we started on our imaginary tour. All this Sunday we lay playing at pitch and toss, the monotony being occasionally broken by the gong-like vibrations of the church bell, booming the people to primes, matins, or vespers ; or by

the bugling of the dapper little soldiery we saw strutting to and fro across the quay, on their way to church, barracks, or parade.

At night the wind fell, and we awoke in the morning with a bright sun shining down on us, and the roadstead gleaming like burnished silver : breakfasting we furbished up our finery, pocketing our passport, hauled up our punt, stepped lightly into her, and deviating from the legendary feat of the three Gotham sages, we went ashore in our bowl. Our ludicrous appearance excited much notice as we neared the jetties, and the gamins fishing there hailed and chaffed us, others scampering along after us; smiles too twitched round the bronzed faced Douaniers' mouths, as they craned over the parapet to look at us : we however managed to thread the long channel, unharmed by the pinnaces that swashed to and fro ; and beaching our punt on the slip at the right

“ ————magno telluris amore,  
Egressi optata potuitur Troas arena,  
Et sale tabentes artus, in litore ponant.”

Strolling along the quay, we fell into conversation with a priest, who with the politesse of the old regime pointed out the various objects of interest, and smilingly told us, that that day was the centenary of the bombardment of Cherbourg by the English. “Yonder,” said he, laying one hand on one’s arm, and pointing with the other to the Eastern Jetty, “ ship’s timbers, and relics of the fray, were recently found.” He commented on our hardihood in crossing the channel in such a cockle shell, and in such weather too! “ Mais les Anglais sont tous comme cela!” added he, shrugging his shoulders ; and finding one of us was a septuagenarian, “ Mon Dieu!” exclaimed he, “ que monsieur est mervilleusement conserve!” He knew Mons — at Plymouth, un negociant ; and thus it is ; go where we will, we always find some one, who knows some one we know, such are the links that bind the human race! As we strolled leisurely along together, it was delightful to see how faces of old and young brightened as he drew near, how they bowed or curtsied, and the kind, yet courtly way in which he acknowledged each salutation ; at length he bowed and withdrew, and on our asking the next blouse who the priest was? he stared with bewonderment at our ignorance,—“ Mais c’est, Monsieur le cure!” said he.—This feeling being evidently of the same character as those of an elderly lady we once saw in the Jardin des Plantes : he thinking every one should know Mons. le Cure, as she thought every one should know English. Some repairs had been making, and the botanical gardens being closed, materfamilias was expostulating with one of the officials, and telling him in broken English what Galignani said on th

subject: "Madame je ne parle pas Anglais," was his reply, with a bow 'Good gracious me Maria!' said she turning away spitefully to one of her gaily dressed daughters, "did you ever see such a stupid fellow!" We pursued our way along the street at the side of the Commercial quays, towards the Roule, a Cherbourg Acropolis, whence we were sure to get a general view of the entire neighbourhood. As we went along we peered into the shops so much resembling Plymouth Barbican, Devonport North Corner, Portsmouth Hard, or the London Docks' neighbourhood, the shops on view being chiefly hats, gilt lettered ribbons, brass buttoned jackets, knives, and little tricolors of all sizes. Cafes and guingettes abounded: from the latter poured forth the revelry of France's Navy, the French tar being a merry fellow and as fond of his whack as an English one. We twigged a Gaul three sheets in the wind, shouting, whirling about his arms, and in his frantic efforts to keep up, assuming the variety of attitudes produced in those little toys we make so lively, on pulling a string. The Frenchman however differs much from his English prototype. The former is a little, genteel being with merry eye, and filbert hue. His hat of shining black felt is stiff as iron, cocks up all round at an angle of 45°, and has two long ribbon ends dangling over the brim. His trimly cut jacket is double breasted, and has brass buttons, with one on each turned down lapel. His trousers are baggy but well cut, and the man's general appearance is that of an amateur yachtsman, or stage sailor; or perhaps rather of the male figure in the illustrations we occasionally see in road side inns, cycloped "The sailor's farewell," and depicting such an one waving his hand towards a boat unprospectively delineated on the adjoining beach, as standing theatrically with stick and bundle, he gazes back fondly at a floridly dressed lady waving her handkerchief in the distance. The Frenchman is quick at repartee, and his vinous libations engender ebriety of the true

"nunc vino pellite curas;  
Cras ingens iterabimus sequor,"

character. In the dance he may even glory in the mazurka, or revel in the waltz: though the way in which he handles the boats shows he is far from being a butterfly, and quickness whether of hand, foot, or eye, is no detriment in working guns. What a contrast though, to the Briton of the olden type: that squat, broad shouldered, thick-necked, hairy little man, whose every hair is a ropeyarn, and whose flat crowned hat sticks on the back of his head like a plaister! unless he wears the crumpled blue cap, with the inch or two of fluttering ribbon, and the three



pearl buttons at its side, whose trousers cut tight in over the hips, and strained to bursting by the little ribbon lacing the gore, fall in loose bags about his feet, which peep from under in round toed pumps.

He rarely wears a jacket, and the collar of his blue serge shirt is turned back to the very shoulder, exposing his brawny, copper-colored neck and chest, the rest of the garment gushing in folds and plaits down over his trouser's waistband. This shirt of his has an unaccountable way of rumpling and puckering too, that gives Jack's upperworks the appearance of having been borrowed from some "chum" a size or two larger! His gait, at all times rolling, when he's in liquor, and 'tis his usual custom of an afternoon, is especially sprawly, and straddling, and his then speculationless eye, and lack lustre air, as he balances himself against a shutter, with locks writhing Medusa-like athwart his brow, are a treat to behold.

"Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero  
Pulsanda tellus."

His dancing is violent, and limited to "the double shuffle," exacting less grace than muscle. This he performs *vis à vis* his partner, with head erect, and feet pattering the accompaniment; the lower extremities undergoing extensive excitement, and each cadence closing with an extra shuffle, and—oh! Terpsichore!

"Numen, cum teneris virginibus tuum  
Laudantes, pede candido,  
In morem Salium,, ter quatiant humum!"

the flat of the foot coming down with a rhythmical tum, tum, tum! and the performance closing by the palm of the hand being brought with a flourish smartly on the front of the right thigh, way being made for the ensuing votary of the lively Muse. The fingers are then thrust in round the mouth, and jerk the quid into the inverted hat, a tincture being squirted into the nearest corner, and a deep draught taken from one of the many proffered pewters.

After this digression let us continue our stroll, conning as we go the various placards, "cooking done here," "billiards," "towing office," "wines and beers at so much a chopine," and eyeing the block-makers, turners, smiths, and other workshops, till we reach the southern end of the Commercial Basins. Here glancing at a number of gun vessels lying side by side in reserve, and at the merchant craft in frame on the slip, we turn to the left between an avenue of trees, pavilions, and fruit stalls; then to the right past the railway station; and leaving the Reserve Canal in our rear, ascend the Roule by a long, steep, zig-zag of four or more turnings, where miserable half-starved horses in

rope harness, were drawing material for the stone cutters, in blue blouses like their gallic ancestors, and working for fourteen pence a-day! We panted up this rugged mount, the sun shining, a gentle breeze fanning our cheek, larks carolling in the air, and the furze and heather bells being in full bloom. The view from the platform of the fort is very fine, extending right and left over five leagues of coast. The breakwater stretches two miles in length, across the rocky margined roadstead in front of us. There are no red sailed squadrons of fishing craft, no rich argosies speeding by with bellowing sails in the offing, no traffic as in an English port; men don't go down to the sea in great ships here unless they be war ships, though they say large vessels homeward bound to Havre do occasionally await spring tides here, and must look as out of place as Cook's "Endeavour" whilom did in Dusky Bay!

Right of us lie the market gardens, village church, and castle of Tourlaville. At the end of 1230 feet of causeway, we see the Fort des Flamands, casemated, bomb-proof and surmounted by a 25 gun battery *en barbette*: behind this is the Port d'Echouage 2,198 feet in length, and by a canal 72 feet long communicating with a timber pound of 57 acres; adjoining are pyrotechnic works and a powder proving field.

Northward of this is Pelée, and its Fort Imperial having 32 embrasures in the outer wall, and 22 in that of the first story of the inner keep; on the second story are 14 mortars, 2 cannons, a shot furnace and a lighthouse. Further along the coast are the Port du Becquet, and St. Maur Common, and then the hills sweep north-eastward to Cape Levi.

The Divette winds through the valley at our feet on the left, beyond which rises la Fauconnière, with villas here and there about it. Immediately under us is the Roule chapel, and beyond this the railway winds down the valley to the terminus. On our left front is spread the town along whose eastern margin we strolled here, and right of it are the Commercial Basins, with two building slips, and a graving dock between, facing the terminus, and extending 1,832 feet by 416, with an area of 15 acres, in one basin completed in 1835; and then a lock 42 feet wide connecting this with an outer Basin of about the same area completed in 1795. A pier juts out from the N.W. side of the latter, to shelter it from the swell setting in with N.E. gales, and between this arm and the western jetty, there is a building slip: on this arm too are the landing steps, and a channel 1,968 feet long by 164 wide runs from the outer basin to the roadstead. The quai Napoleon, with an equestrian statue of the first Emperor near its centre extends westward from the landing steps. In rear of the statue is Sainte Trinité founded in 1423 by the English, and left of it the Place d'Armes, with

a granite, everything being granite here, fountain surmounted by an obelisk. N.W. of the town lies the arsenal hidden by surrounding fortifications, and beyond this and a fort of the same name, Querqueville, westward of which the hills extend towards the coast of Anderville. We descend and retrace our steps to view the place in detail : as we saunter along we are accosted by a mouchard, with, "Messieurs landed just now in the little boat?" "Yes." *Lettre de cachet* flitting through our brain. "You left a five franc piece on the thwart?" "Yes." We had given it to our man-Friday, to buy necessities with, and he having had to fill the breakers at the fountain, had left it behind. "Am I to give it him?" "Yes." "The whole of it?" "Yes." There was a moment of suspense : then he went away. "No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies," says Sterne, apropos of generosity!

Cherbourg has a population of about 24,000, including six thousand government employés. The tonnage of the Port is 7,000, its exports have been set at 4,000, and its imports at 13,000 tons.

Vauban, under Louis Quartorze, was the first to draw up plans for the works, which were however never carried out : a basin, harbour, and batteries were constructed by Louis XV., to be destroyed, on 7th August, 1758, by General Blich and Commodore Howe, who carried off 20 pieces of cannon, and exacted a subsidy of £3,000. After the French fleet of 44 sail under Tourville, had on 19th May, 1692, been scattered by Russell, and some blockaded at La Hogue, Delaval burnt Tourville's flag ship, and her two consorts at Cherbourg, "the rest of the French fleet, their scuppers spouting blood, in the darkness of night, and of a thick sea fog, running with all their sails spread, round La Hague through the boiling waves and treacherous rocks of the race of Alderney." It may be observed that La Hague is the name of the Cape: La Hogue being an island fort 36 miles eastward, and south of Cape Barfleur.

Cherbourg streets are well-paved, and lighted with gas. Some little French officers were lounging in the balcony of the Town Hall, as we passed, whiffing cigars, and chatting with acquaintances beneath. A savings' bank, library, and museum are in this building, also the Commissary's offices, and a collection of paintings said to be the best in Normandy. The Rear Admiral Maritime Prefect's Hotel is in the Rue des Bastions. The markets are in the place du Château, and in the adjoining street to these are the Law Courts, behind which is a prison for 300 inmates. The site of these houses was once a marsh, so they have been built on piles. The small theatre in the Rue d'Alma is apparently open only on Sundays. There is a college in the Rue de

Bailly, with government foundations, and classes for St. Cyr, and the Marine. Adjoining this is the Sisters of Providence lace factory employing over 200 women. The Convent of Jesus and Mary has a ladies' school, soup-kitchen, and dispensary, and affords an asylum for 40 orphans. Southward of the college is Dumourier's bomb-proof powder magazine capable of stowing 14,768 tons, each barrel in a separate case. The modern Notre Dame du Vœu, built by subscription in 1850 is near this. Near the Protestant Church in the Rue d'aisle is a school for 200 children, the parish school under Mons. le Cure's presidency, serving for a Mechanic's Institute. Eastward of the inner commercial basins, along the quay, are granaries and storehouses, and the old Arsenal: behind which, in an old barrack, is an asylum for old women, and orphans; on the beach eastward are baths, in emulation of Dieppe. On the old Champ de Mars, facing St. Clements', near which are the bakeries, &c., an hospital is to be built. Southward of the barrack is the Reserve Canal, receiving the Divette and Trottebec to form a scouring sluice for the outer basin, through a culvert 9 to 16 feet in diameter; adjoining the canal are slaughter houses, and tallow vats.

We, however, pursue our way in quite another direction along the Rue de l'Abbaye, past the ropery, bakery, and Naval Reserve Barracks, up and down the square of which, the "Equipage de la flotte" sentries march, with arms supported quite *à la militaire*. Without going so far as the Naval Hospital, and Artillery Depot, once the old Abbaye grounds, we turn abruptly to the right, and crossing ditches and fortifications arrive at the Majorité. Here we were shown into an office, where three naval officers in full uniform were smoking cigars. One of them, with long gold epaulettes and aiguillettes, taking off his gold laced chapeau à la claque, laid it on the table he had been lounging on, and politely asked us for our passport, glancing over it he remarked: that we had not seen Mon—"Who was he?" "Consul de sa Majeste Britannique, mais n'importe" said he, with a smile indicative of the non-circumlocution office, and perhaps too of an indifference to that worthy official's perquisites; and sitting down, first carefully laying his cigar with the ash protruding over his desk rim, he signed us a pass, handed it to us with a bow, rang the bell for a messenger, retook his cigar, told us a gendarme would presently attend us, and politely bowed us out.

On quitting the Majorité we were pestered by a number of hangers on, among whom the messenger apparently intentionally left us; and who seeing we were English seemed each running up an estimate of

what we were likely to be worth, and determined to catch us if he could. The gendarme was not forthcoming, our situation waxed ridiculous till at length after many feints and shifts among these importunate ciceroni, a voice, (the messenger's?) hailed a leaden buttoned, frock coated official passing by, and with him we found ourselves marching briskly along, we didn't exactly know whither. As we scrambled through some boarding, a swarthy being in blue, faced with white, having large white epaulettes, and aiguillettes, and a long sword, such as made poor Gil Blas shiver, thumping in its broad baldric against his thigh, a sergeant de ville in fact leaped out on us, and called "Stand!" his shaggy brows, cavernous jaws, moustaches, and hat awry cocked, suggested "deliver,"—so we did—our pass, and were walking on—he however sighted a spy-glass, strode after us, tore the weapon from under our arm, and gasped "une longue vue !" It was no use an old weather-beaten salt assuring him there was really no danger, for the thing wouldn't go off, and poking the slides in and out to assure him of the fact, he didn't see the joke, "c'était une longue vue," iterated he with dilated eye, expanded nostril, and terrible emphasis, left behind it must be. So with an assurance that it would be returned, we proceeded amidst the chuckling of the bystanders, who seemed to enjoy the old salt's chaffing the miserable bobby, on whose preserves our conductor was possibly poaching, and had master been like man, not an unusual thing in his calling, we might have been treated as mercilessly as Gil and his associates were by the Alguaziles, "pour 'n avoir pas été (conduits par) de veritables valets de pied de la justice," and the contraband articles have been confiscate to, the crown—of course ! We were now in the Arsenal, which lies due north of the town, and on a map, somewhat resembles a ship's rudder in form, with the heel northward, and pintles to the east. The fortifications measure over 5,000 yards, with embrasures, casemates, and bastions, and four intervening magazines on the land side, three draw-bridges crossing the broad deep fosse. Within these is the boundary wall, 1,500 yards long by 800 wide; enclosing a perfectly level space free from timber stacks, sheds, or other lumber. Fort du Hommet, on a rock, at the end of a causeway, outside the N.E. corner of the yard mounts 74 guns, besides mortars. Inside the S.W. corner of the Fort is the Mast Pond 711 feet by 164, with adjoining mast houses, and a lock communicating with the Floating Basin, south of which is the Open Basin, and westward of the two, and communicating with each, the Napoleon the Third Basin.

(To be continued.)

## FOREIGN YACHTING.

WE have been favoured by numerous correspondents with most interesting accounts of the progress yachting is making abroad, and the estimates formed in foreign countries of the benefit accruing from liberally fostering a maritime spirit among their peoples, may be judged from their rapidly increasing enthusiasm, not only to emulate, but excel us in our greatest national sport. True to the traditions of the "Old house at home," our Colonial Yachtsmen, as may be expected, are rapidly increasing in number, and making considerable additions to their fleets; from Australia, Canada, the United States, India, China, the Mediterranean, and France, we have news that to every true yachtsman must prove a source of gratification, showing as it does the Cosmopolitan interest that is thoroughly aroused regarding the noblest pastime that the youth and manhood of any nation can indulge in. Sweden and Hungary have recently added their flags to the fleet of the pleasure Navy; 'ere long we expect that Italy and Belgium will demand space in our Annual Yacht List, whilst Russia and France give indication of occupying a much more important position than hitherto.

*The Royal Canadian Yacht Club* are preparing for a stirring season upon the lakes, the members being relieved from their duties as volunteers by the collapse of the contemptible Fenian bubble, will be at liberty during 1867, to prove their manhood in more legitimate contests than pursuing run-away Filibusters. The following officers have been elected for the year, and will, we have little doubt, considerably increase the high *prestige* of the club. Commodore, E. M. Hodder; Vice Commodore, G. H. Wyatt; Captain, E. C. Jones; Hon. Sec., Wm. Armstrong; Treasurer, H. L. Hime. We are glad to perceive that the energetic and deservedly popular Secretary, Mr. Armstrong, still sticks to the tiller of the old ship, which he has so long piloted successfully.—The following additions have been made to the fleet at Toronto; Geraldine schooner, 58 tons, Commodore Hodder; Coquette schooner, 18 tons, Vice Commodore Wyatt; Lymphad, centre board schooner, Dr. Campbell. Niobe, centre board schooner, H. Moffatt; Romp, centre board schooner, Capt. Conrueen, and the Ripple schooner, 35 tons, E. Blake. At Montreal, the Viking schooner, 41 tons, H. Abbott; the Mona cutter, 15 tons, A. R. Allen; and the Ida cutter, 15 tons, G. Eadie. At Lake Huron, the La Belle Canadienne schooner 26 tons, H. A. Allan.

The usual sailing matches will be held on Lake Ontario,—that for

the splendid prize presented by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the winner of which enjoys the proud title of Champion of the lakes, together with a silver medal of honor, promises a fine entry and a wickedly contested race.

The members of the *Royal Halifax Yacht Club*, gave a public dinner to his Excellency Sir W. F. Williams, Bart., K.C.B., Lieut. Governor of Nova Scotia, and Vice Admiral Sir James Hope, G.C.B., upon the occasion of the gallant and highly esteemed Admiral leaving that station,

The arrival of the French iron clad fleet *en route* from Mexico afforded an opportunity for cultivating the *entente cordiale*, and extending a similar graceful courtesy to our allies, of whom the following officers were present—Rear Admiral Baron de la Ronciere le Noury ; Captain Perigot, Commandant of the *Magnanime* ; Captain Bachme, Commandant of the *Flandre* ; Captain le Bris, Commandant of the *Majenta* ; M. Pierre, Chief of the Admiral's Staff ; and of the British fleet, Captain Gibson of the *Duncan* ; Captain Cochran of the *Wolverine* ; Captain Short of the *Favourite*. The Mayor of Halifax ; the Vice Consul of Spain, Don Manuel Contreras y Crooke ; together with Colonel Lowry, 47th Regiment. Major Hamilton, 4th Regiment, and the principal Military and Naval officers of the station, and Citizens of Halifax. Commodore Weir presided, assisted by Vice Commodore Davies in the Vice Chair, and a large body of members. The dinner was most successful, and formed an agreeable re-union previous to the opening of the season. The able Secretary, Mr. A. W. Scott, contributed not a little by his indefatigable exertions to secure this desirable result.

The *Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron* have also mustered this year unusually strong, and many valuable additions been made to the list. The Anniversary Regatta held in celebration of the foundation of the Colony took place on the 26th of January, in the harbour of Sydney Cove. The Ministerial Plate—presented by the members of the present Ministry, was won by the *Haidee*, 14 tons, T. W. Wiltshire, defeating three others ; and the £15 plate, was won by the *Gitana*, 9 tons, F. J. Jackson.

*Le Cerele Nautique de la Méditerranée* under the Commodoreship of the Duke de Vallambrosa, gives evidence of its popularity amongst our Mediterranean rovers, and promises to become a large Club ; Cannes will prove unusually attractive this year to the many visitors, particularly foreigners, that will be drawn to Paris by the Exhibition, and most notably our transatlantic brethren—whose name is legion ; the Regatta

is anticipated to prove an irresistible attraction to these beautiful waters. Of the "*Société des Régates Parisiennes*," we can only say that Commodore Benoit Champy is leaving no exertions unspared to render their Regatta one of the attractions of the French World's Fair, at which, doubtless, not a few of our distinguished clippers of all classes will assist. In fact look forward to the French Regatta this season as preliminary to the introduction of such large and fast vessels by the French Yachtsmen, as will lead to meetings on that coast similar to those of our leading Yacht Clubs, and to the establishment of an Annual aquatic contest between the two countries, in which if we are not greatly mistaken, America will have little hesitation in joining.

If report speak truly, the *Imperial Yacht Club of Russia* will take advantage of the fleet of Yachts assembling on the French coast to induce them to prolong their cruise to the Baltic, and adventure the hospitalities and prizes at St. Petersburg, where ere now English clippers have borne away Imperial rewards for superior speed and daring seamanship.

In Hungary a nobleman who has justly earned amongst us the name of a thoroughly practical and enthusiastic yachtsman, Count Edmund Batthyany, has introduced this fascinating sport amongst his countrymen; and with praiseworthy energy and perseverance, founded and established a Yacht Club upon the English model, within an almost incredible space of time. Count Batthyany's claim to be a yachtsman does not depend upon the mere fact of being owner of a fine and well-known schooner, he has won his spurs worthily and practically; we have ourselves sailed matches, and on board the craft we found it hardest to beat, and which has carried her flag in triumph thro' many a hard fought day, and not a few ocean battles either, have seen the gallant Count in woollen guernsey, canvas trousers, and orthodox scarlet racing cap, working his way as a sailor should, through the hawse pipes, on to the quarter deck, and if we mistake not the Hungarians will find a second Yarborough in their distinguished countryman. This Club—entitled the *Royal Balaton Füred Yacht Club*, has been instituted under the especial patronage of Her Majesty the Empress of Austria, Queen of Hungary; the Commodore is Count Edmund Batthyany—schooner *Flying Cloud*, 75 tons, and *Lissa*, 5 tons; Vice Commodore, Count Bela Szöchenyi; Trustees, Count John Waldstein and Count Edmund Szöchenyi; Cup Bearer, Stephan de Birly, Esq.; Treasurer, M. Mikalovics, Esq.; Secretary, Paul Rosty, Esq. The distinguishing flags of the club are, Ensign—Red, having as Jack in the upper dexter canon a green cross proper and saltier, bordered white, with the crown



of Hungary in the centre. Burgee—Red, a green cross proper, bordered white, with the Hungarian crown in the centre.

So energetically supported has Count Batthyany been in the formation of this Club, that scarcely a month had passed from the first intimation, ere the number of members to which the limit extends were made up. The laws and regulations, together with the sailing rules, are based upon those of the Royal Thames Yacht Club.

The head-quarters of the Club, and from which it derives its title, are situated at Balaton Füred, the fashionable watering place of Hungary, standing upon the magnificent Platten Zee, or Lake of Balaton, which lies S.W. of Buda Pesth. This noble lake extends forty-six miles N.E. and S.W., with a width of from three to eight miles in a N.W. and S.E. direction; and with the lovely scenery which surrounds it, and the grand expanse of clear sailing room constitutes the most charming and romantic cruising waters in Europe.

It must not however be supposed that halcyon weather alone is enjoyed upon the Platten Zee: it has its periods of anger, and as respectable a jump of a sea gets up, accompanied by as fresh gales, as the most resolute Yachtsman may ambition to test his prowess and skill. The fleet of this new Club is being rapidly formed, many of its members proceeding to England and France for the purpose of purchasing or ordering vessels for racing purposes, whilst not a few are constructing new craft on the shores of the lake; periodical Regattas will be held, and the private matches that are already on the tapis, promise active service to the blue jackets of the Platten for some time to come. We shall have great pleasure in recording the progress of yachting in Hungary, which under the auspices and guidance of the Royal Balaton Füred Yacht Club, and its excellent Commodore, cannot fail in achieving a triumphant success.

Yachting at Stockholm under the patronage and especial countenance of Prince Oscar of Sweden is fast becoming one of its greatest features to visitors; strange indeed if in regions immortalized by the Vikings the maritime spirit should prove degenerate. The *Royal Swedish Yacht Club* presents a list this season of 30 Yachts, and is conducted in excellent spirit, much on the English system.

Our accounts from America indicate a determination to render New York Bay equal, if not superior, to all our great yachting stations rolled into one, and from our experience of Brother Jonathan's system of engaging in any pursuit, whether of business or pleasure, it strikes us forcibly that Cowes, the Thames, and St. George's Channel will find their glories somewhat trenched upon.

Of the *New York Yacht Club* we have only to say that its change of officers, seem to presage even more titanic exploits than the *Henrietta* class. We hear that a more gigantic stake than that sailed for in December last is about to engage a more numerous fleet of the schooners of the Club, in a match to Europe, and that the *Vesta* and *Fleetwing* will cross the Atlantic forthwith to take part in it. Amongst the other Yacht Clubs of the Bay, an unusual stir and excitement is visible, as if they were suddenly roused up by the energetic progress of their elder sister. Foremost amongst these is the *Brooklyn Yacht Club*, whose annual Regatta is fixed to take place in the beginning of June. Its officers are, Commodore, R. M. Whiting ; Vice Commodore, J. Peters ; President, G. S. Haight ; Secretary, W. T. Lee ; Treasurer, Edwin Underhill ; Assistant Secretary, W. M. Ringwood ; Measurer, J. M. Sawyer. The fleet of Yachts registered upon its books, consists of three schooners and sixteen sloops ; and several new vessels are nearly ready for launching, amongst them the *Calypso* schooner of 200 tons, and another very handsome schooner of 100 tons from Whitman's slip for Mr. Kidd.

The *Atlantic Yacht Club of Brooklyn* has been but recently established, originating in a split between the members of the Brooklyn Club ; and for a "briny" bantling of its age, gives more than average sign of a brave future. Its officers are ; Commodore, T. C. Lyman ; Vice Commodore, W. M. Brasher ; Secretary, C. C. Lippit ; Treasurer, J. R. Maxwell ; Measurer, E. Harvey. Its list shows nine first class sloops, and ten of the second class ; and a new clipper of 25 tons is just ready for launching.

The members of the *Hoboken Yacht Club* are preparing for the season with a vigour suggestive of an ambition to be second to none ; they have fixed their regatta for June ; and under the following officers ample sport will gratify the Hobokeneers. Commodore, Victor Vullaume ; Vice Commodore, Simeon Griswold ; Secretaries, E. Marcile and F. Klenen ; Treasurer, G. L. Clark ; Measurer, E. M. Cook. The list of Yachts embraces some of the fastest little clippers in these waters, and although numbering but eight at present, promises to treble that number before the close of the season.

The *Jersey City Yacht Club* founded in 1858, is in a most flourishing condition, and its members commence the season in high spirits at the prospects before them ; no less than two Regattas are fixed—the first in May, and another in June, whilst the course from Perth Amboy to the Highlands will witness many a hard fought private venture during the ensuing months. The officers for 1867 are, Commodore,

J. G. Hill ; Vice Commodore, J. T. Schoonmaker ; Treasurer, A. B. Reynolds ; Secretary, W. Clarke, Junr. ; Measurer, S. P. Hill.

Never has New York witnessed such life and energy as is now displayed amongst its aquatic Clubs, and it is with much pride and satisfaction we have received the assurance from several correspondents there, that not a little of this impetus has been owing to the influence exercised by *Hunt's Yachting Magazine* ; not only in originating the idea of the great Ocean Match, but in fostering and promoting the noble sport of Yachting. Not only from America are we thus favoured, but from every part of the world enumerated in our catalogue of yachting progress.

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### OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MATCH.

ACCORDING to our usual custom we make the annual exception in favor of the glorious Oxford and Cambridge race, the only rowing match we make it a point to see, and record in the log of the *Yachting Magazine* ; and to judge from the number of "briny blue jackets" we recognized on Saturday, and the characteristic manner in which they took their punishment, such a chronicle—although savouring of a navigation we are anything but partial to, will not we hope be declared singularly out of place.

As to the opinions and criticisms so freely bestowed upon the appearances and preliminary performances of the respective crews, which have appeared in the daily and weekly papers previous to the race, whilst they indicate the extraordinary interest now taken by the public at large in the great University aquatic contest, yet afford but a feeble criterion whereby to deduce final results. They are however of infinitely more service than even their authors contemplate ; nothing is so conducive to the preparation of the human frame for violent physical exertion, than occasional intellectual recreation of the "*Charivari*" class ; and whilst Sir Constantine Belgrave and young Lord Essbouquet are in all seriousness discussing the appalling announcement in the "*Jupiter*," that Frank Doodledo of Brasenose has displayed an unmistakable "kink" in his back ; whilst staid Mr. Muswell assures his brother churchwarden, Alderman Botolph, on the authority of the "*Wireworm*," that Jack Placid of Caius is a whale after "crustacea," or Bill Binks reads aloud from the "*Bishopsgate Babblers own special*" how little Fubbs of St. John's" lost his presence of mind by the sudden appearance of a Swan, the aforesaid eagerly devoured intelligence of the doings of the to-be immortalized "eights," is discussed amidst shouts of laughter by sixteen of the keenest hands at a joke, than even poor Artemus Ward himself wot of.

Time was, within our memory, when the little blue banners that erstwhile fluttered at Westminster and glided swiftly up to Putney, were thought so

little of, as to give rise to the popular invitation to proceed to the latter locality; we should like to see the individual now-a-days that on the eventful morning would require a second bidding; moreover we should esteem it rather less singular that Landseer's lions should be discovered drinking in the Trafalgar fountain, than that on the same occasion every "bus" whip, cabby, and newsboy from Hackney to Hampstead, or from the Bell at Edgware to Gipsy Hill, should not be decorated with the inevitable little mysteriously tied bows of "light" or "dark blue," nay we have been assured it is upon record as one of the last proofs of his wonderful sagacity that the lamented fire brigade's dog evinced, was appearing on "varsity" morning with the tiniest favor of azure wagging in triumph on the pinnacle of his fearless tail.

Blue indeed—why the very sky over dear dirty smoky dingy London assumes a positive Mediterranean hue, from the plate glass reflections of gorgeous cerulean raiment displayed—in the shape of neckties, parasols, gloves, bonnets—we beg the Ladies pardon—all round, we meant to say "hair shades," to say nothing of other articles of doubtful simplicity: indeed it is somewhat painful as April fadeth and the blue too, to witness the struggles—particularly of light blue—to maintain a clean and reputable appearance, where the proprietor of a limited wardrobe has been frail enough to sacrifice at the evanescent shrine of popular enthusiasm; ethically considered this is the weak point that marks the period; in romantic anticipation an azure *cravate* is delicious, in plain English a dirty blue tie is abominable, but whether it is from pleasing remembrance or painful parsimony, young Holborn and jaunty Strand will insist the color is "the thing" long after the practical joke has become, if not obsolete—positively offensive.

Cockneydom—let it domicile in Belgravia or Bethnal Green, pays annual and regular tribute at the shrines of its tutelar saints, "St. Derby" and "St. Putney." Although the canonization of the latter does not date so remotely as his other saintship of Surrey, yet his followers make up in fanaticism what they lack in antiquity, and like other Adullamites of orthodoxy, exhibit an intensity of purpose which works wondrous conversions to the necessity of another national holiday; we have a lively trust in the wisdom of our rulers, that ere another session shall have passed into the records of Hansard, they will become impressed with the responsibility of assimilating their homage, and adjourn to Putney with the same sense of duty they now do to Epsom Downs; then and then only shall we have the rites of St. Putney performed at a Christian-like hour, and Fortnum and Mason's Bill will receive many important additional clauses.

We had flattered ourselves that we were about to spend a delicious spring morning amongst the picturesque haunts of Father Thames; that in performing our duty to our readers, always so pleasing, we should likewise be pleasing ourselves by feasting our eyes with the galaxy of beauty and fashion for which the festival of St. Putney is so justly celebrated; we will not say that the prospect of *assisting* at a convivial matutinal meal in the neigh-

bourhood of Mortlake, with sharpened appetite and healthful glow, formed any particular feature in our morrow's premonition; but we will say that we retired on Friday night with the rosiest anticipations, and slept the sleep of—well what matter if it was agreeably diversified with charming visions of fairy forms mounted on the fleetest of bright bay steeds, waving graceful encouragement, as they careered fearlessly along the narrowest of riverside paths, fringed with primroses and violets and daisies, and the sweetest—newest things of spring you know? What matter if we fancied ourselves the stroke of the victorious eight and—made a neat speech to eight old ladies in the sparsest of crinolines gathering water-cresses at Barnes bridge; of what consequence if we imagined ourselves luxuriating in a barouche and four in most correct west-end style, with a most charming bevy of beauties—and how we enjoyed their confusion at discovering a cunningly devised parcel of “light blue” favors, artfully provided in case the “dark blue” came to grief; what importance attaches to the delusion that an ominous pop—pop—fiz fiz—unnerved us, and that we fancied a shower of “Moet” had set in, but goodness gracious what can that be? A hurricane blast—the windows rattling, veritable rain hammering like the Life Guards’ kettle drummer at the resounding panes, and the melancholy croak of buttons in bombazine “Please, sir, it’s just gone six, and a damp morning!”

One jump—a rattle of the blind—and we stood face to face with the day; a damp morning forsooth, humph!—raining like—what?—blowing like—like—well—both elements were enjoying themselves.—One enough to wash the grass off an iceberg, and the other to blow the nap off a man-o-war’s man’s tarpaulin. Ugh—no fairy forms to-day—everything dark and dismal—never mind—*mem*—concentrate attention on the race, with the comforting consolation that like bolting a pill it will be soon over.

The nearest approach to a compromise that a spavined grey could make between a sidelong trot, and an affected amble, with which the attendant vehicle bore a jerking accompaniment set us down at Putney bridge; oh how it did rain, and oh our hat—how it did blow!—the region of the Horn was a mild comparison, but nevertheless ’twas but a passing thought, despite the fury of the elements St. Putney was out in force, and it seemed to be regarded rather in the light of a good joke than otherwise, that “we sailors (said a blue in a straw hat run to jelly, and duck trowsers of an adhesive tendency) should mind a bit of a blow, or a wash of rain!”

Eight o’clock tolled from the old Church tower, then the quarters, and the surging expectant hum of damp thousands—yea reader verily we say thousands, rose upon the air—we should say roared above the tempest; there they stood at that unconscionable hour, off dreary dismal Putney, and sat in carriages, and galloped frantically to and fro on horseback, aye and as far as the eye could reach along the towing path, and on the Bishop’s walk—his Grace of Fulham’s Palace hight; and the crowd of steamers blew off their superabundant hot water to tepify the atmosphere, and they too were black with human life, and nobody seemed to give a thought but that the most brilliant of suns and loveliest of balmy airs were above their heads,

instead of an assemblage of umbrellas that seemed to vie with India rubber faces in violence of contortion; surely never did such a variety of that useful article astonish a discriminating public; Sangster himself were he present must have felt small enough to be covered with a fig leaf: but if the freaks of umbrellas induced a comparison with India rubber visages—those of the human face divine visible beneath them defied any such mental process, for what between the struggles to dodge rain and wind, to hold on to hats and umbrellas, to shelter pretty maidens dight in blue, and at the same time seek what they came out to see, one would think that the gout—or any other easily spelled malady—whose spasms have the effect of distorting features the most attractive into downright hideousness—was raging; for everybody—save the gentler bodies of course—seemed to strive as to whom should make the most vicious face at his neighbour.

Louder and louder still arose the hum of expectation, but notwithstanding that the awe inspiring aid of the Thames Conservancy was pressed into the service, notwithstanding that no less a personage than the Harbour Master of the port of London was in supreme command, and the Thames Police were in attendance to enforce attention, two rebellious steamers broke the prescribed line, and it was not until both crews flatly refused to row, that order was obtained, and the umpire's steamer permitted to take up her station.

At a few minutes to nine o'clock the respective crews became the cynosure of all eyes, as amidst the rain and storm, and a perfect hurricane of cheers they paddled to the two starting skiffs moored to the barges above the Star and Garter; as an indication that their star was still in the ascendant, the Oxford men, as usual of late years, won the choice of berths and took the Middlesex side. Cambridge looked confident enough—yet a shade of nervousness seemed to pervade; whilst Oxford exhibited all that springy life-like air that repeated success cannot fail to inspire; withal it was worth coming a ton of miles to see, for perhaps sixteen finer specimens of young England manhood never engaged in this remarkable aquatic contest, where honor and glory is the sole reward for a lengthy period of resolute self denial, steady perseverance, and no small amount of physical endurance; there they sat—the flower of the two great Universities—which send forth intellectual as well as physical giants to help rule the world. What a torrent of thought sped during these fleeting moments, what might the future of these adventurous gallants be, were there those amongst these stalwart upright groups, blooming with health and manly vigour, eager, expectant, resolute for triumph, that should ever again be the centres for thousands to gaze upon as if they would never tire; would any of these names be passed from lip to lip of surging multitudes in the stern race that loomed far beyond Putney or Mortlake, far far beyond the Cam or the Isis—*Quien sabe?*

Well we hope so—and therefore here they are for our readers to compare notes by, when 1867 shall be but another item in the centuries.

OXFORD.		st	lb	CAMBRIDGE.		st	lb
1. W. P. Bowman, University.....	10	11		1. W. H. Anderson, Trinity.....	11	0	
2. J. H. Fish, Worcester.....	12	1		2. J. M. Collard, St. John's.....	11	4	
3. E. S. Carter, Worcester.....	11	12		3. W. Bourke, Trinity.....	12	9	
4. W. W. Wood, University.....	12	6		4. Hon. J. Gordon, Trinity.....	12	3	
5. J. C. Tinné, University.....	13	4		5. F. E. Cunningham, King's...	12	12	
6. F. Crowder, Brasenose.....	11	11		6. J. Stirl, Caius.....	11	12	
7. F. Willan, Exeter.....	12	3		7. H. Watney, St John's.....	11	0	
8. R. G. Marsden, Merton.....	11	11		8. W. R. Griffiths, Trinity.....	12	0	
C. R. W. Tottenham, C.C. (cox).	8	6		A. Forbes, St. John's (cox)...	8	2	

At 1m. 46s., before nine o'clock, the anxiously awaited signal was given by Mr. Edward Searle, and as the sixteen oars dashed like lightning into the water, a mighty roar of excitement burst from the multitude of spectators; down went umbrellas, as if such things had suddenly become useless, horsemen and horsewomen dashed madly along the banks, a panting struggling host rushed recklessly along the same narrow path, carriages rattled away at full gallop for Mortlake, and the fleet of steamers puffd along in dire confusion and dangerous proximity right in the wake of the flying eight's; and four miles of pretty deep lines of human beings seemed wildly anxious to prove themselves eligible for Hanwell. Some accounts we have seen give with extreme accuracy the exact number of strokes per minute rowed by the respective crews at the start; now we confess that what with the wind, and the stormy squalls, the Babel of sound, and the utter confusion that prevailed, we could make nothing out save the swiftly swaying bodies of twice eight men, the back flash of riven water flying white from the oars, the shrieks of frightened feminines, and the ceaseless roar of "Bravo Cambridge" "Now Oxford show 'em the way!" By the aid of a few "prolonged gestures," and some persuasive "muscular christianity," we achieved a position in the bow of our steam yacht, and here is what we saw. Both crews had now settled to their work in a style and with a vigour that showed a desperate resolve to fight every inch of water to the death; beam and beam—oarsblade and oarsblade—it made the heart beat high to witness the noble struggle; Cambridge was rowing in beautiful form, but the more deliberate rip, the loftier feather, and the determined wicked heave of Oxford was more to our mind: no matter what over nice critics may say, never has such a magnificent display of resolute pluck, and fine manly rowing been witnessed upon the Thames. Cambridge drew their stem slightly ahead, but off Craven Point Oxford again became level, and gradually hove their boat to the fore, until off the Crab Tree they succeeded in showing their bow clearly in advance: a little spice of rivalry here began to actuate the rival helmsmen, the Oxford coxswain forcing the Cambridge timoneer off his line, who returned the compliment as they approached Hammersmith Bridge; but Mr. Griffiths here called upon his crew, and making a brilliant rush the Cambridge boat dashed under the bridge well to the front; then arose a ringing peal of cheers, and the most frantic shouts of "nobly done Cambridge—Cambridge wins!"—but Oxford's bolt was not yet shot, and now ensued one of the most desperate struggles for mastery

ever witnessed between rival oarsmen; it was now Oxford,—now Cambridge, and the excitement aroused by the splendid efforts alternately made by either crew found vent in the most deafening shouts; the bright blue blades were flashing with rapid stroke in the perfection of time and style, but the dark blue—cool—collected, and resolute, met every rush to get clear with the most determined bravery: as they neared Barnes bridge the succession of “rallies” seemed to tell on Cambridge, and the Oxford men also appeared to “slow” a bit; they were it is true in rougher water, and perhaps it might be the exercise of a wise discretion; it was in reality but the preparation for the climax, the moment had arrived when every physical effort the human frame was capable of making should be taxed to the utmost; well and resolutely was that last effort made, so well—that victory to the last trembled in the balance: Barnes bridge was the event of the day, with another magnificent burst Mr. Griffiths launched his frail bark at lightning speed beneath the arch, his crew well within themselves, not an eye out of the boat, and the oars rising and falling as if moved by the perfection of machinery, for a moment all seemed over but shouting, cries—shouts—roars to Oxford seemed to have no effect on Mr. Marsden; but suddenly a thrill of life seemed like an electric shock to dart through the apparently devoted crew, arms and legs seemed strung with cords of steel; there was a ripping flash of oars, a hissing jet of tiny foam spit forth beneath the razor like stem, then a mighty chorus of voices—as peal above peal of enthusiastic cheering rang out from bridge and bank and steamer, and in a moment Oxford was again broadside and broadside with her dashing foemen; again and again were the resolute and magnificent rushes of Cambridge tried, but as equally met by Oxford, beam and beam and stroke for stroke they drew near the goal, never such a noble fight was fought for the laurel wreath—another few strokes, would it be a dead heat?—No—with the last effort of brave hearts game to the end, the Oxford boat seemed fairly lifted through the water until half her long and arrowy form could be seen in front, and the race was won—and had Oxford no other triumph to boast of, this alone would have wreathed the “dark blue” with imperishable laurels.

Mr. J. M. Chitty of Exeter—Oxford, acted as umpire, and his anxious expression as the boats approached the flag-mark, sufficiently indicated his appreciation of the termination of the contest.

The time the Oxford boat reached the flag is registered as 9h. 21m. 34s.; which shows the course of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles to have been performed in 22m. 39s. This makes the seventh victory in succession for Oxford. Having rowed “some” in salt and fresh water in our time, and amongst other well-known mentors, having imbibed a few practical notions from a man called Robert Coombes, in his palmy days, after many a hard mile’s “grind,” we may perhaps have an idea or two about this, the grandest race that ever we witnessed between the University crews, or probably any one else either. That the Cambridge were in splendid condition and training their performance told, but their style though it may be called by those who admire it, the perfection of pretty oarsmanship, is not the style to send an eight to the flag-



boat, against a style like that of Oxford—which admits of the best efforts and powers of a crew being applied unfettered and uncramped. The quick stroke and low feather begets a stilted nervous habit, in which the “form” imperceptibly becomes more considered than the “force.” The Cambridge crew exhibited better training and condition, than the Oxford, the style of the latter won the day: Cambridge must not be too prone to traditions, particularly fallacious ones.

### ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE BOAT INSTITUTION.

On Thursday 4th April, a meeting of this Institution was held at its house, John-street, Adelphi; the Right Hon. Earl Percy, P.C., President of the Institution, in the chair. There were also present Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P.; Lord Henry Cholmondeley; W. H. Harton, Esq.; Colonel Fitzroy Clayton; Admiral Bullock; Alexander Boetefeur, Esq.; Admiral McHardy; and Richard Lewis, Esq., Secretary to the Institution. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, a reward of 13*l.* 10*s.* was voted to the crew of the Institution's life-boat stationed at Theddlethorpe, on the coast of Lincoln, for saving, after repeated attempts, the crew of sixteen men, a pilot, and a passenger from the barque Centurion, which during a heavy gale had stranded and become a total wreck on the Rose Sand, off Saltfleet, on the 18th ult.

A reward of 11*l.* 10*s.* was also voted to pay the expenses of the Institution's life-boat stationed at Donna Nook, on the coast of Lincoln, in going off on the 10th ult., in a gale of wind and very heavy sea, and rescuing the crew of four men from the small boat of the schooner Squire, of Yarmouth, which had become a total wreck off Donna Nook. A reward of 7*l.* 6*s.* was voted to pay the expenses of the Institution's life-boat at Fowey, Cornwall, for putting off on the 17th ult., in reply to signals of distress during a heavy gale of wind, and bringing safely ashore the crew of five men of the schooner Devonian, of Padstow, which had anchored in Polkerris Bay. The vessel fortunately, rode out the gale, and the men were again put on board the following day. A reward of 13*l.* was also voted to the crew of the Institution's life-boat at St. Ives, Cornwall, for saving the crew of five men from the schooner Mary Lewis, of Aberystwith, which had stranded and sunk off St. Ives pier during a heavy gale of wind on the 17th ult.

The Caister life-boat of the Institution was also the means of assisting to a place of safety the Prussian schooner Louise and her crew of seven men, which vessel was in a dangerous position in the Wold, off Winterton, on the 7th ult. A reward of 7*l.* 6*s.* was likewise granted to pay the expenses of the Institution's life-boat at Selsey, in putting off during a gale of wind and bringing safely ashore the crew of six men of the Brigantine Sarah Ann, of Jersey, which had become a total wreck off Selsey on the 18th ult.

The Holyhead life-boat of the Institution was also the means of bringing

ashore fourteen men from the stranded schooner *Nicolo*, near Holyhead, on the 30th ult. A reward of 6*l.* was also voted to the crew of the Institution's life-boat at Drogheda, for saving three men from the schooner *Mary*, of Dublin, which during a fresh gale had driven on shore on the North Wall, Drogheda Bar, on the 23rd ult. A reward of 18*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* was also voted to pay the expenses of the Institution's life boat at Tramore in rescuing the crew of ten men of the barque *Wild Horse*, of Windogr, N.S., which had stranded during a gale of wind on Tramore Beach on the 23rd ult. A reward of 13*l.* 3*s.* was also granted to pay the expenses of the Institution's life-boat at Tyrella, in rescuing six of the crew of the sloop *William*, of Paimpol, which had stranded during a fresh gale of wind in Dundrum Bay on the 23rd ult. A reward of 9*l.* 3*s.* was also voted to pay the expenses of the Institution's life-boat at Wexford in rescuing, with the assistance of a steam tug, the barque *Loretto*, of Liverpool, and her crew of fourteen men, from a dangerous position near the Blackwater Bank, during a gale of wind on the 23rd ult.

A reward of 15*l.* was also voted to the crew of the Appledore life-boat, for going out in a gale of wind and heavy sea, and rescuing the crew of three men from the rigging of the brig *Harmony*, of Bideford, which had gone on the South Tail, Bideford Bar, on the 22th ult. A reward of 21*l.* was also voted to pay the expenses of the Institution's life-boat at Palling, in saving the whole of the crew, six in number, from the French schooner *La Prudence*, which, during a fresh wind and heavy sea, was wrecked off Palling on the night of the 30th ult. Rewards amounting to 125*l.* were also voted to pay the expenses of the Institution's life-boats at Brooke, Poolbeg, Penzance, Plymouth, Howth, Donnanook, Sutton, Selsey, Pembrey, Aberystwith, and Cromer, for various other services to distressed vessels during the past month. A reward of 5*l.* 5*s.* was also ordered to be presented to seven men for putting off in a whale-boat belonging to the Howth Coastguard station, and after repeated attempts saving six men from the schooner *William Henry*, of Barrow, which, during a heavy gale of wind, had stranded on Baldoyle Bank on the 18th ult. Various other rewards were also granted to the crews of different shore boats for saving life from shipwreck.

It was reported that his Majesty the King of Denmark had granted 200 rix dollars to the crew of the Ramagate life-boat, in addition to what the Board of Trade had previously given them, for the noble services which they rendered to the crew of the Danish barque *Aurora Borealis* on the 6th January last. Her Majesty the Queen had sent her annual subscription of 50*l.* to the Institution, and the same was gratefully acknowledged. It was reported that the life-boat which the Institution had sent to the Paris Exhibition had attracted the special attention of the Emperor and Empress of the French. New life-boats were about to be sent by the Institution to Falmouth, Exmouth, and New Brighton. The cost of the life-boat for Falmouth had been generously contributed by the city and county of Gloucester. Messrs. Rothschild had liberally increased their annual subscription to the Institution to 10*l.* 10*s.* An effort was being made by the ladies in

Edinburgh to raise a sufficient sum to meet the annual expense of the Edinburgh Working Men's Life-boat, stationed at Port Logan. Payments of 2,200*l.* were ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments.

The plan of the safety fishing boat of the Institution was exciting considerable attention, and two of the boats which had been tested on the coast of Scotland had given great satisfaction. A report was read from Captain David Robertson, *M.N.*, the assistant inspector of life-boats of the Institution, on his recent visits to its stations on the coasts of Norfolk and Suffolk. The thanks of the Institution inscribed on vellum were ordered to be presented to the Rev. Luke H. Wiseman and Thos. Smith, Esq., for their valuable co-operation through the Medium of the *Methodist Recorder* in collecting nearly 800*l.* to defray the cost of the D. J. Draper life-boat. The proceedings then terminated.

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## Editor's Locker.

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### SAILING REGULATIONS.

*Portsmouth, April 20th, 1867.*

SIR.—I start by stating frankly, that I hold the same views as "Spun yarn." The rule now required is one, that whilst legislating for vessels placed in the various positions mentioned, will distinctly provide for racing vessels rounding a mark-boat, when close hauled, for this is the point at which collisions, not otherwise provided against, do most occur. The difficulty that will amongst others be started is, how is an overlap to be defined? Is it to be when a few inches of the second vessel's bowsprit is inside the taffrail of the leading vessel, or when the whole bowsprit, or when the stem? I agree with "Marline," in so far that it must not be left altogether to a hail. As to the principle of a vessel having a right to pass if she is able to do so, to windward of another during a race, when both are steering the same course, I think it cannot be denied, or if so what have we been working at for years past, what is considered to be the test of a superior first class racing vessel? I have always understood it to be an ability to go to windward of an antagonist; but of late years the improvements in the build and sails of yachts have so nearly brought them on a par, that a foot or two to windward, or perhaps a few inches, makes all the difference, and if a yacht possesses this ability, with the requisite speed combined, to overhaul the leading vessel, is this superiority to be sacrificed,—are our labours in the mould loft and sail room to attain this superiority to vanish before an imaginary injustice? If the injustice said to be inflicted on the leading vessel has a special existence—then as "Spun yarn" says do away with the rules of "port and star-board tack" of "vessels going free" and of "bearing away to leeward," and let us fight our way to the flag-ship as best we may, satisfied that no matter what injury we sustain it has been suffered under evenly dispensed justice.

But sir there is not a shadow of injustice committed in the observance of the principle laid down by "Spun yarn," what is imagined to be so is nothing more than the existing necessity of providing another safeguard against collision, in order to avoid "C.M.'s" anticipation of catastrophe. As I have implied before, one of the greatest excellencies a vessel possesses is that of being enabled to eat her adversary out of the wind, to win the weather gage, and it is at the turning buoys that this superiority often culminates to the risk of collision, and where, but for the chivalry and courtesy by which yacht racing has been hitherto characterized, many such collisions as "C.M." deprecates must have occurred. Yachtsmen appear to consider that the time has arrived when a definite rule should take the place of tacit understanding, yacht racing is yearly upon the increase, and new aspirants cannot be supposed as well versed in the critical usages of yacht racing, respecting which their Club books are either discreetly silent or at best very ambiguous. This point therefore about the right of the second vessel to go inside and to windward of the leading vessel, if she so places herself as to establish an overlap, being once decided, the remaining contingencies of weather shores, shoals, vessels, or any other obstructions whatsoever, will be governed by it, so that we had better not encumber the discussion by a multiplicity leading to confusion, but simply argue the point in so far as the movements of two vessels rounding a mark-boat are involved. I consider that the rule proposed by "Spun yarn" is a good one, and calculated to effect the desired object, with the exception of the sentence "shall on being hailed, give way!" There is too much noise and confusion on many occasions when about rounding marks to render this safe. The eye must be warned as well as the ear, and a visible signal of the right to room must be established, in *addition* to a hail, the neglect of which shall involve a rigorously enforced penalty. As to "Marline's" objection that a premium is offered to "reckless skippers," I must differ with him, no such gentlemen can be permitted on board racing yachts, and I do not think his experience will enable him to point out any one of our first class clippers, whose owner would for one moment countenance such a man: a general assertion is not considered sound argument, if he desires to prove that a hitherto recognized principle is open to the charge of fostering an evil, he must illustrate his argument against that evil by established fact. With regard to the Thames rule quoted, and the difference of opinion between leading members of its executive, it but confirms the principle advocated by "Spun yarn," for it is evident the framer of that rule, who it must be presumed was a practical man, and aided by others equally so, contemplated the right of a vessel in danger to be allowed room, else why insert the clause "provided there is no obstruction," and it is as equally clear that the difference of opinion between the members arose from their conviction of the justness of the principle, but their inability to define from the obscure wording of the rule, where its application commenced, or in plain terms to interpret what constituted an "overlap."

I regret that one who is evidently a devoted and clever yachtsman, should

so far ignore the amenities he has doubtless witnessed in his experience of yacht racing, even in moments of pardonable excitement, as to advocate reducing a noble sport by the introduction of practices more congenial to the prize fighters arena, than the recreation of gentlemen; and I feel confident his honest zeal has led him into that which a cooler consideration of his subject will induce him to forego in his proposed, or any future aquatic legislation his talents may be devoted to—namely the use of such muscular phraseology as “even if by so doing, she drives her adversary ashore, or to the wrong side of the buoy!” Why even Heenan was scouted when he hugged Sayers on the ropes!

Now as regards the injustice dwelt so feelingly on by “Marline” and others, I will put a case, not an imaginary one, but one that has occurred: two vessels were approaching a buoy, by a momentary shift of wind they had been separated and were converging on that point where “Marline’s” injustice was sure to be perpetrated, suddenly the light wind again shifted taking them both slowly aback, the leading vessel canting on the port and the second vessel on the starboard tack, the leading vessel had now to give way to the second according to rule, even when she could lay her course for the buoy; what weight has “Marline’s” plea of injustice in this case. I shall give another example for “Marline’s” consideration: two vessels were approaching a rock marking part of a course, both having the wind dead aft, but the leading vessel carried her boom on the starboard quarter, whilst the second vessel carried hers on the port quarter; in this case the second vessel was obviously drawing through her leader’s lee, and according to “Marline” quite right too, but upon the first vessel gybing her boom over, she would according to his views have a right to jam the vessel thus about to pass her, and force her upon the reef to the danger of life and limb, and the injury, if not total loss of valuable property!

As to his definition of when a vessel has a right to luff upon another, I fear, if his deductions have been made from facts, his imagination has been playing *vis a tergo* with his memory, particularly when collectively applied; has he—but of course he has—witnessed a cautious racer, making her escape from the delightful process of what in “Yankee parlance” is termed “blanketting,” or in Saxon vernacular “being held under the lee of her antagonist’s sails;” does she wait for a clear lead before she “brags a luff”?

“R.Y.S.’s” arguments, if they can be called such, are easily disposed of, he pronounces the assumed injustice in the one case laudable, in the other insufferable; he applauds the rule which provides against danger, and in the same breath advocates the forcing of a vessel ashore, or on a reef of rocks! The question with which he terminates his second letter is conclusive, “If it was blowing hard, and both vessels were large (query size—or course steered) supposing the first were to touch the ground what would happen?!!”

The rule suggested by “C.M.” carries the recommendation of brevity, and is tolerably to the purpose, but presents the weak feature of defining an “overlap” by a hail only: now a hail is very well to depend upon in the case of two vessels approaching the shore, but the fact that they are doing

so, and that the lee vessel may be using her lead, supplemental to her pilot, and the head-sheet men intently looking out, is an additional and very important safeguard against doubt, or misapprehension of the signal; but in the case in point it will not do to depend solely on a hail, nor must there be a loop hole left to wrangle over after the mischief has occurred, as to which vessel was nearest—which furthest.

I do think, so far as my experience of yacht racing enables me to form a judgment, that of all the rules suggested, "Spun yarn's," if slightly modified, comes nearest the one calculated to mete out justice impartially: its weakest part is the want of exact definition of the *point when* the leading vessel should bear away to give room to her antagonist; it requires that the conditions involving an "overlap" should be distinctly laid down, for it is by such that the right of a vessel to windward astern, to receive room in passing a mark-boat, &c., must be constituted; whilst at the same time the leading vessel must not be deprived by doubt or misapprehension, or by coercive hailing, of one iota of the advantage which her position confers upon her. It carries no slight recommendation moreover in the fact that its principle involves no departure from that recognized by the usage and custom of yacht racing hitherto, and if I err not in my recollection of law, long usage and custom establish a right. I say that if the helmsman of the leading yacht can see the bowsprit of the second yacht upon his weather quarter, it may be six inches—or six feet—inside the line of his taffrail, but sufficient for his experience to tell him that from her weatherly position she cannot bear away across his stern without coming into collision with him, this to all intents and purposes constitutes an "overlap," and he should at once give room to her to round or pass the mark inside of him; if he has not experience enough to tell him this, he has no business at the tiller of a first-class craft in a yacht race. Let this overlap be enforced by a hail from the second boat if necessary, and the right to room is declared beyond mistake. I know from long experience and many practical illustrations, that in nine cases out of ten, this will not occur so close to any buoy or mark as to render the fact of an "overlap" doubtful for a moment, notwithstanding "Marline's" nervous dread of a rush at the post.

There is no analogy whatever between horses, dogs, or men racing, and yachts racing; many may probably join in the expression "happily there is not," so that we need not dread those "Chifney frolics" afloat Mr. Editor, no more than that our thorough yachtsman who loves his craft, and a slashing good—right away fair—and—above board race, will for an instant countenance the introduction of any rule calculated to disturb the harmonious tenor of the yachting way, to say nothing of affording "kee-ind" friends such excellent opportunities of selecting a soft rock, or a velvet hull, as a suitable reminder to "rest and be thankful, and let justice be done!" (slightly brown).

Yours, &c.,

To the Editor H.Y.M.

OLD MATCH SAILOR.

P.S.—Perhaps you can induce your correspondent "Red, with White Maltese Cross," to give his views on the subject; he seems to be a practical hand.

## MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

*Royal Thames*—The sailing programme of this Club for the ensuing season is as follows :—

First and second class Cutter matches, Thursday May 30th. Course from Gravesend round the Mouse Light and back; no restriction as to canvas; half-minute allowance of time for difference of tonnage in each class. First class cutters to consist of vessels of any tonnage exceeding 35 tons: prize, value 100 sovereigns. Second class cutters—exceeding 20 and not over 35 tons; prize value 50 sovereigns: entries to close at 10 p.m. on Monday, May 27th.

Schooner Match on Monday, (Whit Monday) June 10th; an Ocean Match, course from the Nore Light outside the Goodwin's to Dover Harbour, open to all schooner yachts belonging to Royal Yacht Clubs and the New York Yacht Club: to sail with the usual fittings to the satisfaction of the Committee.  $\frac{1}{4}$  minute time allowance for difference of tonnage; no restriction as to canvas nor limitation to number of friends on board. First prize, value £100; second prize to second vessel if four start—£50: entries to close at 10 p.m., on Thursday, June 6th.

Channel Match to start on Thursday, July 4th, from the Nore Light to Havre; open to vessels of any rig belonging to any Royal Yacht Club or the New York Yacht Club; no restriction as to canvas, nor limitation of friends on board; no allowance of time for difference of tonnage. First prize value £100. Second prize to second vessel (if four start) value £50. Entries to close at 10 p.m., on Monday, July 1st.

Cutter match for vessels of the third and fourth classes on Saturday, June 29th. Course from Gravesend round the Nore Light and back. Half-a-minute per ton allowance of time for difference of tonnage in each class. Third class, exceeding 12 and not over 20 tons, prize, value £30. Fourth class, 7 tons and not exceeding 12 tons, prize, value £20. No restriction as to canvas.—Entries to close at 10 p.m., on Tuesday June 27th.

At the monthly meeting on Wednesday, April 3rd, Mr. H. Bessemer, Jun., of the *Zayda* cutter, 23 tons, was elected to membership.

A special general meeting of the Club was held at the Club-house, Albemarle Street, for the purpose of considering the advisability of raising the annual subscription upon the 1st January 1868, from 3 to 5 guineas.

A correspondent of "*Bells Life*" of the 20th April, signing himself a "Yacht Owner and Member" informs the Editor of that paper that a deficiency in the working of the Club for 18 months ending Dec. 1866, amounting to £3,061, has caused this resolution to be submitted, and complains of the alteration of the old system which worked well, expressing the opinion that the old members have cause of complaint against the management, in endeavouring to convert a useful and economical institute, into a would-be-swell-Club, which he asserts it can never be. Another correspondent in the same journal, signing himself "One of the Sailing Members," complains of the sad falling off between the programmes of 1865 and '67. He contends that the

original constitution of the Club contemplated sailing matches and sport in the River Thames, and contrasts 1865 as showing five good sporting matches in the river, against two proposed in '67, whilst with the decrease of sport the members are asked for increase of subscription; he expresses his idea of drifting from a sporting match sailing Club into a west-end Club, and calls upon the sailing members to use their endeavours to restore the Club to its former proud position, of being the first for its sporting matches and liberal prizes, and such matches as could be witnessed by most of the members and their friends.

*Royal London.*—At the monthly meeting held at Adelphi Terrace, on Monday evening the 15th April, the sailing programme for 1867 was confirmed by a full attendance of members, and is as follows:—

Opening cruise on Saturday, May 11th, to start from Erith at 10h. 30m., a.m., sail down the river and back to the Union Club Gravesend to dinner at 5 p.m.

Match for first-class cutters exceeding 25 tons, Club measurement, for two prizes in plate, value £70, and £20 to second vessel. On Wednesday, May 29th, Course from Erith round the Nore Light and back to Gravesend. Entries to close on Thursday, May 23rd, at 9 p.m. Time allowance 25 to 60 tons—half-a-minute per ton, 20sec. above that.

Match for second class cutters exceeding 12 and not over 25 tons, on Friday, June 28th, for two prizes value £30 in plate, and £10 to second vessel; half-a-minute per ton for difference of tonnage; course from Erith round the Nore Light, and back to Gravesend. On the same day match for third class cutters not exceeding 12 tons, Club measurement, two prizes, £20 in plate, and £5 second vessel, one minute per ton for difference of tonnage, course as before; entries to close on Monday, June 24th, at 9 p.m.

Ocean Match, on Saturday June 8th, open to yachts belonging to any Royal Yacht Club, or to New York Yacht Club; course from the Lower Hope down the Swin Channel, leaving the buoys on the Gunfleet, the Rough, and the Cork Light on the port hand, finishing at the flag-buoy in Harwich Harbour. Special regulations for this race.

*Prince of Wales.*—The monthly meeting was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Monday evening the 8th April; Vice-Commodore W. L. Low presiding. The first sailing match for the season was agreed to—viz: on Tuesday, March 14th, for yachts of 15 tons or under, for two prizes, four to enter and two to start; prizes £20 and £10; entries to close May 3rd. The opening trip of the Club took place on Thursday, 18th of April, the Eva, Vice-Commodore Low, and Argonaut, A. Louch, started from Blackwall, several members accompanying the owners, and upon their arrival at Purfleet were joined by those who travelled by rail, when some 30 dined at the Purfleet Hotel, Vice-Commodore Low in the chair. The usual loyal toasts being duly honored, Dr. Bain proposed that of the officers of the Club, taking the opportunity of remarking that builders had brought their art to perfection, but he thought there was much yet to learn in the handling of



yachts, and as a practical man he hoped yachtsmen would bestir themselves this summer.

*Royal Mersey.*—The monthly meeting was held on Monday, April 1st at the Club Rooms, Tower, Liverpool, presided over by Vice-Commodore Tetley, with Rear-Commodore Drinkwater in the Vice-chair. Eleven new members were added to the Club; the opening cruise was fixed for Thursday, May 28rd, to start from the Sloyne. The match for the Rear-Commodore's cup was definitely arranged to take place on Thursday, June 6th, round the Isle of Man and winning in Douglas Bay. The days for the annual regatta in the Mersey, viz., June 28th and 29th were also confirmed, when valuable prizes will be offered for first, second, and third class yachts.

*Royal Northern.*—The annual general meeting was held on Tuesday, April 2nd, at the Queen's Hotel, Glasgow: Sir Michael Robert Shaw Stewart, Bart., in the chair. The following officers were elected for the season. Commodore the Hon. George F. Boyle, screw schooner Valetta; Vice-Commodore, Sir Michael R. Shaw Stewart, Bart.; Rear-Commodore, John Addie, Esq., cutter Phosphorus.

The opening cruise was fixed for Thursday, May 30th, to start from Gourock Bay; the annual regatta was decided to be held at Greenock on Friday and Saturday, July 5th and 6th; upon which occasion the authorities will celebrate the opening of the esplanade.

*Royal Western.*—The two westernmost houses of the new and handsome block of buildings just completed on the Hoe, has been secured as the new Club House; they are built in the Italian style, and handsome balconies extending round the first and second floors form a most agreeable lounge, accessible from the windows of the principal apartments.

A noble coffee room abuts on the spacious entrance hall, with all the accessories of a west-end Club; including private coffee rooms, hall porters apartments, lavatories, &c. An aerial flight of stairs conducts to the reading room, which is of similar dimensions to the coffee room, here is set forth a liberal supply of the newspapers, home and foreign, of the day, together with periodical publications, maps, charts, directories, with writing materials, and a mail receiving box. The library, an equally imposing apartment, is adjoining, and contains many hundred volumes of standard works, chiefly presented by members; the card room completes the accommodation on this floor. On the second floor the principal apartments are devoted to two billiard rooms, extra card rooms, secretary's office, and the upper floors comprise sleeping accommodation for members. The kitchens and wine cellars are fitted with all modern appliances, together with house steward's and other apartments for a large staff of servants, and a patent lift communicates with all the corridors above. On the roof there is a charming promenade surrounded by an ornamental balcony, from whence a most extensive and commanding view of the Sound, Drakes Island, Breakwater, Mount Edgcumbe, Stadden, and the surrounding country can be obtained.

The elder brethren of the Trinity Board have presented the Club with a

magnificent equatorial telescope by Dolland, the qualities of which will constitute no little attraction of the new Club House.

No yachtsman visiting Plymouth should omit seeing Captain Beachy's celebrated painting of the "Regatta"; it is over the chimney piece of the new reading room, and is one of the most life-like and exquisite paintings of yachting life we have ever seen.

*Prince Alfred.*—This popular Club have determined to commence the season by a cruise to Holyhead on the afternoon of the 23rd May next, where the members hope to meet the yachts of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, also on their opening cruise, and to sail a race back to Kingstown, starting at six o'clock on the 25th May, the day appointed to be kept in honour of her Majesty's birthday. Prize—A handsome pair of silver-gilt goblets, presented by Robert N. Batt, Esq., and if five start a yacht's binnacle and compass, value £10, presented by another member, for second boat. Open to yachts of all classes, rigs, and sizes belonging to the Prince Alfred Yacht Club, steered by members, and subject to their rules and sailing regulations. Double time, according to their new scale, to be allowed. Final arrangements will be made at the first meeting on the 6th May next.

*Royal Dee.*—A meeting was held at the Pengwern Arms, Parkgate, on Thursday, 18th April, Commodore Grindrod presiding, when an election of members took place. The opening cruise was fixed for Thursday, May 23rd, yachts to sail in fleet to Helbre Island at the mouth of the Dee.

*Royal Eastern.*—The Annual Regatta for 1867 will be held at Granton on Saturday, June 29th, when several valuable prizes will be offered for different classes of yachts.

*Royal Welsh.*—The popular regatta of this Club in the Menai Straits, will be held this year at Carnarvon, commencing on Tuesday, August 6th, The usual programme of prizes will be offered, and a numerous attendance of yachts will doubtless be attracted to this charming locality, where the courtesy and attention of Vice-Commodore Turner has become a household word, and is not a little appreciated by the Channel yachtsmen.

*Temple.*—The monthly meeting took place on Wednesday, April 3rd, Commodore Hildersley in the chair. The first match of the season was fixed for Monday, May 13th, course from Charlton to Lower Red Buoy, Greenhithe, and back. Entries to close May 8th.—Second match on Monday, July 8th, entries to close July 3rd. Several new members were elected.

*Royal Albert.*—The period for the annual regatta at Southsea has been decided upon, viz., Tuesday 6th, Wednesday 7th, Thursday 8th, and Friday 9th of August, when handsome prizes will be offered for competition between the following classes. 1st. schooners; 2nd. cutters of 35 and under 85 tons; 3rd. vessels over 15 and not exceeding 35 tons; 4th. vessels not exceeding 15 tons; 5th. a Corinthian match to be sailed in cutters under 15 tons.

*Royal Southern.*—It has been resolved to hold the annual regatta in Southampton Waters on Saturday, July 27th.

*Royal Yorkshire.*—The annual regatta is fixed for Wednesday 17th, and Thursday the 18th of July, to be held at Hull.

*Windermere Sailing Club.*—The lovers of sailing matches on the romantic Windermere will be afforded ample sport this year; the Club have just issued their programme for 1867, viz., First day, Wednesday, July 17th, matches to be sailed in heats, the victor in two to be declared the winner; professional crews allowed. Second day, Wednesday, July 24th.; to be sailed in heats on same conditions as before, by amateur crews, with one professional hand allowed to trim sails, &c., but not to steer. Third day, Wednesday, July 31st, crew and conditions as preceding.

On Wednesday August 7th, the grand Challenge Cup value 50 sovereigns will be sailed for, with similar conditions to those last named.

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### THE "RED, WHITE AND BLUE."

THE little Atlantic wanderer has come to moorings in the Pompeian Palace, Avenue Montaigne, Paris. She left Argenteuil on the 10th April, in tow of one of the chain boats that navigate the Seine, and which at the same time tugged a large fleet of barges up the river. After three days of the most perilous voyage she or her crew have yet encountered, performed by this chain tug boat at a speed of *five knots per day*, amidst the pleasant bumping and ranging about, the casting off and picking up of an ever shifting and changing flotilla of barges, Capt. Hudson and his mate Mr. Fitch found themselves off the haven of their desire—"to hum" in fact,—off the Avenue Montaigne just below the Pont d'Alma; in vain was the hail passed to the Gallic Palinurus to slow engines and slack up the tow line of the Columbian Argo, in vain the voice of Jason backed by his single Argonaut rang loud and clear above the Babel of barges; nautical phraseology is as much at a discount amongst the mariners of the Seine as classic Greek; hemmed in by a cloud of dingy bulls there seemed no escape, but when did fertility of resource or dexterity of hand fail a seaman. Captain Hudson after a hard struggle and being carried under the bridge, managed to get clear, but just as the line was about to be cast off from the last barge, the tug-boat again went ahead with her train, the "Red, White, and Blue" took a wild sheer,—and the strong wind blowing up the river took her again under the arch, where her topmasts jammed and over she went on her beam ends; the crashing of the tiny sticks however relieved her and her crew from a most disagreeable if not dangerous position, and she immediately righted; thus after triumphing over the perils of the wild Atlantic, the gallant wee ship was brought to grief by a contemptible bridge over a miserable stream, in conspiracy with the wooden head of a lout, calling himself forsooth a Pilot. However new spars were speedily aloft, and all a-taunto again the hardy little bark challenges the admiration of the wondering Parisians at her unparalleled voyage.

Owing to the steam yacht of the *Societe des Regates Parisiennes* being disabled, the intention of its members to give Captain Hudson a reception, and tow his little ship up the Seine could not be carried out, much to their annoyance and regret.

On Monday the 22nd April, Capt. Hudson entertained to a *déjeune* a numerous circle of friends and countrymen who welcomed him to Paris. Amongst other nautical celebrities present were some of the members of the Paris Yacht Club.

### REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- May** 9.—Southampton Amateur Regatta Club—Opening Race.  
 13.—Temple Yacht Club—Sailing Match, Charlton to Greenhithe and back.  
 14.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club—Sailing Match, Erith to Chapman and back.  
 28.—Ranelagh Yacht Club—Sailing Match, Erith to Chapman and back.  
 29.—Royal London Yacht Club—1st class, from Erith to Nore and back to Gravesend.  
 30.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta on Oulton Broad.  
 30.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—1st and 2nd classes Gravesend to Mouse and back.
- June** 6.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club—Sailing Match round the Isle of Man.  
 6.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta at Cantley.  
 8.—Royal London Yacht Club—Ocean Match to Harwich.  
 10.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Schooner Match, Nore Light to Dover.  
 20.—Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland—Regatta at Queenstown.  
 28.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club—Sailing Match, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd classes.  
 28.—Royal London Yacht Club—Second and 3rd classes, from Erith to the Nore and back to Gravesend.  
 29.—Royal Eastern Yacht Club—Regatta at Granton.  
 29.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—3rd and 4th classes, Gravesend to Nore and back.
- July** 4.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta at Wroxham.  
 4.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Channel Match, Nore Light to Havre.  
 5.—Royal Northern Yacht Club—Regatta at Greenock.  
 8.—Temple Yacht Club—Sailing Match.  
 8.—Bray (Ireland) Regatta.  
 10.—Royal Irish Yacht Club—Regatta in Dublin Bay.  
 10.—Southampton Regatta.  
 11.—Sailing Barge Match—The Nore and back.  
 17.—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club Regatta—Hull.  
 18.—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta—Queenstown.  
 22.—Havre Regatta.  
 27.—Royal Southern Yacht Club—Regatta at Southampton.
- Aug** 1.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta on Oulton Broad.  
 6.—Royal Welch Yacht Club—Regatta at Carnarvon.  
 6.—Royal Albert Yacht Club—Regatta at Southsea.
- Sept** 16.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta on Oulton Broad.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications stand over until next month, owing to want of space.

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# HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

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JUNE 1st, 1867.

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## A CRUISE ROUND SKYE IN A 130 TON SCHOONER.\*

BY J. A. L.

AUGUST, Thursday 18th.—The morning rose gloomily but fine and warm, with little or no wind, the gentlemen were astir early, and put a bucketful of hot water into the ladies' shower bath, the result of which scientific experiment was a scream of astonishment at first, and afterwards much speculation as to the Gulf stream, and its wonderful effect in raising the temperature of the water. Went ashore at 11 a.m., and tried the otter again, catching several nice white trout, and one of the party shot a couple of young wild ducks: on board at 5 p.m., and set sail for Rum Island, breeze light but freshening fast; at 7h. 30m., it was blowing stiffly from S.S.E., and beginning to look rather nasty, with heavy rain, and the atmosphere so thick that we missed the anchorage, and at 11 p.m., hardened down two reefs in the mainsail, stowed the foresail, and hove to with her head off shore; it rained and blew all night with thunder and lightning, and as day broke we saw a large Revenue cutter running for Loch Scavig, which we supposed to be the Princess Royal.

\* Concluded from page 209.

Friday 19th.—At 4h.30m., filled on her, and soon anchored in the Bay of Kinlochderesert, on the north-eastern shore of Rum Island, which belongs to the Marquis of Salisbury, and is by him used as a deer forest; after breakfast, we got on shore, and walked about for some time, searching for blood stones, which are occasionally found, but without success. The Island is rocky and sterile, but commands a fine view from the top of its highest hill, Ben More, which rises 2,320 feet; day fine, but breeze still fresh from S.S.W.; Eig Island lay near, so taking the boat we landed on it to inspect the cavern, noted for the massacre therein of the entire population of the Island, some 200 souls, by the chieftain of the Mc Leods, who having conceived some cause of offence against the Islanders, landed with his clan upon it, when the inhabitants not daring to resist, retreated into this natural fortress, but being unluckily discovered, the invader caused huge fires of heath and peat to be kindled at its mouth, and as sung by Sir Walter—

“ The vengeful Chief maintains his fires,  
Till in the vault a tribe expires.”

An example imitated even in our own day by the late Duke of Magenta, then General Pelissier, who took the same effectual method of “rubbing out” a tribe of Arabs, which had been troublesome to French rule in Algeria. The cave is some 255 feet long, by 20 in height, depth, and breadth, the entrance being under a low browed arch, of about three feet high; within which it expands to the above noble proportions; its floor is strewn with fine sand, which was formerly covered with the bones of the victims of this ferocious revenge, but there are at present none to be seen, and the entrance which then must have been concealed, is now quite open and obvious. By 12h. noon, the Laura was again under weigh for the north end of the Island of Skye, with a brisk S.S.W., breeze, running free, under all lower sail and main-gaff-topsail, doing some 6 knots; by 1h. 30m., we were coasting along the Island, admiring the rugged cliffs and the fine range of the Ouchullin hills as they cut the clear blue sky, Ben Bloeven rising 3,000 feet into the air, wrapped in cloud. When off Copnahow Head the square sail was set, and the old ship tore along, rolling a good deal in the heavy swell, but the passengers were now seasoned, and cared not a straw for Father Neptune. At 5h., passed Dunvegan Head, which forms

one extremity of Loch Follart, at the end of which is Dunorgan Castle, formerly one of the residences of Torquil of the Isles, but now belonging to that McLeod of McLeod, whose contest with, and final triumph over the doubtful egg, is still often recounted for the instruction and reproof of those young gentlemen who are nicer than they are wise. At 6h., it was in squaresail and haul your wind round Vatternich point for the anchorage in Loch Snizort, where at 9 p.m. our mudhook went down in the Bay of Uig, near the Northern entrance, and on the eastern side of the Loch, the yacht lying in beautifully smooth clear water, and the evening delightfully fine, and even warm, for so late a period of the year, and such a northern latitude. One heavy shower had fallen at 6h. 30m., but merely sufficient to damp the canvass, and increase our speed; "The Lord of the Isles" in frequent requisition as we recognised the various points mentioned, and the ladies full of enthusiasm for the cause so eloquently and beautifully advocated in its spirited cantos.

Saturday 20th.—The morning broke with a fine fresh breeze from the same point, and the gentlemen were up early, and landed to fish a small river which fell into the sea, nearly opposite where the vessel was lying. The sport was bad however, only a few small trout being captured, but the view of a very fine waterfall rewarded the early birds, and we saw also the grave of the fond and faithful Flora Macdonald, which is near the beach, in the kirk yard of Kilmuir. The whole place looked dreary and desolate in the extreme, even to Hibernian eyes, as the potatoe famine which so severely scourged Ireland, and which was then only in some measure abating, had fallen with peculiar severity on the inhabitants of Skye, and all the western Islands, the people being completely decimated by fever and other diseases brought on by want, and numbers had fled, or were flying, from their homes to seek other and distant lands, while the poverty and wretchedness of those who remained, it was fearful to witness. All the time we were in Skye, eggs, butter, or milk were hardly to be procured, and for what was to be had, prices were asked exceeding those at Cowes, even in the height of the season. By 11h., all were on board again, and we sailed with a fine fresh breeze for Loch Staffin on the eastern side of the Island. As we ran along the shore, we saw the steamer which was engaged in the survey of the coast, at anchor under

Duntullin Castle, one of the most ancient of Highland fortresses, and dating from the days of Harold Harfager; the sun came out bright and hot, rendering the sail most enjoyable, as the wind kept up, and the yacht did some 9 knots through the water, although as the tide was strong against us, she did not probably make more than 5 knots over the ground, the stream of current being of such force as can hardly be imagined. At 11h. 30m., passed Trodda Island, off the point of Aird, the northern extremity of Skye, in a brisk shower of rain, and commenced our beat up to Loch Staffin, which lasted until 3 p.m., when the anchor was dropped in a nice little bay sheltered by the Island of Hadda, from all but northerly winds. Glass 29.10 falling, and wind getting up. Soon after anchoring the party landed at a small town rejoicing in the name of Glasbluin, and after sending a messenger to Portree, distant some 14 miles, for letters and papers, commenced a traffic for Skye terriers with one of Lord Macdonald's keepers, which ended in the importing on board of a mother and two pups—real varmint. The bitch was already minus one paw, lost in an encounter with an otter, and the young ones so full of fight that it became a favourite diversion with the sailors to make them lay hold of their mamma, and then to lift her by the tail with the two little wretches hanging on by their teeth to her skin, she was called Fruich, and the puppies were duly named Quirang and Uig, in honour of the neighbourhood. It blew very hard all night, with heavy squalls, and looked much as if a regular storm was coming on, so we rejoiced greatly in our quiet haven.

Sunday, 21st.—Dawned with a heavy gale from W.S.W., but to our great joy the glass again showed symptoms of rising, and after service in the main cabin, the rain cleared off, and we landed to meet our messenger from Portree, who brought a large consignment of letters and newspapers. The master of the boy and pony, like a true native of the soil, after wanting to charge at least three times the proper sum for the job, characteristically declined, himself to receive the money on the "sobboth," but on our hinting that we *might* be gone in the morning, desired it to be handed to his boy, who would give it him on the morrow. Our papers brought news of the intended visit of Her Gracious Majesty to her Irish subjects, and to the Dargan exhibition, and that she was expected to land at Kingstown the following week, so it was put to the vote whether we should linger



longer on the Scottish coast, or run over to Ireland to meet Her Majesty, and the question *nam con* resolved in favour of loyalty. The evening being fine, we all landed at 2h. 30m., to visit the remarkable mountain of Quirang, situate about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from our anchorage, and a more extraordinary place, or a more wondrous view I never beheld, but as unluckily my notes respecting it are meagre, and at this distance of time, I cannot remember details. I have ventured to pirate the description of this curious extinct volcano, from a book recently published, and called *A Summer in Skye*, by Alexander Smith, which I can recommend to my readers as giving an interesting account of this and other remarkable places in the Island. "The Quirang, he says, is one of the wonderful sights of Skye, and if you once visit it you will believe ever afterwards the misty and spectral Ossian to be authentic. 'Tis a huge spire or cathedral of rock, some 1,000 feet in height, with rocky spires or needles, sticking out of it; Macbeth's weird sisters stand on the blasted heath, and Quirang stands in a region as wild as itself. The country round is strange, and abnormal, rising into rocky ridges here, like the spine of some huge animal, sinking into hollows there, with pools in the hollows glimmering almost always through drifts of misty rain. On a clear day with a bright sun above, the ascent of Quirang must be pleasant enough—but a clear day you seldom find, for on the spectral precipices and sharp pointed rocky needles, the weeping clouds of the Atlantic have made their chosen home." Our party were fortunate, as although it had rained heavily in the morning, by the time we had got ashore, the sun had come out brightly, and the clouds rolled off the mountain tops, while the rivulets being very full the little waterfalls and torrents gave a lively aspect to the scene. We had a pleasant walk through the fields to the foot of the hill, and commenced the ascent about 3h. 30m.; the grass and stones being very slippery after the rain, and the path extremely steep, took a good deal out of our lady friends, who had become somewhat puffy and thick winded, from the good cheer and little exercise which they had enjoyed since coming on board, however pluck, and that strong determination to see everything to be seen, which characterizes the British female, prevailed, and at length the whole party reached the top, and as the day was then remarkably bright and clear, they thoroughly enjoyed the magnificent view, or rather series of views, which presented

themselves, as from the centre of the crater each opening between the rocky pinnacles, gave a distinct and lovely panorama, while the evidently vitrified rocks around afforded great scope for wonder and speculation. It has all the appearance of having been at some remote period a volcano, and the traces of fire are clearly marked on the cliffs and stones around. Six o'clock found us still lingering on the tops, though the wind was pretty high, which however, helped our return, as being abeam, it, as well as the steepness of the path, facilitated the descent, and at last on getting to somewhat smooth ground, each lady selected a cavalier to hold on by, and set off at a canter, which like John Gilpin's "became a gallop soon, and 'ere long it was d——l take the hindermost," until one active couple spying a part which seemed more green and level, thoughtlessly made for it, and were brought up by being embedded in a quagmire rather above the knees, while another pair came to lamentable grief at a stile; no serious damages were done however, and 8 o'clock saw all at a hearty tea, with fresh herrings, chops, eggs, &c., ending in just a soupçon of the *creme d' apricot* as a nightcap and soother after the fatigues of the day.

Monday.—Off at 10 a. m. for Portree, wind W. by N. westerly, with heavy squalls of rain; beat to Portree by 12h., sent boat ashore with letters to desire the boxes and portmanteaus left at Greenock to be forwarded, and a relay of smart toggery fit to appear before a Queen to meet us at Kingstown, and at 3h. 30m. sailed for Kyle Aiken. I did not land at Portree, but am informed that the capital of Skye is not remarkable in an architectural point of view; the harbour is a fine, land-locked basin, capable of holding many hundred vessels, but there is naturally little trade, and few ships go there. The sail down the Sound of Raasay is interesting, and that Island said to be worth a visit for the purpose of seeing Brocket Castle, but our haste prevented our landing or trying the river at Sligachan, where the sport is said to be good, as we had intended. In going into Kyle Aiken we met the Glow-worm steamer which brought up for a short time before the town; on which we prudently turned to and wrote duplicates of our letters for Greenock, to be put on board her, thereby securing a much better chance of their early delivery, the postal arrangements of Skye being then, so far as we could ascertain, in a very primitive state, and the time for a letter reaching the mainland appearing to vary from three days to three

weeks time, according to the post-mistress's own account. The steamer employed in looking after the herring fishery also came in while we were there.

Tuesday, 23rd. Again very fine, and we sailed at 7h. 15m., but with a very light air of wind from N.N.W., and at 9h. hove to off Kyle Rea, to let the tide make through the narrows before we attempted it, as it runs from six to seven knots; at 9h. 30m. commenced beating through, but from the lightness of the wind and strength of the current, we were bundled along side foremost in a very unsailor-like fashion; by 10h. 30m., we were off Glenelg, glass 29.15, and rising; wind nearly up and down the mast. At 2 p.m., a very heavy shower brought up a fine N.W. breeze, and off we went again. The Chevalier steamer from Stornoway passed and went into Ilonsay; 2h 30m. again calm for half an hour, and then a fine fresh breeze from N.W. came down and took the Laura along some six knots close hauled for the point of Ardnamurchan, sea smooth as glass, and sailing very pleasant, but the weather sensibly getting colder, with a few sharp showers: by 4h. 30m. we were again off Eig Island, doing five knots close hauled under all lower sails, wind still N.W., but it suddenly dropped, and then came free, so up went square sail, and we ran before it, and were off the point of Ardnamurchan by 6h.; evening fine and pleasant, Coll and Tiree Islands on our beam; at 9h. 15m. running up Loch Tua to an anchorage; wind again light, brought up at half-past 9, and at 10, saw a very curious star, with a tail like a comet, which showed in the N.N.W., for about three-quarters of an hour, and then disappeared; night fine, cigars on deck.

Wednesday, 24th.—Lovely morning but dead calm, so all hands were piped early to bathe, when one of our passengers who had spent much of his early life in India and China, made his appearance in a pair of splendid crimson silk panjamas, with a yellow silk shirt; as his ill luck would have it the joke about the Gulf stream still rankled in the breasts of some of the fair sex; and no sooner was his dip over, and he had, under the shadow of a boat's sail, which was always stretched across the deck for bathing purposes, rehabilitated himself in his gorgeous apparel and was preparing to slip quietly to his cabin, than the word was passed, "the ladies are coming on deck." Now our hero being of an exceedingly modest and shame faced disposition, would not for worlds

have been seen in his present costume, so beat a hasty retreat into one of the boats swinging in the davits, no doubt thinking it was only a freak of the dear creatures, to have a sniff of fresh air before breakfast, and that all would be quiet in a few minutes, but no—the more he waited, the more they seemed nailed to the deck; after a time “Breakfast ready,” was shouted up the companion, and our friend had a gleam of hope, but alas, the staircase and his cabin door was exactly opposite the open door of the main cabin and the breakfast table, so he lay on while the rest quietly discussed the good things provided, with many loudly expressed wonderings where Mr. O—— had gone to. By 9h. all were on deck again, when a mischievous varlet of a youngster on board lowered away the aftermost fall, and let the boat hang at such an angle that a bolt or a tumble into the sea became inevitable, so bolt at last the quarry did, and took refuge in his own den, saluted as he passed with a view hollo which was enough to frighten the very fishes. Soon after we started again, and with the aid of a light breeze made the best of our way to the far famed Staffa, and lowering the gig with its regular hands, and manning the cutter with a crew of gentlemen, pulled off to Fingall's Cave, which is fully 70 feet in height, and runs into the rock nearly 250 feet, with a beautiful canal of deep blue water in its centre, and the roof formed of countless ranges of pillars, some white as snow, others dark as if formed of basalt crossing the cave with almost the regularity of the dome of St. Paul's.

“The pillared vestibule

Expanding yet precise; the roof embowed

Might seem designed to humble man when proud

Of his best workmanship, by plan or tool.”

Or as Sir Walter phrases it

“Nor does its entrance point in vain

To old Iona's holy fane,

That nature's voice might seem to say,

Well hast thou done frail child of clay;

Thy humble powers that stately shrine,

Taxed high and hard, but witness mine.”

I have often visited the Giant's Causeway on the coast of Antrim, the columnar formation of which much resembles that of Staffa, but own I was far more struck with the latter, as the structure of the rocks is more distinct and visible, and the diameter of each pillar being smaller, and their length greater, they appear more artificial and uncommon. We pulled right into the cave, and the day

being splendid, and the water smooth as oil, with the sky a beautiful azure, and hardly a cloud to be seen, we visited the place at great advantage, and very thoroughly explored it, and having duly wakened the echoes with a gun shot, pulled back to the vessel, and pushed on for Iona or Icolmkill, distant some 9 miles from Staffa; by 2 o'clock we were off the shore, and pulled to the beach, leaving the Laura to make the best of her way on her course, as well as the almost perfect calm would permit. On landing we were, as usual in such places, beset with sellers of stones, pebbles, shells, &c., who were nearly as great a nuisance as at the Causeway or Killarney itself, but we compounded for a fee of 2s. 6d., given to the biggest, on the express condition that no one else should come near us. We visited all the ruins of the shrines, tombs of the ancient Norwegian and Scottish kings, which have, however, been too often described for me to attempt it here, but with which I own to have been rather disappointed, as they are much mouldered away and defaced, and scarcely more striking than the ruins of the seven churches in the County Wicklow. A grave was being dug in the church yard, and at every spadeful fragments of bone, teeth, &c., were thrown up. Our irreverent youngster pocketed a jaw-bone, which he averred to be that of a Scottish king, it was in wonderful preservation, but on further inquiry from our native it proved to be a relic of a schoolmaster, who had been buried some 50 years ago, and was now obliged to make room for a new comer, and as the ladies feared ill-luck and worse weather from the desecration, the robber was compelled by the force of public opinion to restore his spoils, and to drink a glass of salt water, administered by the youngest priestess as a penalty for his want of reverence. We then ascended the hill from which there is a splendid view, but soon perceived that aided by the light wind and strong tide, our good ship had contrived to place four miles at least of blue water between us and our dinners, so a quick move was made to the beach where putting rather the more liberal allowance of dead weight, in the shape of feminine flesh and blood, in the stern sheets of the gig, we started a regular race for the Laura. Our cutter being four-oared and nearly as long, and lighter than the gig, held her way well with the stronger oarsmen in the other boat, and there was scarcely four strokes between them when the "easy all—in bow, way enough!" of our practised helmswoman, gave time for a puff, which I can answer for the stroke oar, at least, was sadly needed. We had a

comfortable and quiet dinner, as old *Æolus* had compassion, and kept his breath stowed away until near sunset, when a charming breeze came stealing over the water: up went our squaresail, and away we went running seven or eight knots up to 10 p.m., when the wind suddenly veered to S.S.E.; got in squaresail, and steered S. by W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  W., close hauled during a lovely night, with the water as phosphorescent as in Southern latitudes, and quite lighting up the vessels sides, while she went through it.

Thursday, 25th.—Morning fresh, lying E. by S., and E. by N. beating to windward under a double-reefed mainsail, and reefed foresail, rather a nasty sea getting up, glass falling; at 10h. 30m. between Rathlin Island and the Mull of Cantire, sky thick, wind dead on end, sea rough and some rain. At 1h. 30m., close off Irish land, tacked ship, and stood over for coast of Scotland; 5h. 30m., off Sanda Light, when it was proposed to the ladies to go into the Frith of Clyde, and give up the Queen. Chorus of Noes. Pluck was soon after rewarded, as the wind got higher, and the sea smoother; 6h. 30m., Ailsa Craig on weather bow, rain again, 8h. 30m., breeze light but coming round, Course S. by W., close hauled, night dark and wet; 10h. 30m., fresh breeze from Southward, going seven knots under the four lower sails; 12h., fresh breeze, S.S.E., easterly; glass falling, still raining heavily, close hauled on S.S.W. course. The Corsewill's light bearing east, and the light on the Maiden Rocks abeam; a steamer's lights astern. N.B.—passengers very queer all day.

26th August, 2 a.m.—As before, sea rough, breeze fresh S.S.E., 3 a.m., wind heading us off Copelands; 9 a. m., Wind S.S.W., and light, heading in towards Irish coast, South rock ten miles to windward, glass 29°, and getting up, sun bright and day fine; 12 noon a breeze from S.S.W., standing off S.E. by S. a good deal of roll; all lower sail, and both gaff topsails, as we were anxious to make the passage in time, but alas, wind soon after entirely died away, and from 1h. to 8h. the Yacht rolled about in a heavy swell, coming from Southward; the Isle of Man showing a-head, and the Mull of Galloway and the Mourne Mountains in sight on either hand. At 8h. p.m., the wind gradually sprung up from N.E., and during the night blew very hard, sending us along some six knots close hauled

27th.—Blowing very hard, but glass rising. At 6h. 30m. a.m.,

sighted Lambay Island, the wind hauling round dead out of Dublin Bay; at 8h. 30m., met the Amulet yawl from Belfast, and beat to windward with her in a stiff breeze until 12, when we anchored in Kingstown Harbour close off the Jetty; the Magician, Sappho, Charlotte, Gitana, Charm, and several other yachts lying near us. Went ashore at 12h, a nasty disagreeable day, blowing hard with heavy showers, dined on shore, and could hardly get off to the vessel at 10h, there being quite a gale from N.N. West.

Sunday 28th.—Blowing very hard with heavy showers, landed for church, but in the afternoon it came on so bad that the ladies could not go off in gig for fear of being swamped, so wandered about shore and club house, until evening, when it moderated, and we got aboard, very thankful to be in any harbour, instead of at sea; several yachts came in during the day, all much knocked about; glass rising a little.

29th.—This rose a beautiful morning, with a fine bright sun, and the Queen being expected early, every one was astir betimes, the harbour looking very gay, as all the yachts and shipping sported their best bunting, and the quays and club-houses were crowded with spectators, and decked out with evergreens and flags. At 7h 30m. the signal was given that the Squadron was off Dalkey Island, but unluckily just as the Victoria and Albert was entering the harbour, an envious sea fog came on which for some twenty minutes enveloped everything, and until the saluting cleared it off, even the vessels coming in could hardly be distinguished. Her Majesty and the late lamented Prince Consort were in the Victoria and Albert, (an old vessel of that name, and now called the Osborne), and she was escorted by the Terrible, Encounter, and Tribune steam frigates, and by the Fairy, Black Eagle, Banshee, and Vivid steamers. The royal party landed at 9h. 30m., and went to Dublin by rail, where there were grand illuminations, processions, and a review, but all much marred by the wetness of the weather.

30th.—The Queen went to the Exhibition in State, but as my object is not to write an account of the Royal visit, but to give a sketch of an extremely pleasant and successful yacht cruise, with the prince of good fellows as the host and owner, an agreeable party as companions, and the kindest of old gentlemen and ladies to preside over and keep the company together, I will here close my yarn with the advice to all yachtsmen who have vessels fit for it, not to waste

their summers or autumns pottering about the Solent, Thames, or Dublin Bay, or even with sailing about the Clyde, and up its pretty Lochs, but to stretch boldly round the Mull of Cantire, or go through the Crinan canal, as the size of their craft or circumstances dictate, up to Oban, and thence by Tobermory, and the Sound of Mull to the point of Sleat, round Skye, visit Staffa, Iona, Quirang, and Loch Coruskin, and if time allowed, Stornoway and the Western Isles, and my word for it that if fortune favours them with fine weather and pleasant companions, they will never regret doing so, but will like all our party mark the month or six weeks occupied in their cruise, with a white stone as one of the most agreeable periods in their lives, and long as earnestly as I do for another chance of revisiting scenes so wild and so interesting.

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### LEAVES FROM THE "LOTUS."\*

As we passed through the smitheries we saw the men lying about exhausted and asleep. It was their dinner hour, and they were then working from 5h. 30m. a.m. till 8h. p.m. Our conductor asked us what we thought of Cherbourg, in comparison with Devonport and Portsmouth? He thought the French had stolen a march on the English with their *frégates blindées*, "But you'll soon get a-head again," said he, shaking his head, "you've lots of money, that's the thing after all!" "Were we Protestants?" We were heretics. "Les parents de sa femme à lui, étaient aussi des protestants, c'était tout la même chose," laughed he, shrugging his shoulders with true French nonchalance.

The hydraulic works stand on a large platform north-west of the basins; and west of these is a reservoir of 176,000,000 gallons from the Divette. In a triangular space south of the basins, called L'Encinte des casernes, are the Majorité, Naval Tribunal, Library, Pay and Police Buildings, and Major-General's Offices; also artillery, gendarmery and marine barracks, coal stores, and a gaol for 600 prisoners. The officers' houses are at the northern end of the enclosure, without the western boundary wall; southward of them are two bomb-proof infantry barracks, with an intermediate parade, having officers' quarters on

\* Continued from page 169.



its western side : south of these will be the Naval Hospital, and south of all, the Artillery dépôt, barracks, and offices. The storehouses, colour, sail, rigging, &c. lofts, and a victualling-office, are on the rectangular space between the basins. Walking southward from these, we were amused by some *aumôniers*, striding along with their brother officers, their *soutanes* tossed Spanish fashion over their shoulders, and their broad brimmed round poled beavers cocked jauntily over their eyes. They ever and anon laughed outright, and seemed quite as imbued with proverbial merriment, as their nautical comrades. Crossing the last of the iron swing bridges spanning the entrance locks, and passing the offices, where silver-buttoned officials seemed to be enjoying the noxious weed, we finally reached the yard gates, situated at the chains of the rudder-shaped enclosure. After getting back our *longue vue*, we return past the Chantereyne Victualling Yard on our left, with its bakeries, and storehouses, its building slips, and basin with 2 feet of water at low tides, and bastions at the entrance, and are glad to rest and refresh ourselves after our toil. The Cherbourg breakwater was projected in 1781, on de Cessart's plan, consequent on a visit of the Prince de Condé, and the Ministers of War. The original plan was to sink ninety cones base to base, in a line of 12,800 feet between Pelée and Querqueville Point. The number was eventually reduced to 18, the first of which was sunk on the 6th June 1784, 3270 feet from Pelée: one after another the cones were destroyed by storms, till de la Bretonnière's plan of merely depositing stone was reverted to, so that in 1789, 476, 760 tons had been deposited, and in 1790 the surface, 90 feet broad, reached the level of low spring tides, from a base 300 feet in width. In 1792 a Commission appointed to report on the works recommended their being raised ten feet above high spring tides, and that the top should be 33 feet wide, the length of 12,140 feet to be cased with blocks quarried from the Roule, and la Fauconnière. The works were suspended for some time, but resumed in 1802; and by 1805, a twenty gun battery, 570 feet long, by 104 broad, of dry set stone, with a breast work in front, was completed and armed: on the 12th February, 1808 this battery and 194 people were washed away; sixty-nine people who had taken refuge in a guard-room built with mortar were alone saved, so in 1811 Napoleon ordered a tower of masonry to be constructed, which however was not taken in hand. They continued depositing stone till 1832, when Duparc proposed a wrought granite wall in masonry, 33 feet high from low spring tides, which plan has been pursued. Including the circular casemates at the ends, each 114 feet in diameter, with a lighthouse, the digue extends 11,850 feet, is 330 broad

at base, and 98 deep ; the causeway being 30 feet, and the parapet 36 feet above low water.

The central fort 460 feet in length, consists of a circular outwork, and elliptical casemate with barracks and a lighthouse ; on each side south of this, and inside the end forts, are boat basins sheltered by piers. There is an intermediate casemate 190 feet long on the western arm of breakwater.

Eleven sail of the line could easily be moored behind the digue, and twenty-four others, with 80 fathoms on each bower, could moor south of them, in from 5 to 7 fathoms water : there would remain room for 22 frigates, with the same scope in  $4\frac{1}{2}$  and 5 fathoms inside these, for 12 sloops in  $3\frac{1}{2}$  fathoms ; and for 18 or more smaller craft in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  and 3 fathoms water. The yard basins could accommodate a fleet in themselves, though to keep one there would be injudicious, for fear of fire, or bombardment, as ships can *not* pass in, or out, at *any* time of tide ; the depth on the Avant Port entrance sill being only 15 feet at low springs, when the rise is 17 feet, and being 13 feet only at neap tides. The empty, fire-proof appearance of this Dock Yard is striking, to one accustomed to the crowded, paper-roofed appearance of some of our own, so belumbered with sheds and timber stacks : the Cherbourg timber is stowed away eastward at the Fort des Flamands pound. What is gained in space however, may be lost in time, and in having to transport timber, occasionally exceeding sea water in specific gravity, a distance of two miles across the roadstead. In other respects it will be seen the Arsenal is specially compact ; gunwharf, victualling-yard, coal dépôt factories, docks, offices, &c., being all either immediately between, or else concentrated round the three basins.

On gazing from the Roule over all these gigantic works, one admires the original conception, and the pertinacity which during 80 years, and under seven dynasties animated the various governments, so as spite of all obstacles to eventually bring the whole to a successful issue. Not a yacht is to be seen however, there seem scarcely a dozen boats in the place, nor do children paddle about in what there are.

Cherbourg looks just what it is : a great victory achieved over natural and national difficulties, a vast war port bristling with cannon ! How different would it have been had Cherbourg been an English place. The gay pennons of a pleasure fleet, would then have fluttered in Chantereyne bay. Skiffs of all conceivable kinds would have been hauled up by dozens along the Tourlaville beach, or been skimming about the roadstead. Tiny things reeking of pap, would have been paddling either in, or on, the water, gabbling like ducklings in their

native element, anything having the most remote affinity to a boat being pressed into their service. Some urchins, like the early navigators, coasting timidly along, others, like the bold Genoese, stretching boldly seaward, in quest of adventure, under motley sail of handkerchief, coat, or pinafore, the smaller fry starting their mimic craft from the beach, or rollicking and splashing in the sparkling waters of the sandy bay. We take our leave of its solitary shores, and steer off a mile to our boat in the distance, the old waterman chattering and telling us "the Lulworth has sailed, such an excellent gentleman her owner was! he had done such good in England he understood, and converted his entire neighbourhood "à l'église catholique et apostolique; he had been very loyal to Louis Philippe too, as Messieurs might perhaps remember." Then mumbling, and tugging away at his oar he grunted, "the other people were too fond of the Jesuits, too much running to and fro with the black gentry, at La Trappe I mean," this was an Abbey 15 miles from Cherbourg, near Bricqueville, "but as for this man!" a terrible tug at the oar, and a quick poking of the thumb shoreward, as he alternately tugged at, and pushed his oar, "he!" another tug and peep to leeward under the sail, then a grim shake of the head, "he grinds us down!"—a moment's silence to add to the effect, then the old boy ground his teeth, and darted his thumb on the thwart—"like that!" He would have rattled away at a fine rate no doubt, but just then we ran alongside, and tossing in his oar, fending off, and keeping clear of the sheets flapping about his head, occupied his full attention. We leaped aboard, and enquired his fare. He held an undertoned conversation with his mate, every now and then cocking the tail of his eye at us, and ended by murmuring ten francs. We gave him five, probably twice his fare, and wherewith, judging from the play of his dirty, stubble-bearded phiz, and smoky eyes, he was not entirely dissatisfied, grinding down had evidently sharpened his points! Turning out at daylight next morning, we with much difficulty weighed our anchor, the gale had so buried it in the tough mud, and making all sail and hoisting our little ensign, we worked up towards the eastern end of the breakwater with a light air from N.E. In doing this we sailed between the six ships of the line, frigate, and steamers lying there; the ships looked warlike, but not so finished in appearance as ours: this arose in a measure from their having no quarter galleries, and from their sides being only dubbed down, instead of being planed and puttied in, as ours usually are; their bowsprit nettings too, gave them an antiquated appearance. As we cleared Peleé, Cape Levi and lighthouse, six miles eastward, came in sight, and rounding the eastern end of the digue, we bore up, noticing as we ran

along it, that wherever damage had occurred, the repairs had been made in *plastered* masonry. We stayed awhile enjoying the stillness of the scene, the huge war ships, which hoisted their colours as we passed, reposing on their shadows, and the land slowly warming up from the cold grey of dawn, then turning our head to Alderney, and sniffing fumes of hot coffee, and an appetising aroma of frizzled rasher, we bade adieu to Cherbourg, dived into our cabin, and set heartily to work to strengthen our inward man. On our way we ran past several small craft, some of them going to the island for stone, and before we reached the anchorage, the breeze had freshened into a stiff gale again, accompanied by rain. Fearing to trust ourselves to our own anchor in this wild place, we caught one of the government buoys, near a couple of pleasure-boats, and plunged and bobbed furiously in the short seas that soon set into this "Harbour of Refuge." This is about five-and-twenty miles west of Cherbourg, and formed by a pier, three-quarters of a mile long, jutting eastward from Cape Grosnez, near the centre of the north coast of Alderney, and enclosing a rocky margined hollow in the shore, at the back of which are a few cottages termed "Braye". The pier in construction somewhat resembles Cherbourg breakwater, and has a high parapet seaward: the outer end is in twenty fathoms water, and a low casemated battery on the inner one commands the work, which affords equivocal shelter to a narrow strip of deep water, half a mile long. The old tidal harbour is a small place inside the S.W. corner. Taking advantage of a lull we popped on shore, lifted our punt high and dry on the slope at the landing place near the centre, and strolled up past Braye, through "St. Margaret's square," and past the few houses forming the chief town on the northern slope of the hill, towards a windmill, situated on about the highest point of the island. In the distance between the nine miles of sea extending eastward to La Hague, we could see the boiling "Race," which during spring tides runs ten miles an hour, and when opposed by the wind, frets, seethes, and surges, like another Charybdis! Should vessels at such times seem likely to be drawn into it, the crews batten down their hatches and take to the rigging, for the seas break on board from end to end on all quarters, the sails flap uselessly from side to side, whatever may be the strength of the wind, and the ships roll and wallow, utterly unmanageable, and heedless of the helm. The island is steep and rocky, interspersed with patches of sand, affording a coarse pasture to the cows tethered all about it, and is three-and-a-half miles long from east to west, by a mile through from north to south—a short distance westward are the casquets and lighthouse, a cluster of dangerous rocks, with which indeed the whole shores of the island may be said to be

studded. Our shoes and nether clothes were sodden with moisture brushed from the long rank grass, and a pretty little Normande, with a nut-brown, black eyed baby, peering from under her shawl as it lay cuddled in her arms, called up to her husband the miller, who came clattering down the ladder and invited us in, telling us he had rented the mill for a few months, and that his wife, who smiled and simpered as he said so, was over on a visit. The family trio all smiled, and seemed as blythe in the strange island as were the larks, which spite of the rain, trolled forth their lays high aloft in the mizzle. The miller admitted however, "*que c'était un séjour fort triste, quand même il ne faisait pas mauvais temps!*" and so thought we, as we shook his little one's dimpled hand, and worked our way back past cabbage gardens, and cottages, to the beach westward of the harbour, along which half a dozen labourers were digging a trench for an electric cable. Towards night the air cleared, and the sun set in a bank of gorgeous red, so finding the barometer still rising next morning, we slipped away with a light air, boomed out our sails, opened all our scuttles, and spread out our sodden traps to dry, the things hanging about, and drawing in the breeze, giving us the air of a Lisbon bean cod.

All that day and night we skimmed gently along, faster or slower, as the wind rose or fell, and at daylight sighted Dartmouth, running in past St. Petrox on our left, and King's Wear on our right, and admiring its expanding land locked harbour glistening in the sun, and the amphitheatre of pretty houses, and wooded heights, till the wind dying entirely away, we were swept clean outward again, and turned our head westward from this quaint remnant of another age.

A day of sweltering heat ensued. Wistfully we gazed at Slapton, and thought of the pike in the sea behind its white sea beach; at the rugged furze-clad Bolt, Start, and Prawle; and longed for Salcombe, and its lemon groves. Our boat gliding gently along in the clear tide, the reef points patting against the mainsail, and the boom creaking lazily from side to side.

The seagulls wheeled and screamed around us, and now and then dipped down, and struggled one with the other, for the crumbs from our meal, or for the fish we occasionally saw sporting in shoals around us. Night closed in, and the morning broke on a still glassy sea, with Plymouth Sound in front of us. On our left lay Rame Head and its hoar chapel, on our right, an all but twin Head, the pyramidal Mewstone; right of which, on the white quartzose beach, stood Wembury Church; and eastward of this the high land-locked entrance to the lovely Yealm. Maker and Staddon Heights, with Cawsand and Bovisand, and other occasional

deep bays, and high red cliffs, ran northward on either hand. In front of us lay the Breakwater, its white lighthouse on the western, and a beacon on the eastern end, defining a mile in length : behind this, and the ships riding in the Sound, lay Plymouth Hoe and Citadel, the town peeping between these and Mount Batten on the right hand opposite, behind which latter again, bristled the masts of the craft in Catwater.

Right of Drake's island and fortifications, we see Stonehouse, at the back of Millbay and pier, and the white limestone cliffs of Gill's quarries; and left of it up Hamoaze, we get glimpses of war ships, and of Devonport and its arsenals, at the back of the gap between Devil's Point, and that loveliest of spots Mount Edgcumbe ; whose wooded heights, beetling cliffs, and grassy vales, and two fisher villages in the bight of Cawsand Bay, south of it, are said to have raised such a hankering in the Commander of the Spanish Armada's breast. Behind all, melting in the distance, are the Dartmoor Hills. Blue patches now here and there mantle the mirror south of us. At length the sea-breeze comes rippling up from the blue horizon.

The creaking of our boom ceases, the flapping of the sails gradually subsides, a grateful coolness ensues, our little craft heels more and more to the breeze, and foams cheerfully homeward, as at eight o'clock the war ships' sentries discharge their muskets, and St. George's Cross run proudly up to their respective peaks, flaunts lazily in the morning air.

H. N. P. W.

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## THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN GLORY.\*

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### PART XVII.

To say that Tom Radley was not sorely perplexed by Mrs. Cassidy's reception of his brilliant and disinterested offer, would be simply writing him down an ass, instead of the able designing hypocrite he was. There are many, too many, men of the Tom Radley class in the world, men of talent, energy, and perseverance, men that might adorn the sphere they move in, and be the means of creating a world of happiness about them, were they actuated by a good instead of a thoroughly evil spirit. It would seem to be an inscrutable design that such men are permitted to

Continued from page

flourish exceedingly for a time, becoming each day, each hour, more intensely selfish, more crafty, more insensible to their moral duties to God and man, more utterly callous to every human feeling, and blind to any warning that there is to be an end.

A mighty power these men wield, for they work like moles—in the dark, quietly, surely, silently ; giving no sign—making no mark, estimable—respectable men—wealthy men—aye, that is the grand climax, wealthy men—wealth is the world's touchstone. A terrible warfare have they to wage whom such men mark for their stepping stones in the stream of life, but a grain of sand may steady the victim, 'ere the foot of iniquity hath dealt the fatal kick.

A long and prosperous career had Tom Radley, but even he met with his grain of sand : that skilfully arranged catastrophe of the Narwhal, when even the very elements seemed to favor him, and which was to have been Tom's greatest stepping stone towards wiping out the last obstacle between him and his Mecca; that ill-starred ship, 'ere she was hurled away a'down the torrent cast up a tiny grain, a grain that the potent millionaire of W—— had erstwhile brushed from his path as too contemptible for such as he to notice, but which, by the inscrutable design, was destined to overshadow and crush the mountain reared up with such stealthy caution, such unswerving resolution, during a long and sinful life.

In the study of Radley Lodge Tom sat far into the morrow of the day upon which he had parted with Mrs. Cassidy, endeavouring with all the craft of his nature, to dissect the mystery of the widow's demand upon him, and not a few draughts of that curiously particular old port did he quaff, to aid him in the solution ; all the devil in his evil soul throbbed in unison with the devil—his tempter ; never did the arch-enemy of mankind find a miserable follower more devoted to his interests, more anxious to sign the contract he is reputed to prepare for men lost in the wilderness of his wiles. He had had his warnings, but he heeded them not—the premonition of the evil hour was shadowing his heart, but he resolutely dashed it from him ; the tide of success was raging flood, was he not Thomas Radley, with all W—— worshipping him, and should a woman beard him, call him to account, and what then——? find him wanting?—No !—hesitating?—No ! yielding, No !—yielding to what? to ruin—disgrace—infamy—a thousand times no!—not while the smooth tongue, and plausible respectability, and honest straightforward eloquence of the Banker of W—— could work with such allies as thirsted for the good name, denied the position, and raved for the sacrifice of the presumptive representative of the Cassidy's—ho, ho,—had he

not rich soil to work upon, worthy tools to work with? besides what could a woman do single handed, unsupported by a tittle of evidence; 'twas but some idle gossip, some silly toady, and a wavering mind upset by unlooked for and sudden prosperity; ; but where had that prosperity sprung from?—Ay, Thomas, the last thought should have been your first,—but no; you cast your last plank adrift with that cursory dismissal, and the grain of sand was rolling on your track. Oh! Thomas, you should have been thinking of saving your craft, of saving yourself, and seeking what little ready store of the world's pelf was most available, and what facility for speedy and secret flight existed in W——, instead of selecting your wardrobe, and determining the imposing appearance you would make at Turlaquin, when its mistress brought to your feet, your hand grasping the map of its broad acres, acceptance, marriage, triumph, made up that dream into which you sank, and woke up with the fatal resolve to convert into reality.

As Tom started from the broken and feverish slumber, that nature fairly exhausted with intensity of thought yield to, he sprang to the strong room, whose iron portals secured so many secrets, and with eager trembling hands, sought for papers wherewith to fortify his memory in the keen encounter, which he felt to be at hand with Mrs. Cassidy; in vain however he tumbled parcel after parcel of tape-bound documents about the floor, in vain did cunningly devised drawer, and artfully contrived bottom, and innocent looking pannel fly from their places; he sought and sought uselessly, until the revolving eyes shot out scintillating sparks, like flashes from the facets of a diamond; his short and precisely trimmed *chevelure* stood out—every individual hair a quivering terror, and the agony rained from his brow: he examined the doors of his massive keep, had they been tampered with? No! Nor chip nor dent of bar or chisel betrayed attack; nor did scutcheon or lock evidence wax mould or skeleton scratch; no human being had access to that stronghold of the despoiler but himself, and yet parchments that had grown mouldy, and almost shrivelled with age—terrible evidences long buried in this iron grave, had vanished without leaving even a discoloured shred to comfort with the thought that no other eye could behold their damning contents.

With his hand fiercely clutched, as though to keep the tortured brain from yielding, Mr. Radley felt that strange cold finger laid upon his heart, that icy presence that stayeth the stream of life; 'twas but a moment however, for with a great cry of relief, he clasped his hands before him, neither in thankfulness, or triumph however, but working like the talons of a vulture rending the flesh of its prey. He remem-



bered now the triumphant chuckle of Jonas Gilligan—the leer of savage cunning with which he had filled the leathern bag on that memorable night, when he cried “check,” to his right trusty and well-beloved master : Jonas, the wretch, was safe with Con Sullivan, so Thomas the angel took another bumper of ruby port, a long breath, and went to bed ; excitement had done him a world of good, he thought little of the widow’s mystery now, for had not another rope figuratively slipped from around his neck ; re-action set in—he was positively jolly, a fig for all the Cassidys, and the Banks, and W——, itself; another moon and Thomas Radley would sit beneath the shade of his own fig-tree, and dedicate the remainder of his life to pomp and pleasure ; away with business ; oh, how he chuckled at the thought of what good use he had made of the excellent maxims that shrewd worldly-minded Peter Cassidy had instilled into the too susceptible bosom of a certain breechless Tom Radley ; what good friends those Cassidys’ had been all their lives to that same little Tommy ; and now the kind widow of that name had prepared a palace for him to rest his weary limbs, and recreate his worn mind, and there he would take the station that nature had designed him for, an Irish Chieftain, and a magnate of the land, and might he not yet proceed in triumph to that hall of St. Stephens, nay, was it not possible for the astute Radley Cassidy to become a ruler even there. Sir Radley Cassidy, M.P. of Turlaquin, would sound well, and the pillow was redolent of roses, and never a thorn among ’em all, and Tom slumbered, and whilst he slumbered, his grain of sand was rolling amongst those parchments that Jonas Gilligan had carried, wrapped around his miserable body, into the midst of the surging waves that washed with ceaseless roar the wild Atlantic wrought caverns of the Island of I——.

It was high noon, and the early summer sun blazed down from the meridian ; there was that haze of heat, neither fog nor mist, yet born of the same, spreading over sea and land ; now hanging like a gauze curtain from behind which glimmered indistinctly the beautiful scenery of the Bay of W——, and the park of Turlaquin, anon rolling playfully away, until the distant mountains of W——, far across the dancing waves, looked palpably blue, and as if the hand could rest upon them ; and the glinting green foliage of giant oaks, and huge elms, and massive snow-flowered chestnuts, towered above the beautiful emerald sward along which lordly stags, and coy and graceful hinds bounded and frolic’d ; whilst from chaparrals of laurel, and yellow blossomed furze, and flowering heath, the blackbird and the mavis piped forth fitful offerings of woodland melody.

It was such a day as to make the veriest misanthrope wish to be at universal peace, and live in amity with all mankind, and think that after all the world had beauties worth living for, and greatly to be worshipped in the simple garb of nature ; such a day as all seemed bright and beautiful, teeming with reverence and love, and forbidding the thought that grief, or guilt, or misery had room to dwell upon the earth ; such a day as to suppose that human hearts could be festering with their burthens of evil passion, would appear to be a desecration of the purifying influences around ; influences that spoke home silently, but emphatically ; influences that could hardly fail, did but the feeblest spark of lingering purity flicker in the hidden temple, to fan it into a gentle flame.

On such a day Tom Radley proceeded to keep tryst with the widow Cassidy ; his carriage was turned out gorgeously, his pompous looking servants arrayed in imposing liveries induced the inference that their plastic master could don the mantle of arrogance when it suited his designs. And the measured stately tramp of his noble chariot steeds awoke the echoes of W——. as he traversed its busy streets on his way to the sea-coast road ; away down through the lofty trees that sheltered the Mall of W——, away past the Wreckers' Roost, many a prying eye followed Tom's progress, and curiosity was all a-gog, the "Volc" was all a-raging, for although the Banker of W—— had the repute of all the luxuries wealth could afford him, heaped a humility that would have put his master to the blush, and such a thing as a public progress on four wheels, attended by liveried servitors of such dignified deportment, and with veritable horses worth many a simple traders whole estate, W—— had never witnessed before on the part of Mr. Radley. It seemed as if the whole tenor of a simple humble business life had been suddenly altered, and that the true man had burst from the chrysalis, from the miserable money grubber into the full grown splendour of a country potentate.

The man himself too was changed ; the familiar conciliatory nod, the friendly wave of the hand, the diplomatic social query, the hearty grasp that preluded the opening of a "transaction," all—all had disappeared. Tom on foot was a totally different individual to Mr. Radley in his triumphal chariot, and the patronizing inclination of the body, the supercilious smile, the folded arms, and the unconsciousness of the existence of anything without a balance at its bankers, indicated the arrival of that wondrously delightful epoch, when the adage of "win gold and wear it," silences all envious remark, paralyzes invidious comparison ; and though there were admiring lookers-on, men. and for that matter

women too, who could remember but as a thing of yesterday, the breechless, shoeless, unkempt and ill-favoured little clerk of the burly popular distiller, surely that carefully dressed gentleman, with the rare flower in his button-hole, leaning back in all the *abandon* of one accustomed to such surroundings, never could suggest any identity. They envied Thomas Radley notwithstanding, for did he not look the impersonation of happiness, were not flowers scattered broadcast on his path, was he not fortune's favourite? Oh that they had been the possessors of such daring, such wisdom, such a faculty of rendering everything and everybody subservient to its advancement! What a sorry thing it was to lead a life of humble—plodding, honest industry, no change, no excitement, the simple crust and the quiet conscience—p'shaw, that story of the "galled jade," was a play-factor's fiction—was not Thomas Radley a living evidence?

At length the banker's equipage reached the arched entrance to the ancient acres of the Cassidy's, and the massive gates of Turlaquin flew open; suddenly one of the noble bay horses faltered, then limped painfully, and setting himself against the pole brace, pawed the air, and snorted in agony.

"'Tis but a grain of sand that has got into his frog, sir!" exclaimed the coachman, carefully cleansing the injured foot, "he's been rather tender on it this few days, but 'twill be all right in a moment!"

Pending this moment Mr. Radley stood up to stretch his legs, and his arms, for truth to say this grandeur sat irksomely upon him, and whilst enjoying this exercise his eyes wandered over the waters of the bay, attracted thereto by the sound of voices not far distant, one of which sounded strangely familiar to his ear.

The summer haze that flitted along the surface of the bay in fitful clouds, clung in several places in heavy masses, denoting the presence of vessels at anchor, whilst broad spaces were left quite clear through which panoramic views of the opposite shore could be obtained; one of these patches of hot vapour rested convenient to the shore upon which Mr. Radley's carriage now stood, and above it towered the masts of a vessel which the worthy Tom's nautical experience told him were those of a schooner: from their brightly varnished appearance, and the trim neatness of rigging and gear, he further inferred that no rough or dingy coasting hull lay beneath, but a goodly craft worthy such seamanlike care, and much did he wish the provoking heat-cloud might lift and disclose her to his curious eye, for the spot in which she lay was an unusual anchorage, and not likely to be chosen without an especial object: furthermore from her main-topmast truck floated a snow-white

triangular flag, which as it faintly fluttered to the gentle breeze, displayed a beautifully emblazoned bright azure flower, in the centre of which gleamed and flashed in the sunlight a tiny golden eye.

Tom experienced a strange beating of the heart as this object caught his attention, and he listened intently for aught that might give a clue to the motive which caused this hidden ship to seek such unusual anchorage; voices in earnest converse, and a curiously familiar one in particular, he could hear; from the sound of ropes and heavy objects being moved upon the deck, the words of command, and the ready "ay-ay, sir!" in response, it would seem as though the vessel had but just arrived from sea. A loud hail, and a prompt answer from a short distance, more seaward, drew his attention to the fact that a single mast shimmered indistinctly in that direction, but his horse being now recovered, his carriage dashed up the broad avenue of Turla, and Tom's curiosity was fain to slumber beneath the more absorbing thoughts of his approaching interview, and so fully occupied was he as even to forget the resemblance of that voice to one he so hated and feared.

Into the same chastely appointed and beautiful apartment was Mr. Radley ushered, and his gaze sought eagerly for any other outlet than the door by which he entered, but strange to say when that was closed, all his acuteness, could neither discover its position, nor evidence of other entrance, or concealed closet, where eavesdropper might profit by the conversation; vainly he sounded the walls with his clenched hand, but no hollow echo betrayed the secret, all was solid and soundless. Verily that satin chamber's voiceless glittering panels, disturbed the wily man not a little. Whilst endeavouring to discover the mystery he was startled by a voice behind him.

"Admiring the novel fancy of my decorations, Mr. Radley," exclaimed the widow, "wondering, I suppose, how a being so isolated as I have been—so diversely occupied in recent life, could display a taste so much at variance with my rough antecedents?"

For a moment Mr. Radley was silent, how had she entered the room? he had not advanced four paces either way from his place of entrance, and that she never came through!

"It does not follow that exquisite tastes may not remain dormant until occasion calls forth their exercise, madam!" exclaimed Tom, quickly recovering himself, "and I have to congratulate you on a most unexpected display; this charming house appears to me a very wonder in all its details, so far as I have seen them; I hope to be allowed the privilege of inspecting them more fully at some early day!"

A shade of deep melancholy o'erspread the features of the widow, and an almost angry light flashed in her eye.

"Be seated, pray—and now Mr. Radley to proceed to the matter at issue; you have no doubt considered the questions I addressed to you at our last interview, and are prepared to answer them; strange they may appear to you, but still having vital bearing upon the answer you expect to your flattering proposal to me!"

"They do, indeed, appear extremely strange to me," returned Tom, "and I did expect to have a favourable answer to my proposal at once; I need hardly say I was actuated in this expectation solely for your sake, as by previously establishing such an affectionate tie between us, I should feel more authorized in offering you such whole hearted sympathy, as the consideration of a subject, doubtless so painful in remembrance to you, of necessity requires!"

"I have had to do with painful remembrances, with present difficulties, and with future doubts all my life, Mr. Radley!" exclaimed the widow, in tremulous accents; "but of all the trials I have ever gone through, the present is the worst, I confess that it is your present, and the thought of what may be your future, which constitutes this trial."

"Then take my present and future in your own care, dearest, best, most excellent of women!" exclaimed Tom, casting himself upon his knees at her feet, and endeavouring to cover her hand with kisses.

"No—no—never—your very touch is pollution!" shrieked the widow, retreating in horror, and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed convulsively.

"What means such an expression—such conduct towards me, madam?" shouted the now enraged Mr. Radley, springing from the attitude of a suppliant lover, to that of an injured, indignant friend. "You forget whom you are speaking to, I am Thomas Radley, and beware how you change my sentiments towards you!"

"I do not forget anything, I wish I could, Heaven knows, but I must do my duty to those who have been dead to me for long, long years, gently—quietly—in pity to you Thomas Radley, I ask you to make reparation for the past, and let me plead further for time—for time you can make use of I trust well!"

"Woman, are you mad, or dreaming?" exclaimed Radley, losing all command over himself.

"Neither—neither!" cried the agitated Mrs. Cassidy, "would indeed that it were a dream,—but I ask you now to tell me honestly—candidly—and as a penitent man should—what you know concerning

the death of Peter Cassidy ; what you know of the sudden disappearance of Bernard Cassidy from this country?"

"Traitoress—infamous lying woman—confess to you of what I know not of—never!—what should I know of a beggarly, bankrupt distiller?—made away with himself, perhaps, to avoid his just debts, likely enough, for the Cassidy's root and branch were a spendthrift race! Ask me about your run-away, ne'er-do-weel, rum swilling vagabond of a husband No;—I have found you out at last, and well for me that I did, before you had command of my purse and my name. Now mark you, Bridget Cassidy, you have sealed your own downfall, for no human being ever yet braved the vengeance of Thomas Radley ; this suddenly acquired wealth of yours is a delusion and a sham, you and that scheming old villain Philip Considine have hatched a pretty plot for my ruin, all I suppose because I refused him money, the loan of money—aye—ha! ha!—and he has trumped some pretty tale into your foolish ears to serve his own ends ; something I daresay about that old rascal your uncle leaving a property behind him he! he!—yes—yes—and that your runaway husband—the wretch—was made away with—ha! ha!—Faugh, woman you would be beneath my contempt—and but that you have taken a dangerous course I could forgive and pity you ; now mark me Mrs. Elizabeth Cassidy of Turlaquin forsooth, representative of the ancient Cassidys—ha! ha! ha!—I give you just one week to pack up your trumpery satins and statues, just one week from this day, and if after that day I find a vestige of your hated presence near W——, I will have you drummed out of the County as a rogue and impostor ; good morning most illustrious representative of a vagabond race, I leave you to return to worse wretchedness than you ever yet experienced, and a wretchedness that should you dare to meddle with me or my affairs, I will take care to make so hellish, that the torments of the d——d will be pleasure in comparison!"

During the delivery of this rare specimen of an honest, devoted friend's nature, the widow stood like one transfixed, and the change that came over her was appalling in its calmness ; all that kind benevolence, that gentle pity, faded away from cheek and eye, and was replaced by a deadly pallor, and the cold grey glitter that denotes steadiness and determination to the end ; even when the cruel savage words of insult and wrong applied to those to whose memories Mr. Radley fancied she sought atonement, smote upon her, save an angry flash of the eye, and a quivering of the lips, no gesture denoted that the arrow was barbed and had struck ; her silent impassiveness was terrible, and but for the whirlwind of evil passion that swept the man to destruction, Tom

Radley, crafty and resolute as he was would have quailed before its unearthly earnestness. Not a word did she vouchsafe in answer, but as if turned to stone fixedly regarded him with expressionless orbs.

"I go—wretched woman, and let my last words sear your heart like fiery brands, houseless and homeless you shall be—thee and thine, and in a ditch—mark me—in a ditch—without a friendly hand to moisten your parched lips—a damp—loathsome, ditch—the last of the Cassidys shall pray for help from Thomas Radley!—I go now woman to triumph—"

"Not yet!" said a solemn low voice, "You have had enough and to spare, and your rejoicing is over!" and from the further end Philip Considine entered the room.

"Just as I said!" shouted Tom Radley. "A vile conspiracy—open the door madam, or cause your servants to do so!"

"Stay but a little, and you shall be free!" exclaimed Considine, "our interview shall be brief, I promise you, but where you may choose to depart after, will seem as great a mystery as you considered the door of this room when you entered!"

"Spies too—but what less could be expected?"

"Yes, you have been watched—and closely watched, it is true;" retorted Considine, "happily for us though 'twas by creatures of your own choosing!"

"I hold no communication with you sirrah,—if this lady has aught further to say—her alone will I hear!"

"Is it to be so?" enquired the venerable man.

"It is vain to appeal to me now!" said the widow, "he has pronounced his own sentence—let justice be done to the end—I am silent!"

"Provoke me not too far, Philip Considine!" exclaimed Tom Radley, grinding his teeth with impotent rage—"I am strong and vigorous, you are but a feeble man!"

A contemptuous look met the passionate threat.

"You refuse to confess your knowledge of the circumstances attending Peter Cassidy's demise?" enquired the old man, in the cold searching tones of one entering upon the most commonplace business; "or whether to your knowledge he died possessed of property, or left any will?"

"I refuse to answer!"

"I shall soon make you!" returned Considine calmly, as he drew several bundles of papers from his capacious pockets, and placed them on the table. "Sit you down there now my clever friend, I command—"

not ask you, and with your usual acuteness tell me if you ever saw these documents before?"

The moment Tom's eyes rested upon these papers, he sat down eagerly, and by the sudden glare of intense cunning which lit them up, it was evident that though at bay, he would fight to the last; carelessly tossing them over, even whilst the cold dew of agony gathered on his forehead, he replied "Never—forgeries—but clumsily done Philip Considine—if you have nothing more clever than this in your plot against me, 'tis but sorry malice after all; what have I done to you, man, that you should thus seek my downfall? at a word let us part, and take our different ways in peace!"

"Humph!" returned Considine, "forgeries are they—eh? Mr. Radley, if a particle of truth be in you tell me—did Peter Cassidy ever die at all?"

Tom sprang suddenly on his chair and looked nervously around, but quickly recovering, exclaimed "die—die—of course he died—several witnesses to that fact, there's Cornelius Sullivan——!"

"Ay—eh?—so there is—I forgot!"

*(To be continued.)*

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## OCEAN MATCHES.

WE have received letters from many correspondents relative to Ocean matches since the programmes for the season issued by the several clubs have been made public. We have ever advocated these matches as a fine school for our rising generation of yachtsmen, as well as for the encouragement of a class of vessels combining sea-going ability with the high speed necessary now-a-days for a racing clipper to possess. Moreover they have provided opportunities for many of our cruising yachtsmen to take part in a rattling match, who would never think of displaying their fighting flags at the starting buoys, to sail over a regular regatta course; and likewise gave no inconsiderable impetus to a sporting yachting spirit, calculated to prompt increased support to our annual fixtures.

It is by these Annual Regatta Meetings that the passion for yachting has been fostered, and that match sailing has arrived at such a state of perfection amongst us, that now we count the difference between the arrival of our noted clippers at the flag-ship, by seconds, and fractions of



seconds, where hours and quarters were formerly regarded as singularly close after a 40 or 50 mile contest.

It is not only amongst yacht-owners and those actually engaged in, these contests, that this spirit has grown and flourished from year to year, but there is a very large class of what in yachting parlance is termed "shore-going folk," who take quite as great an interest as any of those personally engaged in aquatic contests, and we have frequently been not a little astonished at the knowledge of minute particulars displayed by such spectators, not only gentlemen, but ladies, of the various competitors sailing for prizes at our regattas. We are not above acknowledging having at various times received valuable information of previous performances, builders, alterations, age of, and prizes won by yachts, from these undemonstrative spectators, which we have sought in vain from parties much more interested, and who might be supposed to have more facilities for acquiring such information.

We have known instances likewise, and these not a few, where the ranks of our yachtsmen have been valuably recruited from amongst such spectators, the passion for the sport culminating after many years in the resistless temptation to become active participators in the pleasure afloat, they had so long been content to enjoy from the shore.

It would therefore be a serious blow to yachting interests were this largely participated in passion for witnessing aquatic contests allowed to fall into desuetude ; and how much more fatal if dealt by yachtsmen themselves.

The important fact must not be lost sight of, that yacht-owners, and those who come strictly under the denomination of yachtsmen, are not numerous enough to act independently of public support, and public support is represented by a very large body of members of yacht clubs, who subscribe to the funds, participating in but little other benefit of membership than that of witnessing the splendid annual regattas and matches of their clubs, and enabling a favoured circle of friends to participate in the same enjoyment. Assuming that this view of the case will meet with pretty general recognition, may it not therefore be regarded somewhat in the light of a breach of faith, to divert funds from the purpose for which they have been subscribed, and although the object aimed at may be most praiseworthy, in a strictly yachting point of view, it cannot be relieved from the charge of selfishness to administer to the gratification and sport of the few, by sacrificing that of the many.

We say by all means perpetuate Ocean matches, they are most valuable in developing seamanlike skill and practical knowledge amongst our yachtsmen, and making them thorough masters of the art and science

of sailing; but if such knowledge is worth acquiring or improving, it is surely worth paying for, and although yachtsmen as a body may not be numerous enough to provide all the pieces of beautiful plate, and the tempting purses of one hundred golden sovereigns, that happily figure so frequently in regatta programmes, they are wealthy and numerous enough to provide the prizes for Ocean matches which themselves alone enjoy and benefit by.

We have no hesitation in saying that if our Annual Regattas are curtailed of matches which the public has hitherto enjoyed, and as an outsider member of the yachting fraternity liberally subscribed to, a very fatal injury will be inflicted upon our great national sport, and much of that interest and support that has contributed to raise our pleasure navy to its present high position, will be transferred to other pursuits, for the public likes to get a little return for its generosity—particularly when the result is embodied in the shape of a slashing contest on that element which Great Britain takes a natural pride in considering peculiarly her own.

We earnestly direct the attention of yachtsmen to this subject, and the earlier consideration they give it the better, for a wide spread and growing spirit of extreme dissatisfaction has found expression, at the substitution of Ocean matches for the hitherto usual local sailing matches, are which looked forward to with no little pleasant anticipation, as giving opportunity for a pleasant day out upon the wave, or an agreeable pic-nic on the shore.

We are far from joining in the complaint that it is the yachtsmen themselves who are the cause of this alteration; experience shows to the contrary, and we know we are speaking the sentiments of the majority of that distinguished body, in saying, that nothing affords them greater pleasure than administering to the public gratification at witnessing a good sailing match, and we could adduce numberless instances in which yachtsmen have submitted to serious personal inconvenience and expense, and even encountered personal danger, sooner than break faith when their vessels were entered in important matches. It is to the Committees of our yacht clubs we must look for a rectification of this error in judgment, and we feel certain that their attention need only be aroused—the few words of warning spoken in their ear, to ensure that consideration which the subject imperatively demands.

In the mean time we can assure our correspondents that no efforts on our part shall be wanting to give effect to their views.

## THE SEASON OF 1867.

Is upon us—the glorious 1st of June, and we are glad to perceive by our accounts from the various Yachting stations, that the fleet of our pleasure Navy musters stronger than ever, many noble additions having been made to the yacht lists, whilst the respective rolls of members have had not a few notable additions too, names that will probably ere long make themselves known at the starting buoys. Notwithstanding the terrible storm which has shaken the great commercial centre of the world, and the gloomy forebodings of wisacres that but very little “floating capital” would be found around our coasts this season, we are rejoiced to be able to announce that the ill-omened croakers will be disappointed; and that hereditary rank, broad acres, professional distinction, and mercantile enterprise, will send afloat their usual and well-known representatives, to don the pea-jacket and “brass” hat, and witch the world with noble seamanship, worthy the Island of sailors. Truly Brother Jonathan hath given us a wholesome “spasm,” the Paris Exhibition, the Tuileries full of Emperors, Kings, Sultans, Tycoons and other exalted individuals; Landseer’s lions, the Canoe club, and the Hermit to the contrary notwithstanding; for the enemy is at the gate, the stars and stripes are hovering on the coast, and worthy foes armed to the teeth, and belted for the fray, have taken the “sea;” neither with “Dahlgrens” nor “Paixhans” it is true, nor in “buff jerkins” or “butter nuts,” but with tough spars, strong hemp and twisted steel, and cotton coats of mail, that will face as wild a hurricane as ever belched forth from a park of rifled Armstrongs, and fight as grim a fight as ever did the old “die hards,” when the “Duke’s eye” was anywhere convenient; the spirit of the Vikings is strong upon us, and the struggle will be characteristic of the age—peaceful—friendly—but nevertheless glorious. Already our graceful “canvas backs” are beginning to whiten the seas, a worthy flying squadron in advance of the flotilla that are coming; and axe, hammer, and maul riggers—mallet, and sailmaker’s palm, are flying apace, and nimble blue-jackets hard at work, scraping—holy-stoning—bright varnishing spars—polishing copper, bending sails, and fitting balloon monstrosities, for eight bells are gone, and the forenoon watch is called, and ’tis time we were up and at it; for what with numberless private old scores that cannot be postponed, and the usual cruise of the stations to gather up the silver cups, and no end of Ocean matches; have we not to go to Havre, or Dieppe, or Cherbourg, and round the Azores or Ireland, or some where else? and perhaps—we have not made

up our mind you know—but 'tis just possible—right away to New York ; for when we begin this season—it will be a *commencement worthy of the occasion*, the fine frenzy is upon us—and when John Bull does wake up from his lethargy, “results follow” worth waiting for; he is a cautious old gentleman, and like “Jack’s parrot”—thinks “a heap!”

Appearances so far portend a yachting season, the most remarkable that has ever yet taken place, not excepting even the America’s year, or that which succeeded her appearance in British waters ; and although nothing definite has as yet transpired beyond a rumour that the much talked of match between the Duke of Edinburgh and Mr. J. G. Bennett, Junr., will actually take place, we incline to the opinion held by many sage “Blue Jackets,” that like Sir Boyle Roche’s bird, it will tax his Royal Highness’s well-known activity to be in two places at once. He is now bound on an antipodean cruise in the Galatea, and we rather think Mr. Bennett must rest content with a more humble, though not less resolute, antagonist than a Prince of the house of Guelph. Apart from this we feel assured that our sailor Prince has too much common sense to peril a great national sporting question, a question involving our supremacy on an element we have so long reigned masters of, by pitting such a vessel as the Viking against the crack of the American Republic ; for no matter how other and succeeding contests might terminate, such an one would be looked upon the other side of the Atlantic as the crowning triumph ; it is no doubt very kind and considerate of Mr. Bennett to accommodate the Duke by the proposition of building a vessel suited to the antecedents of the “Viking,” but as the present is a very utilitarian age, the concession however neatly conceived and courteously proffered, displays a transatlantic astuteness of sufficient transparency for even a dull Saxon.

The reticence maintained by our yachtsmen in relation to the American challenge seems to imply a strong sense of the prowess and ability we have to contend against ; and a cautious design to experiment a little further on the capabilities of the Yankee schooners over our Regatta courses, before committing ourselves to any special and final trial of speed ; but notwithstanding the tempting lists of contemplated events placed before them, and the opportunities thus offered as a matter-of-fact response to their challenge, we are inclined to think that nothing short of a specific answer to it will induce them to depart from their announced determination ; a sea-going course and an Ocean match has been so distinctly stated to be their terms, and the excitement of an important stake so plainly hinted at by the amount involved

in their winter race, that to trifle with the question as we are doing would appear tantamount to an acknowledgement that we feel unequal to the occasion, and doubtful of the result. We confess we should much rather see the matter dealt with in a more bold straightforward manner, there is neither diplomacy or state-craft required, the gauntlet has been fearlessly and gallantly cast upon our shores, and we do hope for the sake of British Yachting it will be taken up in the same spirit.

We greatly admire the spirit and promptitude displayed by the Duke of Edinburgh in at once offering to sail a match with Mr. Bennett, but no spirit of "Jenkinism" shall interfere with the course we have always pursued when the best interests of British yachting are involved. We enthusiastically hail the accession of such a host in himself as the Royal Duke is to our yachting ranks, but not even the dazzling glare of Royalty shall blind us to the fact, that in the first place he has not had yachting experience sufficient to qualify him for the task, and the most convincing proof of that fact exists in the vessel with which he proposed to do battle for the supremacy of the British Burgee. No one could more fittingly and gracefully stand forward as the English champion of the sea than our sailor Prince, and had the young Duke stated his determination of calling to council one of our leading yacht builders to fit him forth equal to the occasion, we should have heartily hailed it as a proof that his experience, young as it is, was ripe; but we feel we should ill be discharging our duty by the sacrifice of truthful honesty, were we to yield servile acquiescence in promoting a project, that if carried, must eventuate in placing him in a position so far from consonant with his rank and standing. We may be wrong—and we should only be too happy to acknowledge it did events warrant—but if antecedents have aught to do with forming an opinion—the Viking is not the ship fit to carry his Royal Highness where a Prince of England should plant the Union Jack, the first and foremost of all Flags in the World.

The programme for 1867 has by this time been well considered by our roving racers, and by the time this article meets their eye, the Blue Ribbon of the Thames will have been hotly contested by three redoubted clippers, and a fourth Ocean sister made her maiden effort in right goodly "company." There never has been a better entry for first-class cutters of that description denominated "flying fifties," and which our past experience tells us are the best calculated to take their place in the foremost flight over our usual courses, than that of the Vindex, Phryne, Niobe, and Sinbad. As the result of their meeting will be

known before these pages appear, it is unnecessary to enter into any discussion of their respective merits; the occasion will however be rendered worthy of special mention in yachting notes, as that of the return of a veteran racing yachtsman, Mr. Thos. Groves, Junr., whose name in connection with the renowned Mosquito is familiar as household words; for some years he has retired from the pleasures of the starting buoys, and the Flag ships, during which interval he built a schooner and cutter, the Avalanche and the Siren, fancying that quiet cruising would make up for the active career of a racing yachtsman, but like the trumpet to the war horse, tired of inaction, the sound of preparation for '67 proved too much, and we gladly welcome back the white burgee with the crimson bar, flying over as dangerous a craft as ever caught the Commodore's eye on board a flag ship; handled with that judgment which doubtless the Phyrne will be under Mr. Grove's experienced eye, we have little doubt the old plate locker that erstwhile formed so necessary a portion of the Mosquito's outfit will speedily require enlargement. The owner of the Sinbad too, who has already made his mark with credit in the Glance, if justified in his confidence of his new craft's powers, may soon compare notes with his brother, the owner of the handsome Audax.

With respect to the new additions to our yacht fleet, the first that challenges attention is the "Oimara" (Maid of the Ocean), a cutter of 165 tons, built by Messrs. Steele & Co. of Greenock, (builders of the Selene, and Commodore the Earl of Wilton's new schooner the Nyanza, together with the successful China clippers of last season,) on the composite principle, for Mr. C. J. Tennant of Glasgow, owner of the Clutha cutter, of 90 tons; this noble cutter promises to revive an era considered virtually done with, that of very large cutters, the weight of spars and gear consequent upon such a rig being considered totally opposed to modern experience for sea-going, and worse than useless for racing with such cutters as "flying fifties"; if we remember aright Mr. Tennant was rather averse to racing, but some details of the Oimara's fit out, would seem to indicate the notion of a "fighting flag." Her builders have made their mark for speed, and when we learn that this cutter's length is 97 feet to 20 feet beam, (a very racing proportion) that she carries 50 tons of lead ballast topped with 37 tons of iron, all cast, and that a leaden keel of 6 tons adds further to her stability, we are not at all surprised to learn that her boom is 70 feet long, and that very sanguine expectations are entertained of her powers of going. When we add to these particulars that her owner is just the man to send such a vessel to the starting buoys fit to sail for a kingdom, and

that he has secured the services of Mr. Timothy Walker, whose "proclivities" are too favourably known to lend to the idea that "a quiet life of cruising will suit him, the inference is just that a very formidable champion has been quietly hatched under the fostering wing of that notable bird—'yeleped the "Cock of the north." Whilst we congratulate Mr. Tennant heartily on acquiring the services of such a perfect artist on salt water as the wary and experienced "Timotheus," we cannot but regret the cause which has led to Walkers severance from the brave old Mosquito, as we learn that that world-famed clipper, with whose triumphs his name has been so creditably associated for many long years, is not to be fitted out this season, owing to the illness of her respected owner's father; the green flag with the golden ball will be sadly missed this year, for a more straightforward honourable yachtsman does not exist than the Laird of Fransfield, or one more popular amongst the brethren of the wave; we can ill afford to spare him even for a season. The Condor of 130 tons, built by Messrs. Steele for Mr. Wm. Houldsworth, is stated to have rather startled the Fiona in some trials on the Clyde, and the experience acquired in this vessel, has been, we are informed, *slightly* improved upon in the construction of the Oimara—*nous verrons*.

The Nyanza schooner—200 tons, alluded to above, is stated to be "all that salt water likes," and taking the Selene as a "two sticker" specimen of the Messrs. Steeles' powers, the Commodore of the R. Y. S., if inclined to enter the list, may do so under auspices most favourable.

✦ At Cowes, on Saturday the 4th May, the Messrs. Ratsey launched a schooner of 62 tons for Mr. Wm. D'Alton Babington, she is called the Pleione, and is of the following dimensions—Length for tonnage 63 feet, beam 14 feet 8 inches, depth in hold 9 feet, and length over all 77 feet.

On the same Saturday, Hatcher of Southampton, who has earned a well-merited renown for building fast vessels, launched a fine schooner of 125 tons for Mr. H. W. Schneider. She is built on the composite principle, and report speaks in the highest terms of her appearance, which promises great speed and power of carrying canvas; from what we learn of her owner's intentions Mr. Hatcher's latest production will receive every attention, and every opportunity afforded her for increasing his reputation. ( This is the first schooner we understand built by his Majesty of the Itchen, and if she prove but equal to the cutters that the same cunning hand has fashioned, she will certainly not be the last. Her dimensions are—length over all 86 feet; keel for tonnage 82 feet; beam 18 feet 1 inch; depth of hold 12 feet 6 inches.

1 named 'Belladonna.'

Messrs. Camper and Nicholson of Gosport have launched a schooner of 140 tons for Mr. N. Clayton ; she is called the Heather Bell, and gives fair promise of well sustaining the high name of this excellent firm.

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### AMERICAN PREPARATIONS FOR 1867.

We confess that the movements of the American yachts are as equally puzzling as those of our own yachtsmen with respect to the International Match; in fact it seems to be rather doubtful now whether any match will take place between the English and American schooners early in the season in our waters, or as was anticipated round Ireland or the Azores ; as straws show how the wind blows it would appear probable that the first meeting between the rival fleets will be at Cherbourg, though intelligence from that part is not very clear either, further than that a mysterious rumour is in circulation to the effect that an international regatta on a monster scale is to be held there on the 28th July, at which yachts of all countries are expected ; but as to a programme of prizes or the rules according to which the contemplated matches are to be sailed, no particulars are furnished ; the only item of intelligence apparently reliable is that conveyed by M. Benoit-Champy, President of the Paris Yacht Club, who states that the owners of the American yachts Henrietta, Alice, and Vesta have promised their vessels shall be present ; the movements of these vessels however seem strangely at variance with this statement as will be seen below. Moreover an announcement that the course is to be a distance of about fifteen miles, is so manifestly absurd, that we are inclined to think the aforesaid monster Cherbourg regatta is only in embryo. The promoters of it have no time to lose in completing their arrangements and making them public, or previous engagements may leave them with empty berthing buoys and a clear harbour, so far as American and English yachts are concerned.

The Vesta schooner sailed for New York in the latter end of April, and the Henrietta early in May ; whilst the Fleetwing and Alice sloop are reported under orders for home early this month ; so here is contradictory information with a vengeance : as we have elsewhere stated, although the American yachtsmen have courteously expressed their acknowledgements for the permission accorded to contend at our different regattas, it would seem by their departure that the terms upon which they offered to contend against the English yacht fleet—namely an open Ocean race—not being complied with, they thank us for our hospitable reception—say a good humoured by-bye—and leave us to glorify ourselves with the notion that they felt themselves unequal to contend against us after our own fashion ; really the politeness and diplomacy on both sides is charming and thoroughly well-bred and dignified. On the other hand we have intelligence that another American fleet of yachts will shortly make its appearance, and the names of



the vessels composing it are stated to be—the Palmer schooner 194 tons, Mr. R. T. Loper; Phantom schooner 123 tons, H. G. & C. H. Stebbins; Widgeon schooner 105 tons, Mr. Lloyd Phoenix; Alarm schooner 225 tons, Mr. A. C. Kingsland; Rambler schooner 164 tons, Mr. H. S. Fearing; Calypso schooner 109 tons, Mr. J. H. Bache; Haze schooner 91 tons, Mr. J. Van Schaick and Halcyon schooner 121 tons, Mr. J. M. Hubbard. Well the more the merrier—they shall have a hearty welcome, and although we may not accommodate them with the length of course claimed by the Henrietta, we can perhaps induce them to try how some of our cups will suit their cabin buffets.

We feel heartily sorry—nay humiliated—and many true yachtsmen participate in the same feeling, that the three schooners which braved the wintry ocean in a race to our shores, should not have had the gratification of testing their prowess against some of our fleet, for that we have not schooners able to meet them we cannot believe. Of those stated to be about crossing the Atlantic their destination at first will be France, after which we may hope to see them at the Royal Squadron, Royal Victoria, and Royal Albert meetings in the Solent.

We are rather inclined however to doubt that any other American yachts will favour us this season, for we find that according to arrangements at New York, the greater number of the schooners above enumerated are entered for an ocean race from Sandy Hook to Cape May on Thursday the 11th of July.

Mr. Pierre Lorrillard, Junr., owner of the Vesta schooner, has had a new yacht built at Westervelt's yard, East Houston-street, New York: she was launched on Thursday, the 2nd of May, and as neither pains nor expence have been spared in her construction, she is as might be expected a very handsome vessel—and to judge from appearance indicates the possession of great speed and remarkable ability; her dimensions are as follows—Length of keel 115 feet; length on deck 130 feet; length over all 140 feet; beam extreme 29 feet; depth of hold 10 feet; draught of water 6 feet: (she is so constructed that after her trial trip if it be considered necessary, a centre board can be added). Tonnage 350 builder's measurement. Her frame is of white oak, locust and hackmatack; keel of white oak unusually deep and with considerable curve; ceiling of yellow pine; hatch-coamings mahogany; outside planking white oak; deck plank—white oak three inches square; she is fastened with composition spikes, and locust wood trenails one inch in diameter; her fittings are of the neatest description, as she is intended to be a model yacht that shall be unsurpassed in every detail. She will be heavily sparred in accordance with her owner's wishes, who it is stated, requires her for particular service, as the following statement of dimensions will show.—Fore-mast extreme length 88 feet; main-mast 90 feet; diameter in partners—2 feet 1 inch; fore-topmast 47 feet 6 inches; diameter 11 inches; main-topmast 48 feet, diameter 11 inches; length of bowsprit 46 feet (22 feet inboard, 24 feet outboard) 22 inches square in the

knight-heads; jib-boom 48 feet; main boom 75 feet, diameter  $14\frac{1}{2}$  inches; fore-boom 36 feet, diameter  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches; main gaff 40 feet, diameter  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches; fore gaff 34 feet, diameter 9 inches; square-sail yard 50 feet, diameter 10 inches; square-sail boom 34 feet, diameter 7 inches; fore-stay sail boom 37 feet, diameter 8 inches; gaff-top-sail yards 47 feet 6 inches, diameter 8 inches.

At Boston yachting is flourishing apace; the Boston Yacht Club founded this year—numbers already several hundred members, comprising nearly all the leading residents of the "Hub of Creation." The club is located in spacious and elegantly appointed chambers at the corner of Tremont street and Pemberton square, where the members assemble in considerable numbers every evening to discuss yachting subjects.

A very fine schooner named the Catherine M. Ward, of 240 tons, has been recently launched at South Roston, built under the supervision of Captain Bearse, whose long experience at sea has proved of considerable service in her construction and outfit; she is planked with white oak, and fastened throughout with copper and galvanized iron. She is a square-top-sail rigged schooner, of the following dimensions—Length over all 102 feet; on keel 80 feet; beam extreme 25 feet 6 inches; depth of hold 10 feet; main-mast 82 feet; fore-mast 70 feet; main boom 56 feet; bowsprit outboard 26 feet; main-gaff 27 feet; fire-gaff 26 feet; her sail draught shows 1600 yards of canvas. She makes up no less than 36 berths, besides 8 state rooms, pantries, store-rooms, and all requisite cabins. Captain Bearse intended to combine a little profit with some pleasure in building this vessel, and his original purpose was to visit the Paris Exhibition, taking some fifty passengers; but unfortunately for the fulfilment of intentions that depend upon public caprice, the tourists of Boston did not appear to relish the idea of a sailing trip across the Atlantic, even in so fine a yacht; more ambitious projects than these however have been frustrated, the Great Eastern to wit; so Captain Bearse has abandoned his voyage, and now offers the schooner to the Boston yachtsmen at little more than her original cost—viz: 20,000 dollars, which if not appreciated there, she will proceed to New York to seek an owner.

Commodore Follet's yacht Nettie lies at East Boston, and will be ready for launching about the middle of the month. The Columbia, owned by Augustus Russ, is undergoing thorough repairs at Charlestown, and will be launched in a few days; her owner is Secretary of the Yacht Club. The Minnie, Vice Commodore Manning, is down at Bath, Mas. undergoing repairs, and will be lengthened some 8 feet, which will make her one of the most beautiful yachts in the fleet. The schooner Ranger, owned by Mr. Wilson is an old boat, but has been fitted up this season and made as good as new; she is of 7 tons burden and 33 feet long. Among the new yachts building is one of 5 tons burden and 28 feet long by a Mr. Harris. At Macomber and Olivet's yard in South Boston, waiting to be launched are the sloop Tartar, owned by C. Hayden and others,  $39\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length, 12 tons, and 13 feet beam, and a very fast sailer; the schooner Trifle owned by

Mr. Doan and others, 35 feet long, 11 feet beam, and  $8\frac{1}{2}$  tons ; the schooner John Q. Adams, owned by Mr. Lauthrop, said to be one of the fastest of the fleet ; the sloop Ella, Captain Greer, being painted white, which seems to the standard color of the season ; the schooner Grayhound lately purchased by Colonel Chambers ; the schooner Willie, owned by Mr. Jufts and others, 30 feet long and 7 tons burden. At Beltie Bros'. yard, also in South Boston, the following will be launched during the present month.—The sloop Violet, owned by Mr. Denton, and sailed by Captain Abbott, built at Bristol, R. I., cost 7000 dollars, 37 feet long, 16 tons burden, and took the at the last 4th July regatta. The schooner Mercury, owned by Herman Johnson, 11 tons burden, 33 feet long and 11 feet beam ; the schooner Carrie, owned by Bibbder and Barnes 32 feet long,  $10\frac{1}{2}$  feet beam, and 11 tons burden ; the schooner Marie, owned by a Mr. Jackson, now in Europe. 48 feet long,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  feet beam, and 12 tons burden ; the schooner Dora, owned by Bibbler and Barnes, 33 feet long, 11 feet beam and 10 tons ; the schooner Electra, owned by Captain Sears, 27 feet long, 10 feet beam and 7 tons burden ; the schooner Eagle, owned by Mr. Gorham, same dimensions as the Electra ; the schooner Stranger, owned by A. P. Sears, 25 feet long, 9 feet 9 inches beam, and 6 tons burden ; schooner Wyth, owned by Mr. Whittier, 26 feet long, 9 feet beam and 6 tons ; the schooner Wild Flower, Harrison Loring, owner, 26 feet long,  $10\frac{1}{2}$  feet beam and 6 tons burden. The Pierce Brothers have now on the stocks a fine yacht for their private use, which will be launched about the 1st of July. The Angel, a sloop-boat about 23 feet long, which has been hauled up for a year or more at Macomber and Olivet's yard, has been purchased by Captain Robert Cunningham, who is putting her in thorough repair. Her name will be changed and she will contest for the prizes at the 4th July and other regattas, to take place during the season.

At Portsmouth, N. H. the builder of the Alice sloop has a new schooner to be called the Storm King, in hands for an English yachtsman—Mr. Gibson.

At Brooklyn, New York, a first class schooner of 310 tons intended to be very fast, is nearly completed by Messrs. Poillton ; her dimensions are—length on keel 113 feet ; on deck 125 feet ; beam extreme 26 feet 8 inches ; depth in hold 11 feet ; mainmast 90 feet ; foremast 89 feet ; she is a keel vessel and a very fine model.

Mr. Stevens of the Hoboken Club has ordered a comfortable cruising schooner from Messrs. Pine and Davis of Green Point ; she will be launched in a day or two, under the name of Lucile, and is of the following dimensions ; length 51 feet, beam extreme 17 feet, and  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet depth of hold.

The same builders have a fine sloop far advanced and intended to be a clipper ; she is 70 feet length on deck.

A very handsome schooner yacht to be called the Alice—a centre-board vessel of 100 tons, is being completed by Mr. A. M. Witman, who has earned considerable celebrity as a sloop builder ; her principal measure-

ments are length on keel, 65 feet ; on deck 75 feet ; breadth extreme 90 feet ; depth of hold 7 feet ; and draught of water with the centre-board housed 5 feet.

A centre-board schooner called Sadie has just been launched by Messrs. Herreshoff and Stone at Bristol, for Mr. Bates of the Boston Yacht Club ; length on deck 51 feet ; beam 16 feet ; depth of hold  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet ; she carries her centre-board trunk very far aft, and has a sheer leg mainmast, something like what our readers may remember in the Doris lugger.

Messrs Ferris and Van Winkle have a sloop of about 20 tons to be called the Anna Marshall, in hand to order, at Van Brunt Street, Brooklyn ; she is 41 feet in length, 14 feet beam, with  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet depth of hold.

David Blackburn of Grand Street, New York, has a sloop 42 feet in length, 13 feet beam, 5 feet depth of hold, and 18 tons B. M. nearly ready for masting ; she is also to order.

Altogether the year 1867 promises to one of the best our American yachtsmen have yet witnessed. The Committee of the New York Yacht Club have adopted a new scale of time allowance for the purpose of bringing the larger and smaller classes of yachts upon an equality at regattas, and which promises to work very favourably in producing much larger entries. A grand Ocean sweepstakes is to be sailed for on the 11th July, over a course from the Light Ship off Sandy Hook to Cape May and back—200 miles ; by all classes of yachts under the new regulations ; English yachts are invited to enter ; the prize offered—a very handsome silver Tea service. The entry is not to close until 48 hours previous to the race. The following vessels have been already entered :—Fleetwing schooner 206 tons, Mr. G. A. Osgood ; Fleur-de-lys schooner 92 tons, Mr. J. S. Dickerson ; Calypso schooner 109 tons, Mr. J. H. Bache ; Widgeon schooner 105 tons, Mr. L. Phoenix ; Phantom schooner 123 tons, Commodore H. S. Stebbins ; Sylvie schooner 106 tons, Mr. E. Dodge ; Rambler schooner 164 tons, Mr. Gandy ; Idler schooner 133 tons, Mr. T. Durant ; Alarm schooner, 225 tons, Mr. A. C. Kingsland ; Dauntless schooner 262 tons, Mr. J. Gordon Bennett, Junr., and many other vessels of similar tonnage are about to enter.

To sum up our American notes, we are about to have a "wee ship" voyage from Baltimore a schooner rigged craft of 25 feet in length, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tons burthen in charge of three men and a boy, was to start from that port on the 20th May, bound for France, and designed if successful in reaching Europe as a present for the Prince Imperial, in commemoration of the Exhibition year.

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#### ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

On Thursday, 2nd May, a meeting of this Institution was held at its house, John Street, Adelphi ; Thos. Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, a reward of £6 10s. was voted to the crew of the Institution's life-boat stationed at Lytham, for

putting off during a heavy gale of wind, and bringing safely into harbour, the bark A. L. Routh, of New York, and her crew of 14 men, which was found in a dangerous position on the Salthouse Bank on the 11th ult.

A reward of £6 10s. was also voted to the lifeboat men at Blackpool, for walking into the surf, during very tempestuous weather, at three o'clock on the morning of the 11th ult., and bringing safely ashore the crew of five men from the schooner Clyde, which had stranded off Blackpool, and was in imminent peril of becoming a total wreck.

A reward of £17 5s. was likewise voted to pay the expenses of the Institution's Blackpool lifeboat, in putting off a few hours afterwards, in reply to signals of distress, during a heavy gale from the W.N.W., and rescuing the crew of 14 men of the bark Susan L. Campbell, bound to Waghmouth, Nova Scotia, which had become a total wreck on the South-west Spit of Salthouse Ban. £13 were also voted to the crew of the Institution's lifeboat at Ilfracombe, for putting off on the 20th ult., during a gale of wind in reply to signals of distress from the ship Nor'-Wester, bound from Cardiff to Monte Video, and bringing ashore the captain's wife, three children, and a servant girl; and afterwards, at the earnest request of the captain, remaining by the vessel all night, when the wind having by that time considerably lulled, the ship returned to Cardiff for a refit.

A reward of £14 4s. was given to pay the expenses of the Institution's Swansea lifeboat, in going off in reply to signals of distress to the assistance of the brig Wellington of Aberystwith, which had stranded in Swansea Bay, and afterwards, with the assistance of a steam tug, succeeding in taking the vessel and her crew of nine men safely into harbour on the 14th ult. It was also reported that the Holy Island (the Grace Darling) lifeboat of the Institution had rendered important service to a fishing coble, by conducting her safely into harbour through a very heavy sea on the 29th ult. Rewards amounting to £106 were also voted to pay the expenses of the Institution's lifeboats at Fowey, Skerries, Porthcawl, Sutton, Winterton, Piel, Southport, Blackpool, New Brighton, Tyrella, Great Yarmouth, Pakefield, and Lytham, for various services during the past month. Various other rewards were also granted to the crews of different shore boats for saving life from shipwreck.

The thanks of the Institution, inscribed on vellum, were ordered to be presented to R. B. Forbes, Esq., Chairman of the Lifeboat Society in Boston, U.S., in acknowledgment of his long and valuable services to shipwrecked sailors on the coast of Massachusetts.

The Institution decided to place an additional lifeboat at Caistor, on the coast of Norfolk, and to appropriate the same to the subscribers to *Routledge's Magazine for Boys' Life-boat Fund*. Edmund Routledge, Esq., the able editor of the magazine, had been indefatigable in promoting this humane undertaking.

Payments amounting to nearly £2,000 were ordered to be made on various lifeboat establishments. New lifeboats were also ordered to be sent to

Cadgwith in Cornwall, Brooke in the Isle of Wight, and Newhaven in Sussex. New lifeboat houses were also ordered to be built at Eastbourne and at Brighton. Messrs. Peacock and Buchan of Southampton were instructed to supply paint for all the lifeboats of the Institution, which number 175.

It was reported that a late benevolent lady named Mrs. Martens, had for many years past been saving money for the purpose of stationing a lifeboat on the coast. Her relations had placed £450 at the disposal of the Institution, and had requested that the boat might be stationed on the Isle of Wight.

A legacy of £180 had been received from the executors of the late Dr. Brownrigg, of Keighley, York: the late Mrs. Mary Ann Smith, Greenwich, had left a legacy of £1,000 free of duty to the Institution; the late Miss Oxenham of Kensington, £200; and Charles Walker, Esq. of Southport, £100. New lifeboats have been sent during the past month to Falmouth, Exmouth, Blyth, and new Brighton.

The Duke of Sutherland had ordered a safety fishing boat on the plan of the Institution, to be built for the use of his tenants and others on the coast of Caithness.

Reports were read from the inspector and the assistant inspector of lifeboats of the Institution, on their recent visits to various lifeboat stations on the coasts. The proceedings then terminated.

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#### PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB,—CHANNEL MATCH FROM HOLYHEAD TO KINGSTOWN.

THIS race which has caused so much speculation and amusement in the yacht clubs at Kingstown for some weeks past, came off with great *acclamations* on Saturday, 25th of May, and but for the unfortunate accident which occurred on board of the contending vessels would have been crowned with complete success. The Commodore hoisted his flag in the *Enid*, on the afternoon of Thursday 23rd., at 4h. p.m., and made the signal to get "underway together," which was promptly obeyed, a few of the smaller yachts having, however wisely taken time by the forelock, and started in the morning, by which they caught a fine north-east breeze and had a famous run across channel. The *Enid*, *Secret*, *Aquiline*, *Amber Witch*, *Wavecrest*, *Echo* and *Glance* went away together, and had to beat to windward all night, which was clear and cold. The *Enid* got in at 8h., a.m. *Amber Witch* about 10h., and the others in succession, and found their comrades, with the addition of the *Dione* from Cork, and the *Witch*, Rear Commodore, *Royal St. Georges*, and *Martina*, Lord Louth, safely moored close round H. M. turret ship *Wyvern*, commanded by Captain Burgoyne, v.c., by whom, as well as by Captain Schomberg, r.n., the harbour master, and his chief officer Mr. Owen Jones, the greatest possible kindness and attention was shown to all the yachtsmen present.

The entry originally comprised eleven vessels, all well known in aquatic

circles, but it was ascertained that the *Glance* had gone on to Liverpool, so the field was reduced to ten—as follows:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
56	<i>Aquiline</i> .....	schooner	36	H. Dudgeon, Esq.	Harvey
40	<i>Amber Witch</i> .....	yawl	37	J. McCurdy Esq.	Wanhill
319	<i>Dione</i> .....	cutter	45	Pascoe French, Esq.	Hatcher
1547	<i>Torch</i> .....	cutter	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
1693	<i>Wave Crest</i> .....	cutter	25	H. Crawford, Esq.	Fulton
1354	<i>Secret</i> .....	cutter	31	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
705	<i>Kilmeny</i> .....	cutter	30	J. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
354	<i>Echo</i> .....	cutter	38	W. I. Doherty, Esq.	Wanhill
398	<i>Enid</i> .....	cutter	56	F. Scovell, Esq.	Wanhill
790	<i>Luna</i> .....	cutter	25	C. Putland, Esq.	Fife

The conditions of the race were, "To start underway," first gun to fire at 7h. a.m. Greenwich time, the second at five minutes after. No yacht to pass a line between the end of the pier and the Bell buoy on the *Clipera Rock* until the second gun had fired. Exactly at 6h. 46m. Irish time, the welcome boom was heard, and everything was bustle and animation, the vessels being rather widely scattered along the proscribed line. *Torch* took the lead close to breakwater, with *Kilmeny* and *Luna* in attendance on her, *Enid* in centre, *Dione* and *Amber Witch* farthest off. Wind dead aft E.S.E. and light, so all had big topsails and balloon jibs boomed out to windward; while the schooner and yawl set their squaresails. At starting the boom of the *Enid* unfortunately caught the topmast-stay of the *Wavecrest* and jerked her topmast overboard. *Enid* soon took the lead and the fleet broke into three divisions, *Enid* leading one, followed by *Luna*, *Torch* and *Echo*; *Kilmeny* in centre, with *Amber Witch*, *Wavecrest*, *Dione* and *Secret* close up; *Aquilla* by herself to the southward, while the *Witch* schooner (not in the match) flanked the northern line. This continued some time, but the bigger ones began gradually to go to the front, and *Enid* drew out, while *Echo* got by *Torch* and *Luna*, *Wavecrest* busied in getting up a sort of topsail on her stump dropped astern. The schooner getting her headsails to draw by her course keeping well up, while *Dione* began to go through the fleet—picking up *Kilmeny* about 9h. 40m. while shifting her topsail for a jib-headed one, and challenging the *Amber Witch*, who was sailing magnificently, and edging up across her bows.

All jibed to starboard, and *Aquiline*, *Dione*, and *Amber Witch* set balloon jibs, which however proved nearly quite useless, the wind so dead aft as it was, and the heavy roll spilling all the wind out of them. About 10h. 30m. *Dione* began to take in hers, when an unfortunate accident occurred which took away much of the pleasure of this interesting match. One of the hands, James Ginney, went out on the bowsprit to unhook the tack of the balloon jib, whilst the rest stood ready to lower down and muzzle it as it flew in, and the act seemed quite a simple one. Unfortunately the weight forward on her bowsprit made her plunge, and she ran deep into the sea, and when she

rose the man was gone. He rose close astern apparently swimming well, and one of the gentlemen hove a life-buoy within two yards of him, while the yacht's punt was pitched over, with a hand in it in less than two minutes, the Kilmeny coming up astern right over the place; but when she came he was not to be seen, though the cushion was floating up close by; the boat pulled in every direction while the yacht lay an hour off the place, but in vain—the poor fellow was never seen again. He was a steady excellent young man, and had been many years in Mr. French's employ; he leaves a young wife for whom a subscription has been already commenced in the Clubs, to which it is hoped all the gentlemen who participated in the amusement of the day will not be behindhand in giving their aid.

This calamity, of course threw Dione out of the race, she hauled down her racing flag and proceeded leisurely to Kingstown, while the rest stood on in a race marked by few incidents of canvas-shifting, &c., and arrived in the following order and time:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Enid .....	1 43 2	Kilmeny .....	2 0 34	Torch .....	2 12 31
Amber Witch ...	1 45 29	Aquiline .....	2 1 56		
Echo .....	1 57 56	Luna .....	2 2 49		

Irish time.

Wave-crest, Secret and Dione not timed.

Kilmeny on passing the flag-ship, the cutter Foam, ran foul of the Amber Witch, and carried away her bowsprit. The race is not always, however, to the first, and on a careful making up of the time allowances it was found that the little Torch was entitled to an allowance of 45m. 28s. from Enid, and 28m. 42s. from Amber Witch, and as she was only 28m. 29s. and 26m. 52s. respectively astern of them, she was hailed the winner, not merely of the gilt goblets, but also of the extra prize for her own class given by the Secretary; while Amber Witch having 16m. 38s. to get from Enid, and being only 2m. 37s. astern, won the binnacle and compass; and Luna having 15m. 16s. to get from Echo, 6m. 6s. from Kilmeny, and 13m. 6s. from Aquiline saved her time from these boats, and became entitled to the entry fees.

The prizes for the helmsmen were awarded to Messrs. G. Thompson, Isaac Williams, and George Putland.

Thus terminated a most successful and exciting match in the unexpected triumph of the smallest boat engaged, against whom, the day before, the odds would have been at least as great as those against the success of Hermit for the Derby, and the result was nearly an equal discomfiture for the knowing ones. No other yacht, however, could have been hailed with greater enthusiasm than that which greeted the gallant little Bear Commodore of the Club—a result which must, however, fairly be attributed both to the direction of the wind and the excellent seamanship and knowledge of the owner and his veteran companion, with whom he has sailed all over the Channel in a yacht not much bigger than the Torch.

The next match of the Club will be on the 1st of June for second-class vessels, not exceeding 40 tons, and the prizes won on that and the present occasion will be presented at the meeting on the same evening.



## CANOE CLUB.

MANY of our "blue water" readers will doubtless exclaim "What in the name of all that's briny has the Canoe Club to do with Yachting?" A most probable and fair question, and we shall endeavour to give it a fair answer. In the first place to any one fond of aquatic pursuits, whether it be on the broad ocean, the picturesque lake, or exploring the beauties of the winding river, no more useful little craft swims than a canoe. Secondly, now that an improved build has been secured, portable, safe, and swift, scarcely a yacht in the fleet will be without one; and thirdly many of the members of the Canoe Club being yacht owners, and as the exploring voyages of these little craft will be supplementary to those of their larger sisters, it is probable will be equally interesting—oftentimes more novel, and not unfrequently made under canvas, we think that yachting and canoeing are, even at the outset, so intimately connected, as to render the latter worthy of a place in our Magazine, and which therefore we gladly accord, and shall duly chronicle the exploits of our Canoe Club friends in connexion with yachting.

This club was formed in July 1866, the mainspring to the movement being Mr. John MacGregor of the Temple, whose adventures in the Rob Roy Canoe drew forth the modest votaries of the paddle from their retirement, and gave organization to a novel feature in aquatics, a connecting link between yachting and rowing, which canoeing may legitimately be considered. The light gig or skiff used merely for rowing was felt to be entirely out of place, and utterly useless on a yacht's deck; but the trim handy little canoe, that will bear knocking about, and live like a cat in tumbling waters—is just the thing, the want of which has long been felt, and never supplied until the Rob Roy started into being.

The officers of the Club are:—Commodore, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales; Captain, J. MacGregor, Esq.; Mate, J. Inwards, Esq.; Purser, Lieut.-Col. Wright; Cook, F. F. Tucket, Esq. Through the kindness of Capt. MacGregor we have had the Rules and list of Members forwarded to us; and amongst many very excellent ones—simple, concise, and straight to the point, we find an example shewn that might well be adopted in some of our sea-port yacht clubs, namely that Members' wives, sisters and daughters are admissible to membership.—We say heartily—bravo Canoeists—a brave example by our halidom! now that ladies are to have their rights ashore—why not afloat also?

This pale sea-green covered little book is a pattern for Yacht Clubs—it not only introduces a most novel but charming reform in the composition of clubs, but the whole wisdom of constitution is embraced in 9 (!) terse rules, occupying 3 pages—of paper—3 inches by 2 in size. A very miracle of aquatic legislation. From the list we perceive there are already 6 Lady members, 88 Gentlemen, and 4 Honorary members; and that there exists a branch of the Club at Cambridge University. Their fleet numbers no less than 89 canoes, amongst which are Tandem canoes, Steam canoes, Paper canoes, India-rubber canoes, and though last not least, a Tin Canoe! Whilst

a yacht list commencing at a centre board sloop of 2 tons, and ranging up to a stately schooner of 105, embraces no less than 16 sail. Regular meetings are arranged for racing, the first of which took place at Thames Ditton on the 27th of April, when the extraordinary feature of a Canoe chase by land and water afforded not only considerable amusement, but a convincing proof of the amount of knocking about and hard work these canoes will bear; some spirited wood engravings of this novel pastime appeared in the *Illustrated London News* and *Illustrated Sporting News* of that week.

The members of the Canoe Club are we perceive going to give our French neighbours a specimen of their powers on the Seine, on the 9th July. Capt. MacGregor has had a yawl rigged yacht of 3 tons, draughted by Mr. S. White of Cowes, and built by Messrs. Forrest of Limehouse; she is on the life-boat principle known as White and Lambs': her dimensions are—length 21 feet; depth from deck to keelson 2ft. 6in. She is carvel built on the diagonal system, having two skins, the outer mahogany; an iron keel, and lead ballast; her running gear all leads aft, and every arrangement and contrivance is applied to enable her to be handled by her owner alone: a dinghy 8ft. in length, and 2ft. 10in. beam, also a life-boat—stows in her cabin, and can be quickly launched.

Captain MacGregor has exhibited considerable ingenuity and cleverness in designing this unique boat, and the arrangements exhibit fore-thought for safety and comfort; those for sleeping and cooking meals being particularly noticeable. He sails on the 8th June for Paris by himself, and after the Regatta there, intends proceeding in her on a voyage of three months, but his destination we are not at liberty to disclose, furthermore than that we believe it cannot be tracked on any existing chart. We heartily wish the gallant Captain of the Canoe Club a safe and successful voyage, and that his adventures may afford our readers interest and amusement during the winter months.

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#### MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

*Prince Alfred Yacht Club.*—The opening meeting of this club for the year 1867 was held at Gilbert's Hotel, Westland-row, Dublin, on the evening of 6th May, and was numerously attended.

Fielding Scovell, Esq., Commodore, in the Chair.

A ballot was held by which fourteen gentlemen (amongst them the owners of the *Dione*, *Snowdrop*, *Dawn*, and *Virago*), were added to the rapidly increasing list of its members. The flag and other officers were then elected, Mr. Scovell continuing as commodore, and flying his flag in the cutter *Enid*; Mr. Thomas D. Keogh, of the cutter *Secret*, succeeding to the vice-commodoreship, vacant by the resignation of Major Barton; and Mr. G. B. Thompson, of the cutter *Torch*, becoming rear commodore. Mr. J. Lyle, was re-elected secretary and treasurer; with Messrs. Corrigan Crawford, Doherty, Williams, and Orpen as a sailing committee. The esti,

mated sum available for prizes this year was announced to be 165*l*, in addition to a pair of handsome cups, and a binnacle and compass, presented by two of the members, the programme of the season's matches, after a good deal of discussion, was fixed as follows :—

Opening cruise, under Commodore, to Holyhead, on Thursday, 23d inst.

First Match—Holyhead Harbour to Kingstown Harbour, Saturday, 25th inst., at four a. m. Open to yachts of all rigs and classes belonging to the club. First prize, a pair of silver-gilt goblets, in case; second prize, a yacht's binnacle and patent compass; third prize if five start; the entry fees at 3*d*. per ton. An extra prize will be also given to the first boat, not exceeding 25 tons,

Second Match—Second class yachts, exceeding 25 and not 40 tons; plate, value, 30*l*. Saturday 1st June, noon.

Third Match—Third class yachts exceeding 12, and not exceeding 25 tons; plate, value 20*l*. Saturday, 15th June, 1 p.m.

Fourth Match—Fifth-class yachts not exceeding 7 tons; plate, value 7*l*. Saturday, 15th June, 1 p.m.

Fifth Match—Fourth-class yachts exceeding 7 and not exceeding 12 tons; plate, value 15*l*. Saturday, 22nd June, 1 p.m.

Sixth Match—Schooners and yawls; plate value 35*l*. at Bray, Monday 8th July, 11 a.m.

Seventh Match—First-class yachts exceeding 40 tons; plate, value 35*l*. Saturday, 13th July, 11 a.m.

Rowing matches to come off 12th July, 4 p.m.

Giga, four oars, 5*l*; ditto two oars, 2*l*. 10*s*.; dingies, 1*l*.

The yachts and boats in all these matches to be steered by members of the club; and strictly limited, as to paid hands, to those allowed by its rules. Prizes of breast-pins, or similar ornaments, to be given to the helmsmen of the winning yachts in each match. A great deal of discussion on sailing matches took place, and it was arranged to adopt a uniform jacket for members when racing. It was also agreed that in the Holyhead match "it should not be an objection to any vessel if she retained a cook and steward on board, in addition to her proper number of paid hands, provided they in no way assisted in working the vessel; the owner to be responsible as to this." An extra prize was then announced, purchased by subscription of the sailing members who are not yacht owners, to be sailed for on a day to be fixed at the at the next meeting, which takes place on the 3rd June.

The meeting finally separated with a vote of thanks to the members who had presented prizes; to their patron, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh; and the Commodore.

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## REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- June 1.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Sailing Match, 2nd class.  
 6.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club—Sailing Match round the Isle of Man.  
 6.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta at Cantley.  
 8.—Royal London Yacht Club—Ocean Match to Harwich.  
 10.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Schooner Match, Nore Light to Dover.  
 13.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club—Sailing Match, Erith to Chapman and back.  
 15.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Sailing Match, 3rd and 5th classes.  
 20.—Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland—Regatta at Queenstown.  
 22.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Sailing Match, 4th class.  
 26.—Royal Harwich Yacht Club Regatta.  
 27.—Royal London Yacht Club, Amateur Match, Erith to Nore and back.  
 28.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club—Sailing Match, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd classes.  
 28.—Royal London Yacht Club—Second and 3rd classes, from Erith to the Nore and back to Gravesend.  
 29.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club—Regatta.  
 29.—Royal Eastern Yacht Club—Regatta at Granton.  
 29.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—3rd and 4th classes, Gravesend to Nore and back.
- July 4.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta at Wroxham.  
 4.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Channel Match, Nore Light to Havre.  
 5.—Norfolk Northern Yacht Club—Regatta at Greenock.  
 6.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club—Match to Ramsgate.  
 8.—Temple Yacht Club—Sailing Match.  
 8.—Bray (Ireland) Regatta.  
 8.—Southampton Amateur Regatta Club—Regatta.  
 8.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Schooner Match at Bray.  
 10.—Royal Irish Yacht Club—Regatta in Dublin Bay.  
 10.—Southampton Regatta.  
 11.—Sailing Barge Match—The Nore and back.  
 12.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Rowing Matches.  
 13.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Sailing Match, 1st class.  
 13.—Royal Dee Yacht Club—3rd class Match.  
 17.—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club Regatta—Hull.  
 18.—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta—Queenstown.  
 22.—Havre Regatta.  
 27.—Royal Southern Yacht Club—Regatta at Southampton.  
 27.—Clyde Yacht Club—Regatta at Hunter's Quay.
- Aug 1.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta on Oulton Broad.  
 6.—Royal Welch Yacht Club—Regatta at Carnarvon.  
 6.—Royal Albert Yacht Club—Regatta at Southsea.  
 13.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club—Regatta at Ryde.  
 24.—Clyde Yacht Club—Corinthian Match at Largs.
- Sept 7.—Clyde Yacht Club—Closing cruise at Rothersey.  
 16.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta on Oulton Broad.

# HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

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JULY 1st, 1867.

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## THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN GLORY.\*

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### PART XVIII.

I MUST ask my readers who have accompanied me thus far, to recal to their memories the period when Philip Considine's ship, the Narwhal, was lost in W—— bay.

It will be remembered that of all that goodly, but ill-fated, ship's company, Sebastian Almonté was the sole survivor ; and that but for Harry Considine and the brave crew of pilots, supplemented by the incessant and careful attention bestowed upon the half drowned man by the Widow Cassidy, his chance of life had been but the faintest.

When after some few days the Spanish mariner, as he professed himself to be, was able to totter about the Wreckers' Roost, Elizabeth Cassidy could not help remarking that her ship-wrecked patient was strangely reticent of his antecedents, and evidently oppressed with disagreeable thoughts ; he seemed to avoid remark and repel any attempt at confidence and beyond the fewest words, instead of that profusion which might be expected from one so narrowly snatched from death, he volunteered no communication, sought no opportunity of conversation with the frequenters of the Roost, and evidently preferred solitude and freedom from observation. Not a few remarks were passed by the

\* Concluded from page 266.

blunt straightforward pilots at the surly dogged nature displayed by the rescued sailor, so strongly contrasting with their own free open hearted manners, and more especially as, sailor fashion, they looked for a yarn all about the Narwhal, and how her captain came to let Con Sullivan have his own way, and what strange hands were on board, and what of the original crew that sailed from W——. But never a word spake the swarthy stranger, silent and solitary he wandered about, seeking to regain the vigour of manhood that had well nigh been paralyzed within him, so the pilots had their growl and their say; but Widow Cassidy resolutely stuck to her poor weak guest, and would not allow him to be interfered with; "Sure," she would say, "he is not one of us—but a poor stranger in a strange land, God was merciful to him, and 'tis not for us to be unkind!"

"But gratitude, Widow Cassidy—common gratitude to those who risked their lives for his body, and to you for preserving what life there was left in him!" growled Dick Archbold as the spokesman of the sun-burnt weather bleached group which Almonté had just passed with downcast eyes and feeble gait.

"All in good time pilots," did she answer, "the Lord spared him in His wisdom, and even so let us be grateful for him should he forget it!"

But Sebastian, the Spaniard, was neither ungrateful or forgetful,—he was gathering his strength together—for he felt he wanted all the power of will and self control that a sound mind in a healthy body could impart; this his latest struggle for life had given a force and direction of his thoughts that convulsed him with a strange ferocious vindictive passion—a very savage's blood thirsty longing to bait his enemy at the fiery stake—and that too when he felt that without steady coolness and moderation, he had better far have perished in the seething breakers.

It was therefore not without some slight surprise that Mrs. Cassidy received a request from the stranger for a private interview, on the fifth evening from that on which this lonely waif of the ocean made his essay to returning strength. Summoning up a resolution to refuse all recompense for what she had done, if indeed he had aught to bestow, the widow bustled up to the apartment he occupied, all her womanly heart a-glow with kindness and sympathy for the sea-worn mariner.

"And sure, Mr. Almonté, it made me glad to bear you wished to see me—it looks christian-like and as if you were getting to be yourself again, you must cheer up and come amongst our pilots below, 'twill raise your spirits, and keep you from brooding over dismal thoughts: sure thank God y u're alive and well—and before you leave my roof

again you'll be a new man and fit to face the world and follow your calling as a sailor should. It was a terrible shake to a strong man I know, and its the strongest suffers the most ; but never mind—that 'ill soon be past—and out of this you shall not stir until you feel as though nothing of the kind ever happened to you. Now, no thanks—I want none—I am thankful to be enabled to do something for a fellow creature away from his home and family and country, and as to any expense—tut—tut—not a word—sure what were we made for but to help one another when means are given us, and thank God I have enough and may be a trifle to spare for them that wants it ; there now that will do—let me look at you man—and see if the colour is coming in your poor thin face ?”

Thus rattled on the whole hearted woman, who though not without her faults, had all the warm kindness of a truly Irish nature to overflowing ; but Almonté studiously averted his face from her eager gaze, evidently strongly affected.

“ Ah !” continued the widow, “ there was one near and dear to me, that I would give the heart out of my body to know if he had a kind friend near him when he died, for dead he must be, or Bernard would have let me know something about himself before this ; poor—poor—Bernard. Stranger did you ever in your wanderings at sea meet with a man of your calling named Bernard Cassidy—he was my husband—and a brave and good one—but things went wrong with us—and I am sure I don't know how to this day—but ——”

“ Woman—'tis for that purpose I sent for you !” exclaimed the stranger in smothered and agonized tones, “ I am the last true friend of Bernard Cassidy—and his messenger from the sea !”

With a wild shriek the widow threw herself at the Spaniard's feet, and by the dim evening light sought to read every feature of one who had seen the last of her lost loved husband, and reverently kissed his hands whilst she overwhelmed him with questions, convulsively sobbing the while under the host of bitter memories the sight of the last being who had spoken to the loved one of her young life, had conjured up.

“ So he was drowned was he ? Do tell me all about him—did he ever speak of me—oh ! why—why did he leave me ?”

“ Sit you down and compose yourself, Mrs. Cassidy !” gravely and almost tenderly said Almonté as he placed her so that he still remained in shadow, for the poor woman's eyes never left him for a moment—as if he were some precious thing she feared might vanish from sight.

“ I said not that Bernard Cassidy was drowned,” he continued, “ but that I was the last true friend that was with him ; it was at Rio on the

Spanish Main,—where all that was good, and generous, in the shape of a sailor was killed—died out—cruelly—fearfully wronged, and I swore to Bernard Cassidy that I Sebastian Almonté would devote my life to hunt that man to death—who had so wronged him.”

A groan of bitter anguish and the tears of his grief stricken auditor interrupted.

“I am far from strong yet!” he proceeded, “and you will pardon me for asking you to control yourself; I seek your help—the help of that wife who has been as equally wronged, the wife that he loved—and does—did I mean to say—love to the last!”

“Yes—yes—!” exclaimed the sorrowing woman! “heaven knows I will do anything for the memory of Bernard—’tis hard to control the feelings—after all these long years of mystery and doubt—but of this wrong—this terrible wrong—and—and of the wrong-doer—who is he? what did he do—was he the murderer of my Bernard?—Oh heaven if such a man be living and that God spares me life!”

“Listen and interrupt me not, I must tell you a tale of Rio—simply because it bears upon the case of your husband—listen attentively, for upon your decision with regard to the events of this tale much depends!”

“I am ready—but tell me nothing that a devoted wife should not hear!”

“You will judge for yourself.—There were two brothers of Rio, one a merchant—the other a sailor;—the merchant was wealthy—the sailor poor and struggling; there was a disparity of age which made the merchant much the senior of the mariner, but nevertheless the affection he bore for the latter, was more than a brother’s, ’twas that of a father; the sailor contracted a marriage which displeased the merchant, he was a man of the world and his heart was set on wealth—he recked not of the affections;—they were descended from an ancient race, and the merchant slaved and worked—noon and midnight—to amass wealth—and his darling project in life was to set that younger brother in the seat of their ancestors; but when this marriage took place—to a poor and penniless girl the merchant waxed wrath, and the hot blood of the sailor rebelled—and the two that loved each other with a love that few experience parted in anger, and with an interchange of recriminating language. Now the merchant had taken into his confidence a poor and starving lad, friendless and homeless—but crafty and designing; no sooner had his anger passed away than he yearned to be reconciled to the young sailor—would have advanced him in his profession, and destined him and his wife to be possessors of his wealth and the family



estates for which he was in treaty of redemption ; but this crafty confident of his—his right arm of business as he called him, although apparently seconding every attempt at reconciliation was artfully widening the breach on both sides, until the patience and forgiving spirit of the old man was worn out and the sailor urged to desperation ; then he had the young sailor decoyed—kidnapped into a life worse than slavery—worse than death,—he escaped but to find that brother dead—his man of business in possession of his wealth and estates, his wife and child from whom he had been torn for years—and who believed him dead—struggling for living sake, and himself a penniless outcast—the victim of a fiend—a serpent which had thus requited that generous hand that fostered it into life. Now it chanced that this young sailor met with an old commander, who on his death bed confided to him the locality in which a treasure-ship had been wrecked—there was no illusion or sick man's fancy about it—he solemnly averred its truth. Now here was a position—wealth almost within his grasp—the prospect of being restored to happiness—to bring it to those his heart so yearned for—the means of punishing his villainous betrayer—and the spoiler of his race, and of resuming his position in his country ;—but penniless—penniless to recover that treasure—the untold wealth almost at his feet—and yet condemned by cruel fate to be an outcast wanderer. Now what would you have done, Mrs. Cassidy ?”

“ Oh ! why did he not fly to that wife—to that child—they surely had friends—his tale would command sympathy—but oh ! the counsel of a true wife—is beyond that of any friends !”

“ What if he did so—but to find this man-fiend the friend, the adviser of his wife, and that rumour assigned to them the prospect of becoming related more intimately.”

“ Did that wife know of the existence of her husband, and of the treatment he had been subjected to, she would be a forsworn despicable wretch, for which such a traitor would be but a fitting mate, she could not have known it and been a true woman ! In ignorance, lonely and thinking herself forsaken, the weakness of her sex perchance prompted her thankfully to accept proffered kindness. I can sympathize with her and see a palliation which an injured husband would be slow to conceive !”

“ I am bound to say that is a view I have never taken of this tale !” exclaimed Almonté impetuously, “then you think that wife when the truth was revealed to her, and that by the death of her husband she was even free to marry this man, should sacrifice the brilliant dazzling prospects opened to her, and dashing every thought aside of self, or even of

her child's worldly happiness, consecrate herself to redeem the memory of a husband who had apparently forsaken her, and for lack of proof to the contrary had really done so !"

"I would have done so !" said the widow drawing herself up proudly, "and a pitiful thing it would be—not deserving the name of woman, that would do otherwise—life itself would else prove a curse,—but this tale you have told me—what of it ?—I want to hear of my poor Bernard and not such idle tales,—Captain Almonté pray do not trifle with me—'tis ungenerous at such a moment !"

"Were it without an object !—but—that tale is true—it did not occur at Rio—but here at W—— ; it is the tale of your lost husband Bernard Cassidy—his message from the sea which I swore to convey to you !"

For a moment the Widow Cassidy looked as if life had fled, as though the spirit had taken flight and left the tenement of clay transformed into insensible—rigid—marble ; a few convulsive gasps and the wild heaving of her breast at length betokened that the stricken blood was again in motion, and with hoarse unnatural voice she cried—

"And this man—this—this monster—what of him—do—doe—does he live—who is he ?"

"Thomas Radley !"

"And you—you—man—speak—quick—who are you ?"

"The avenger and—— !"

The last words were whispered lowly in the widow's ear—whatever their purport—the strong mind—the resolute will withered before them, weaving her arms wildly before her as one struck by sudden blindness, a strange low moaning wail broke forth, and she fell prone and senseless to the floor.

Little wonder that the quantity of old port quaffed by Tom Radley, played false in discovering the destination of the Golden Glory.

Return we now to the "satin room" of Turlaquin.

"And so Mr. Radley you state *that* last will and testament of Peter Cassidy's is a clumsy forgery, although your name is there as an attesting witness, well so be it—we will not waste precious time in unavailing argument—but stay man I am not done with you yet ?—Your witness of the old man's death is Cornelius Sullivan—where is he ?"

"He is at sea—I know not !"

"Ah !—or what business he is bound on ? Well perhaps you can tell me if a certain Mr. Jonas Gilligan could be found in his company."

"You know as much about him Philip Considine as I do—I tell you man I may be provoked beyond endurance !"

"That is exactly my purpose!" said Considine with imperturbable calmness, "I want to see how far I have been misled in your character, and if by a little friendly interchange of confidences, I can yet call you a human being: gold as you know requires a strong test, there are so many excellent imitations, and so far circumstances point you out as one of the latter, although you have been passing for current coin a goodly length of time; and so far as humanity is concerned perhaps you can inform me by whose directions the hawser of my unfortunate ship the Narwhal was cut at the point of her greatest peril, and more than thirty innocent men hurled pitilessly—recklessly to a fearful death!"

"Ha—ha—!" chuckled the Banker grasping at an opening to turn the flank of his persecutor. "You had a narrow escape then of beggary—Considine! You have not it seems forgotten my ungracious refusal to help you; hang it man do not bear malice so long—as now to endeavour to lay such a charge at my door. I wonder you have not a document amongst your other forgeries to prove that, thank goodness you can find no living witness to corrupt. No—no—not a witness to yield reliable evidence of such a monstrosity—but man—no more of such child's play!"

"The same witness that you have of Peter Cassidy's death friend Radley will suit my purpose!"

The little man quivered for a moment as the taunt recoiled with such ominous significance.

"You will perhaps remember some years back a small brig that you had chartered sailing for the West Indies—at this lapse of time can you remember her cargo?"

"You speak in enigmas old man—or stay—surely you cannot have forgone your temperate habits?"

"Oh!—I see I shall have to find a memory for you; in the clean swept hold of that brig Thomas there lay a man—he was in irons by your will and at your instance, and devoted by you to the slavery of the plantations—that was her cargo, and his name?"

"The same witness to that of course?"

"No?"

"Who then?"

"Do you deny it?"

"I do—deny everything. I tell you Philip Considine you are a master of liars—the very prince!—Now my good old man, as you seem to assume the office of master here, direct these doors to be opened, and when I have passed through have them closed again, barricade yourself closely here with your amiable friend Mrs. Cassidy, for I see I shall be

troubled to get two out of W—— instead of one. Do you think me a fool or a craven, that you thus dare interrogate me? Come Sirrah—at once beatir yourself—let my ears not be insulted by any further babblings of senility—open fellow—open?”

“What if else—?”

“Why this you drivelling idiot?” shouted the now maddened wretch, drawing two pistols from his breast and presenting one at the widow and the other at the head of Philip Considine. “If you will meddle in dangerous secrets, you must expect a dangerous reward—ha—ha!—ho—ho—Philip Considine. What—never wince man, you will travel in excellent company—you and this fair lady—hand in hand: you see Philip Considine, these walls convey no sound, I have ascertained that fact, and you may depend Philip I will arrange the bodies in such a skilful manner, as that posterity will never hear the name of Philip Considine with but a thrill of loathing as the assassin of a too confiding—lonely widow, and a cowardly suicide. You are known to be in difficulties Philip despite your bold appearance, the widow is reputed rich Philip—and a dash of plunder may spice the tale, it sounds far fetched Philip—ha—ha—he—he; don’t it—eh? But credit me old grey head that the truth in this case will beat fiction, and give it the odds of a century: ho—ho—witnesses—witnesses indeed—why man if you brought witnesses out of their graves——!”

Whilst the fearfully excited man was gradually creeping towards his paralyzed victims, fully intent on completing his awful purpose, he became suddenly aware that some dark object was noiselessly approaching his side—the scene now presented was that which neither pen nor pencil may adequately pourtray; maddened to commit any crime that gave him a loop hole of escape, however desperate, his attention was pre-occupied in the terrible excitement of the moment, inasmuch so that he heard no sound, although folding doors at the end of the apartment were opened and closed again: that dark object was rolled quickly and noiselessly alongside of Tom Radley, until a face that seemed hardly human, save for the glare of unearthly fire that flashed from the eyes was turned to his own; it was the enfeebled, aged, and sorrow stricken man we have seen in Shamus Roi’s cabin on the island of I——. Wheeling the helpless creature’s chair, appeared the burly form of Captain Boom—otherwise known as Sebastian Almonté the commander of the Golden Glory, whilst strongly guarded by Harry Considine and the crew of the schooner—Con Sullivan and Jonas Gilligan made a formidable background.

But Tom Radley had eyes for none save the aged victim of his

cunning, and the stalwart seaman that stood behind him, whose countenance and the working of whose hands indicated the part he would willingly take. Tom's eyes revolved from one to the other with lightning rapidity, the hue of his face turned from ruby to purple, and then to a ghastly blush white; his arms remained extended but the weapons dropped from the powerless fingers; he seemed rooted to the spot with speechless horror, and shook like one stricken with palsy—thrice he essayed to speak but his tongue refused its office.

At a signal from Philip Considine two seamen attempted to seize him with powerful and sudden grasp, their touch seemed like magic—springing aside he pointed at the object in the chair and to Almonté, as he hoarsely gasped forth—"Yes—they are there—fiends! devils! before their time. Yes—yes—that's Peter Cassidy—and—that's—that's Bernard Cassidy too; but not yet—they shall not have me yet—and as for you Philip Considine—I—I—I!" but ere he could finish the sentence Con Sullivan and Jonas Gilligan caught his bewildered gaze; the men again advanced to take him prisoner—but with the despairing howl of a wild beast at bay, he seized a massive chair with sinewy grasp, and hurling it through the lofty window bounded after it amidst the wreck of crashing glass and rending frame-work; with a shout of dismay at this daring act some rushed to seize him below, others to the balcony expecting to find him cut to pieces; the noise of foliage breaking, and a falling body tossed from bough to bough, was succeeded by the fierce galloping of horses lashed to frenzy, and the hoarse shouts of men vainly pursuing; but Tom Radley escaped.

The cruise of the *Golden Glory* is ended, with her Bernard Cassidy accomplished his purpose; for a long period afterwards she served the less adventurous one of conveying Philip Considine whenever his will pointed seawards, and she is still a venerated heir loom of the family.

Bernard and Mrs. Cassidy lived long and happily at Turlaquin, their chief care for a time being old Peter, who however did not long survive the hardships he had endured whilst Tom Radley's prisoner, and under the tender mercies of Shamus Roi. To the treasure recovered by the *Golden Glory*, and for which no claimant of the line of Stuyvenson could be found in New York, was added the vast property which Tom Radley had so long usurped from Peter Cassidy, and which had greatly accumulated under his cunning administration.

It was wonderful with what celerity the good folks of W——, and its county veered round, when the fact of the lost husband and brother's wondrous reappearance, and the almost fabulous wealth they brought with them, became known; but Mrs. Cassidy would have none of it,

and when the wedding of Harry Considine with the beautiful Rose Cassidy was celebrated in due course, the pilots of the Wreckers' Roost, and their families alone, were made joyous with a week of splendour. Yes—I had nearly forgotten, the poor for many a mile around had ample reason also to remember that event, and to this day they bless the hour when the Golden Glory proved the means of restoring the Cassidys to their own again.

Jonas Gilligan in consideration of valuable services rendered to the Bank of W—— in unravelling sundry financial knots his great master had securely tied in its affairs, was allowed to depart; and from the aid he unwittingly rendered, in discovering Peter Cassidy's fate to Bernard, and returning the important papers he had purloined from Tom Radley when the Golden Glory picked him up on the night he leaped from the deck of the Colleen Dhas, the latter good ship was fully freighted with suitable cargo, and presented to him; and Con Sullivan for similar good services not only to Bernard Cassidy, but also to Philip Considine—was given a share in the venture, and I believe the descendants of these worthys are still flourishing as sheep farmers on the banks of the Murray, in Australia.

Some years after these events had taken place, Philip Considine was returning from a cruise in the Mediterranean; he had accomplished an object of his life,—with his gallant young captain—the Mr. Sheppard of the Iceberg, he had thoroughly explored the mid-earth sea. As the Golden Glory passed the Island of I——, on her return voyage to W—— bay, a sudden fancy possessed the old man, he would visit that Island, would see the spot where his friend Peter Cassidy so long found a living grave; so he landed.

"Why then yer honor, I am the king of the Island now in vartue of being the eldest of Shamus Roi's sons, rest his sowl in glory!"

"And you tell me you have closed up your father's cabin since his death?" enquired Considine as he ascended the rugged path I have before described.

"Thru enough yer honer—we thought we heard voices and onhuman sounds in id uv a night, and so my mother and sisters live wid me; indeed I may say id's closed, for barn a poor ould craythur, that was landed here one mornin' by a "Pookawn" from W——, the never a livin' footstep darkens ids door; shure we hadn't the heart to turn him out whin he fixed himself there, and we leave a bit an' a sup on the door sill mornin' an' evenin'—sure God an' the angels watch over him yer honer, for he's "simple"\*!"

\* *Anglice*, an idiot, or out of his senses.

"I should like to see the interior of that cabin!" said Considine carelessly—as he wearily toiled upwards, leaning heavily on Mr. Shephard's arm.

"An' av coorse yer honer, an' why not, sure the simple craythur wont mind yer honer!"

In a few moments the party stood within the main apartment of what had once been Shamus Roi's palace: a few feeble rays shed a dim light, but the fisherman king clearing the windows, or rather port holes, of the lumps of rock and sods of earth that partially excluded the wild sea blast, a ruddy glare of sunlight illuminated the desolate and forsaken cabin; in the corner near the hearth, that corner where the wooden settle once stood, a rude platform or couch of rock had been built, covered with sods of peat and heather; furniture there was none; kneeling by the side of the rough bed, was the spare form of a little old man, apparently deeply immersed in the contents of a book that lay open before him; that book was the Bible; reverently uncovering after the first impulse of curiosity had been sated, Philip Considine and his young companion patiently awaited the strange recluse's arousing from his absorbing employment; the former's gaze wandered frequently around the apartment, whose solitude and desolation were appalling; suddenly an object rivetted his attention and caused the blood to course quickly through his veins; on a projecting stone above the rugged couch stood an earthen vessel that he well remembered, and in it bloomed a little golden eye'd forget-me-not, its clear bright blue seeming like a speck from the heaven without; the bright ray of hope and comfort that little azure blossom had once before shed upon him flashed across his mind; with cautious and trembling footsteps Philip approached the kneeling form, the chapter he was enwrapped in was the 31st Psalm, and the wasted finger pointed to the 5th verse, but that finger stirred not; Considine layed his hand lightly on the shoulder of the recluse, there was no response to the pressure, he looked at the wasted and stricken face, it was Thomas Radley—dead.

In that book the mystery of his attachment to the golden eye'd flower was explained: beneath the name of his mother—written on the fly-leaf, were a lock of hair and a withered forget-me-not carefully fastened, and no doubt 'twas the early but almost forgotten teachings of that mother that had brought him peace at the last.

Any of my readers who may frequent the drive in Hyde Park during the height of the season, may observe a stately and exquisitely appointed family equipage occasionally make its appearance, which with its occupants attracts no little attention amongst the many attractive sights to

be there witnessed ; a benevolent looking gentleman and a still strikingly handsome matron occupy the back seat, whilst their youthful counterparts complete the family group ;—look for them reader if I have interested you in my tale, the horses are bright bay, and the carriage dark olive, and the crest and liveries are — well no matter ; but the occupants of that carriage—the observed of all as it passes—are the grand-children and great-grand-children of Bernard and Elizabeth Cassidy of Turlaquin, and that gentleman's voice is listened to with attention in the Halls of St. Stephens.

THE END.

### ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

ON Wednesday, May the 29th, the match for first class cutters opened the racing season of this Club. The prizes—for the first vessel a silver gilt champagne jug, with four cups to correspond, value 70 sovereigns, and for the second a handsome silver claret jug value 20 sovereigns. Course from Erith to the Nore and back to Gravesend. Allowance of time—from 25 to 50 tons 30 seconds per ton, and above 50 tons 20 seconds.

The following clippers came to the starting buoys :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1629	Vindex .....	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill. I. Co.
946	Niobe .....	cutter	41	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
1069	Phryne .....	cutter	55	T. Groves, jun. Esq.	Hatcher

The Sinbad cutter, 60 tons, E. Johnson, Esq., was also entered, but being laid ashore at Gravesend on Tuesday to have her bottom scrubbed, unfortunately got neaped, and did not put in an appearance. From the past performances of the Phryne, and her well known powers, coupled with the fact of her new owner's long racing experience, she was the favorite with all who knew anything of yacht racing, although she had two such dangerous, and sure to be well handled, light weights against her, and the result proved that the "old salts were just a' richt !"

Just as the crews were watching for the signal the wind flew round from south to east in a shower of rain, and gave them a dead turn to windward through the Rands. At 11h. 20m., the starting gun was fired, all got under canvas after the fashion that racing clippers only can, and the Phryne having brought home her mud hook a trifle, had somewhat the



advantage, and of course got clear away at the start; in turning through the Rands it was touch and go on several occasions, the light wind, and a fleet of smacks, barges, and steamers sadly hampering the competitors, and it was not until they got into Long Reach that anything like settling down to their work could be attempted, and here the Phryne still maintained the lead. Off Thames Haven the Niobe made a gallant burst and nearly succeeded in collaring the Phryne, but the latter warily and well handled cleverly stopped her by going about on her weather, giving her the benefit of a lee berth; this bit of play the Vindex was not slow to take advantage of, and came bowling up hand over hand, which the Phryne observing lay down to her work and again got clear of the dangerous neighbourhood before the Vindex had time to force a passage; these tactics played out, the Niobe at the most critical point of the turn to windward commenced shifting her working for a balloon topsail, a piece of seamanship that betrayed considerable economy of judgment, if not its total absence, and whatever her chance might have been she deliberately threw it away here, for the crew instead of being as quiet as mice were jumping about the deck, and of course the topsails took charge of the ship for a space coming down and going up, the consequence being that her way was stopped, and the Vindex cannily sailed raced into second place: the wind now falling still lighter the club steamer came to an anchor about half-a-mile below Southend, as there was evidently no chance of reaching the Nore before the flood made, and the vessels rounded her at the following times:—Phryne, 3h. 15m. 30s.; Vindex, 3h. 19m. 20s.; Niobe, 3h. 15m. 50s. Immediately upon rounding the Phryne sent up one of those monstrosities of canvas yeelped a “Spinnaker,” hoisted to the topmast head, with a head yard of some 15 feet, sheeted out at the foot to a stun-sail boom of some 60 feet, and comprising nearly as many yards of canvas as her mainsail and balloon topsail together; the Vindex and Niobe not to be outdone also set “Spinnakers,” but being jib-headed sails they looked mere “apologies” in comparison with the Phryne’s mammoth “wind trap”; in addition the Niobe set a sail which few of the rising generation of our yachtsmen have ever seen or probably heard of before, to wit—a “leech studding sail” to her mainsail. The great battle that has been fought over that ever-to-be-abominated nuisance “shifting ballast” will we think find its counterpart in that likely to be fought over these ridiculous flying kites; and we cannot avoid expressing our astonishment that the Sailing Committees of the two Metropolitan Clubs should for a moment countenance such a dangerous, expensive, and absurd innovation as that of “unlimited

canvas," in the train of which will creep in "unlimited hands," and eventually the snake that appears now to be only scotched not killed, "shifting ballast itself" will raise its head rampant as ever; thus after years of hard battling on the part of thorough sailor yachtsmen to secure an honest fair sailing code of rules, the good considered to be achieved appears likely to be scattered to the winds by a most inconsiderate ill-judged rule, which we are glad to see yachtsmen are already loudly exclaiming against. A very significant hint was given during this match of the results that may be anticipated should such "canvas follies" become a feature of sea-going courses; the confusion and trouble when a gybe became necessary, even with such light wind as prevailed whilst they were in use on Wednesday, conveyed but a very faint notion of what the scene would be should a sudden squall take charge of them: we should be sorry to hear of fatal accidents becoming the rule, not the exception, of yacht racing; but no spars or gear—to say nothing of vessels or crews could remain long above water when one of these "regulators" came to take "charge" of the deck. Fortunately for all engaged in this race, the wind did remain light whilst they were set, and the "sensational muslin" disappeared for a time in the Lower Hope when the wind became abeam, and sent the vessels slashing along at rare speed, the Phryne setting the question at rest as to whose plate locker was to be replenished. Another treat of sail setting was afforded to the spectators in Gravesend Reach, the name of which locality is ominously significant of their characteristic, if not propelling powers, but the Phryne seemed to fancy the joke hugely, and went bowling past the flag-ship much in the guise of "Mrs. Gamp" or "Sarah Harris" poking fun at the spare head-gear in the shape of bonnets that do so much prevail. The buoy off Rosherville was "accounted" for in the following order and times:—Phryne, 5h. 18m. 20s.; Vindex, 5h. 27m. 35s.; Niobe, 5h. 29m. 49s. The Niobe looked uncommonly wicked as a burst of wind served her at the finish, and but for that "leetle" quaint notion she perpetrated going down for the Nore, we fancy her number might have been uncommonly close, if not quite that of 2; however the Phryne received the champagne cup and goblets as was expected, and the Vindex the claret jug.

The Phryne laboured under the disadvantage of a new and unstretched mainsail, which Laphorne had completed for her in the incredibly short space of the three days immediately preceding the race.

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*Ocean Match.*—This match was sailed on Saturday the 8th of June, the course being from the Lower Hope to Harwich, by two classes of

yachts—viz schooners and yawls forming one, and the other composed of first class cutters ; the following vessels displayed their fighting flags in the Hope at daybreak on the morning of the match, much to the astonishment of the work-a-day merchant-men pursuing their monotonous duties along that watery highway, and who scanned the gay wanderers of the sea with curious and eager eyes, waking up the echoes of the old Hope with their naive and often not very polite remarks as the several competitors came respectively beneath their ken, and evidently impressed with a lively admiration of the nautical points that arrested their attention in the gear and canvas of the pleasure fleet.

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
586	Gloriana .....	schooner	135	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	Ratsey
50	Anita .....	schooner	42	E. Packard, Esq.	Symons
693	Julia .....	yawl	122	G. F. Moss, Esq.	Ratsey
876	Minstrel .....	yawl	72	H. G. Austin, Esq.	Camper
765	Loadstar .....	yawl	64	C. F. Allison, Esq.	Aldous
85	Avoset .....	yawl	37	Sir Hickman Bacon, Bart.	Wanhill
1592	Vanguard .....	cutter	61	Capt. Hughes	Ratsey
1069	Phryne .....	cutter	56	T. Groves, jun. Esq.	Hatcher
946	Niobe .....	cutter	41	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
1542	Thought .....	cutter	28	G. Wells, Esq.	Hatcher

The track laid down was from the Lower Hope through the Swin Channel, keeping the Gunfleet Light and Buoys, buoys of the West Rocks, and Cork Light ship on the port hand, and ending between the Corporation Pier and flag-ship in Harwich harbour : allowance of time for schooners and yawls 15s., up to 150 tons, and 30s., between cutters as far as 75 tons. A prize of 50 sovereigns was offered for the former, and 40 sovereigns for the latter class.

The wind was moderate from the northward, and the vessels had their after canvas set previous to weighing their anchors, they being ranged in two lines, the cutters to seaward.

At 6h. 49m. 30s. the signal to go set the windlasses in motion and head canvas flying aloft, when the Phryne showed the fleet how to get their ground tackle stowed, followed by the Vanguard ; Thought and Niobe were also very smart, and one of the two-stickers, the Julia, was the quickest ; the Minstrel however got away with the lead, closely followed by the Anita and Julia ; balloon canvas vast and various was quickly given to the morning breeze, and the wind freshening up they careened to starboard and reached away down the river at a rare speed, the little Thought singling out in her class and looking uncommonly

vicious, but the Vanguard and Phryne getting on her tracks exhibited an evident design of clapping a stopper on the superior activity of the light heeled wee clipper ; accordingly off the Chapman the Vanguard made a dash through her lee and took the lead of the cutters, the Anita having the lead in her class, with the Gloriana second, and Avoset third. Off Southend however it fell almost calm, when the Thought with one of her old movements again resumed the lead, the Phryne at the same time ranging up beam and beam with the Vanguard, which vessels gave a significant hint that the battle of the cutters would be fought by them. Off Shoeburyness the canvas on all sides was flapping uselessly, not an air of wind at times and a broiling sun, then cat's paws, and all sorts of tricks of sailor cunning displayed to coax a lead, but away they drifted tide-borne until the Niobe caused a slight sensation by hushing her sails to sleep and creeping into the midst of the foremost flight.

They arrived at the Nore at 8h. 40m., and the Loadstar initiated a movement which speedily became contagious, and such a display of squaresails, spinnakers, and balloon jibs set as stun-sails, was made, as must surely have astonished the way-farers of that part of the sea ; the Vanguard going to the front, with the Anita following suit, then the Gloriana with the Phryne in her wake—so profusely draped that a bench of Bishops could take no exception to the display of raiment, and the brave little Thought saucily dancing along giving the Niobe the wash of her wake : a nice breeze now blew from the southward, and for a short time sent them spinning away before it like thistle down ; but again it broke off into fitful calms and puffs, and it was gybe and gybe all standing, as each vessel's skipper thought he could hit a vein of wind that would carry him and his vessel to glory and the prize. As they neared the Swin Channel they were again favoured with the wind, which the Phryne made fast to, taking the lead in slashing style and challenging to win, with the Vanguard second, pressing her close, and the Niobe third ; the Minstrel, Anita, and Avoset had a nice little struggle near the light-ship, which eventuated in the Minstrel passing both, and the Gloriana collaring the Vanguard, taking second place and the lead of her class ; off the Gunfleet buoys they had a slashing breeze during which the Phryne carried away her topsail yard, and took in her "spinnaker"; near Walton on the Naze the Gloriana came on terms with the Phryne and passed her, and Harwich harbour was reached in the following order and times :—Gloriana, 8h. 7m. 25s. ; Phryne, 4h. 22m. 25s. ; Julia, 4h. 23m. 5s. ; Vanguard, 4h. 28m. 15s. ; Minstrel, 4h. 33m. 20s. ; Anita, 4h. 34m. 50s. ; Niobe, 4h. 37m. 40s. ; Load-

star, 4h. 39m. 45s.. The Avoset carried away her mizen working into harbour and with the Thought was not timed.

The *Gloriana* was declared the winner of the 50 sovereigns, but Captain Hughes of the *Vanguard* objected to the *Phryne*'s being adjudged the winner of the 40 sovereigns, on the ground that she had not adhered to the course laid down by the rules.

The Queen of the Thames steamer had many members of the Club and their friends on board, and her skilful commander Captain Cook, afforded them an admirable view of the contest from start to finish.

The protest against the *Phryne* having been duly investigated by the Sailing Committee, they awarded her the prize of the cutter class for this match.

### ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THE first class cutter match of this Club came off on Thursday, May 30th, for a prize of 100 sovereigns, from Rosherville to the Mouse and back, unlimited canvas, allowance of time for difference of tonnage half-a-minute per ton. The following comprised the entries :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons.	Owners	Builders
1592	<i>Vanguard</i> .....	cutter	60	Capt. Hughes	Ratsey
1069	<i>Phryne</i> .....	cutter	55	T. Groves, jun., Esq.	Hatcher
1629	<i>Vindex</i> .....	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill. I. Co.

The starting gun was fired at 11h. 53m. 50s., and with a light southerly wind, the yachts got under weigh smartly, the *Vindex* going to the front with a slashing lead ; off Gravesend the *Phryne* took the lead in beautiful style going through the *Vindex* and *Vanguard*'s lee, the latter pressing *Vindex* hard, and nearly at the same time passing her to windward into second place ; up to this period there was but little wind to speak of, the tide and the balloon sails coaxing the competitors along, the latter every now and then flapping idly ; going into the Lower Hope however, the wind flew up to south-west in a fresh puff, and some little excitement was aroused for a short period, as the clippers lay down to their work and went a ripping pace through the Hope, but the spurt was unfortunately short lived, for off Mucking it fell flat calm, when the *Phryne* and *Vindex* began exercising their crews in setting their "unlimited" canvas, in the shape of the so called "spinnakers," when lo!—

that terrible bug-bear of committee-men's peace of mind, a protesting ensign was seen travelling hand over hand to the Vanguard's mast-head; the uninitiated imagined at first that it was some kind of un-natural sail she was setting, but they were speedily undeceived, as upon the Club steamer ranging up alongside, a very logical objection was raised by her gallant owner to the Vindex and Phryne being allowed to boom out, and also as to what extent their liability was limited with regard to canvas. But as argument at sea is not provided for with suitable grammar, and moreover serenity of mind not being a rope often found amongst racing gear, it seldom terminates otherwise than by both parties remaining satisfied of the propriety of their views, and this case was no exception, as the steamer passed on her way majestically, and the Vanguard longed for a puff, but looked majestic notwithstanding. After this little sensation was over, a languor seemed to spread over everything animate and inanimate, the sun took charge of everybody and everything for the nonce, the wind died away—almost the faintest air, and a misty haze spread over shore and sea; divers little curls of blue smoke marked the steamers whereabouts, and a strong perfume of fragrant "cabanas," choice "cavendish," and best "birds'-eye," coupled with sundry short sharp "pops" that might have been champagne, or perhaps soda water, indicated that a favorite pursuit of the "half-pay" portion of the members of the pleasure navy was meeting with strict and unremitting attention. So steamer, and yachts were tide borne in most convivial array, the sea was voted to be the only occupation fit for a Briton, and rule Britannia chaunted under the rosiest of circumstances. However everything must succumb to time and tide, and the precious drifting match having lasted some distance beyond the Nore, where premonitory symptoms of the young flood tide showing themselves, the steamer came to an anchor, and the vessels rounded her in the following order and times :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.		
Phryne.....	3 14 45		Vindex.....	3 19 5		Vanguard.....	3 41 45

When they got round they were close hauled on whatever wind there was, and made but little headway until they got over in the slack water along the shore, where a breeze freshened up to which the three vessels struck their balloon topsails and set working ones, preparatory to as nice a bit of sailing as they had during the day, for here the main struggle for the prize took place ;—working short tacks up along the north shore, every nerve was strained, every tactic that seaman's skill prompted was tried, and to a thorough nautical eye it was a beautiful display of science between the three vessels ; about five o'clock they got

a rattling flood under them, and were enabled to extend their operations to the width of the river ; approaching the Lower Hope the Phryne held the lead gallantly, and the Vanguard began to look dangerous by collaring the Vindex, tacking and crossing her fore-foot on the port tack, and then to make assurance doubly sure went about on the little clipper's weather to cover her ; but the Vindex was not disposed to submit to the process of blanketting, and in endeavouring to get from under the lee of her antagonist a collision ensued, which put the Vanguard about, and immediately up again went the formidable emblem of another protest, to which the affirmative signal was displayed by the Club vessel. The Vanguard after this drew rapidly away from Vindex and up on the Phryne, showing that the speed she had displayed on the previous day, when accompanying the vessels in the Royal London match, was by no means accidental ; she was right cannily handled, and off Gravesend gave the Phryne her wash, and took the lead in first rate style, but the Vindex still looked very vicious, and with her allowance of time gave her opponents all their work to get clear of her if they could ; there was no important change in their positions to the finish, and they passed the flag buoy at Rosherville in the following order and times, the Vindex sailing game to the last.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vanguard.....	7 18 50	Phryne.....	7 20 30	Vindex .....	7 21 30

According to this timing the Vindex would have been the winner, but the owner of Vanguard immediately lodged two protests, the first being against Phryne and Vindex, for booming out and setting unlimited canvas, and the second against the Vindex alone, for a foul. The Sailing Committee presided over by Lord Alfred Paget having duly considered these protests came to the following decision.—

“Firstly, that the owner of the Vanguard, not having received notice of the change of regulations (no restriction as to canvas) was placed under a disadvantage in sailing with four sails only.

“Secondly,—With regard to the foul between the Vanguard and Vindex, the evidence was of a most conflicting nature, but the committee are of opinion that the foul was not intentional, and are inclined to think it was unavoidable.

“Thirdly,—Under these circumstances, the committee can come to no fairer conclusion than that the match be sailed over again by the three vessels.

“Resolved that the match be re-sailed on Friday next, starting from Gravesend at seven a.m.”

On the same day a private match was sailed between the Albertine

schooner, 155 tons the Earl of Londesborough, and the Egeria schooner, 161 tons, J. Mulholland Esq., for £50 aside—over the course as sailed by the cutters. They started before the cutters at 11h. 30m, the Egeria taking the lead, which she held throughout the race ; at Mucking the cutters came up with them becalmed, where the Albertine closed considerably with the Egeria, but was still unable to bring her to terms, and they rounded the steamer below the Nore in the following order and times :—Egeria, 3h. 16m. 10s. ; Albertine, 3h. 27m. 0s. Here upon hauling on a wind they were held some time by the last of the ebb, the wind being too light to enable them to stem it, but again the Egeria got away from her, and although the Albertine was admirably handled, the former vessel still led the way home, and the flag buoy at Rosherville was passed thus :—Egeria, 7h. 25m. 30s.; Albertine, 7h. 35m. 0s.; the Egeria accordingly winning the sovereigns. It was much regretted that the want of wind deprived this match of much of its interest, as throughout it could be witnessed from the club steamer ; but notwithstanding the liberal display of canvas on both these fine vessels, they were indebted to the tide for their principal motive power throughout the day.

On Friday, the 7th of June, the first class cutter match was re-sailed by order of the Committee, but on this occasion the Vindex was precluded from taking part, owing we regret to say, to a domestic affliction of her owner. The course and allowance of time was the same, and unlimited canvas the order of the day. Mr. W. N. Rudge, one of the Sailing Committee, accompanied by several members of the Club, attended in a steam tug, to start and time the competitors.

At 7h. 1m. 30s. a.m., the signal to start was given, the Vanguard proving herself the smartest in getting under canvas, and going away with a fine lead and a nice breeze at S.W. Off the Ovens buoy, the Phryne under her squaresail began to overhaul her very fast, and shortly afterwards collared her and took the lead ; but the Vanguard held her a most determined tug, and her bowsprit touching the Phryne's taffrail in the struggle, protest and counter protest ensued, much to the chagrin of the spectators. Approaching the Chapman Light the Vanguard passed the Phryne and resumed the lead, but the Phryne was not so easily disposed of—it was beam and beam, and again the Phryne went ahead only to be passed once more close to Southend, when the Vanguard obtained a fine lead ; but before they reached the Nore the Phryne went to the front again gallantly, and they passed the ship—Phryne at 8h. 36m. 25s., and Vanguard at 8h. 37m. 18s. The wind being due west every inch of canvas that could be set was aloft, both vessels running at



great speed for the *Mouse*, before reaching which however, preparation was made for the "dead noser" which awaited them; the *Mouse Light-ship* was reached thus:—*Phryne*, 9h. 31m. 35s.; *Vanguard*, 9h. 34m. 40s. 29 miles in a few seconds over two hours and-a-half with tide—rather smart work. It was now a grand struggle to windward, tack and tack, when unfortunately the *Phryne* touched the west end of the *Maplin Sand*, where she hung some forty or fifty seconds, and before she was all to rights and had settled to her work again the *Vanguard* had collared her, taking a splendid lead, which she maintained, notwithstanding every effort made by the *Phryne* to bring her to terms again. The flag buoy off *Rosherville* was passed as follows:—*Vanguard* at 1h. 25m. 38s.; *Phryne* 1h. 34m. 38s. The *Vanguard* thus scoring a win with 6½ minutes to spare. But now came the protests, and after due investigation the *Vanguard* was adjudged the prize.

On the same day a private match was sailed between the *Egeria* schooner, J. Mulholland, Esq., and the *Pantomime* schooner, Col. Markham, from *Gravesend* to the *Nore* and back, manned by their ordinary crews and a pilot. The *Egeria* arrived at *Gravesend* 2m. 40s. ahead of *Pantomime*, but having to allow the latter 5m. (being 20 tons larger) the *Pantomime* was declared the winner, being 2m. 20s. within her allowance of time; thus proving herself a remarkably fast vessel.

*Ocean Match.*—The schooner race of this Club from the *Nore* to *Dover*, came off on *Whitsun Monday*, June 10th, the prizes offered were 100 sovs. for the first vessel, and 50 to the second; the time allowance was 15s per ton; no limit to setting of canvas, nor to the number of friends on board; but no extra hands were to be shipped save the pilot alone. Vice Commodore Lord de Ros was as usual at his post, and at 6h. a.m., the following competitors let go their anchors in line according to his directions, between the *Nore Light-ship*, and a flag-boat moored off the *Isle of Sheppy*.

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No	Names of Yachts.	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
17	<i>Albertine</i> .....	schooner	156	Lord Londesborough	Inman
360	<i>Egeria</i> .....	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
386	<i>Gloriana</i> .....	schooner	133	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	Ratsey
1026	<i>Pantomime</i> .....	schooner	132	Colonel Markham	Ratsey
630	<i>Intrepid</i> .....	schooner	68	Count de Monceau	Ratsey

The first flush of the ebb tide had made, when the Commodore Lord Alfred Paget ordered the signal for starting to be made, and at 7h. 46m.

a.m. they got away in admirable style, with a light westerly wind; the *Egeria* immediately went to the front, with the *Pantomime* and *Gloriana* close upon her, the *Albertine* and *Intrepid* well at hand; when the first hurry of the start had subsided, squaresails, topsails and jibs of rare dimensions were given to the breeze, but scarcely had they settled to their work when the wind hauled up north-west, and it was "gybe ho!" and trim afresh; shortly afterwards the *Gloriana* deprived *Pantomime* of second place, and began to press *Egeria*, whilst the *Albertine* drew ahead of *Intrepid*. Again the wind veered southward of west involving another gybe, which the *Pantomime* seemed to like, as she closed up with the two leading schooners, collaring the *Gloriana* and again taking second place. Off the Princes Channel Light-ship the *Egeria* had a good lead, with *Pantomime* second, and *Gloriana* third.

About 10h. 34m. *Gloriana* and *Albertine* drew nearly up to *Pantomime*, all leaving the *Intrepid*; but *Egeria* began to leave her vessels very fast, and evidently had all her sailing tackle rove to a nicety. Off Margate at noon the wind fell very light for a short time, but the sou'-wester again freshening up, the *Gloriana* ranged beam and beam to windward of the *Pantomime*, all vessels becoming close hauled as the wind came up the coast; the *Pantomime* immediately tacked to port on the starboard tack, and the three leading vessels dropped *Albertine* and *Intrepid* very fast; *Gloriana* persevered on the port tack, and seemed likely again to deprive *Pantomime* of second berth, but falling in with a belt of calm, the *Pantomime* drew herself well to windward, and at this point seemed to shake herself clear of *Gloriana*: in the meantime *Egeria* was making rare good work to windward, and off the North Foreland had disposed of her vessels so satisfactorily as to set at rest any doubts, but that barring accidents, the 100 sovereigns would find a nook in her plate-locker. Off the North Sandhead Light-ship *Egeria* had a lead of half-an-hour, with the *Pantomime* sailing a determined race second, and the other three vessels literally nowhere; they had a slashing breeze dead on end, and during this beat to windward the *Pantomime* gained somewhat on the *Egeria*, but still not sufficient to cause any apprehension as to the final result. The South Sandhead Light-ship was passed by the *Egeria* at 5h. 10m. and by *Pantomime* at 5h. 45m., the former again drawing away from her determined rival, who certainly fought a gallant stern chase battle.

Off the South Foreland it was all over but shouting, for the *Egeria* began at this point to reckon miles for her lead, and a strong flood against them, and wind dead on end, brought the respective powers of the leading vessels to the severest test; but the *Egeria* went along tack

and tack down the land in the grandest style imaginable, the Pantomime sticking to her work in the gamest manner, with the Gloriana very far astern, and the rest hull down; but just at the finish the wind gave symptoms of deserting the competitors, and with the hot flood rampant against them 'twas just on the cards to spend a night at sea, however, their lucky stars were in the ascendant, and as the shades of night were deepening the three leading vessels made good the flag-ship in Dover harbour in the following order and times:—

	h. m.			
Egeria .....	8	37	... First Prize ...	100 sovereigns
Pantomime .....	9	41	... Second do ...	50     "
Gloriana .....	9	50		

Albertine and Intrepid not timed: the Goshawk and Eugene schooners, the Avoset yawl, and Vanguard cutter accompanied the match, as did also the Club steamer, having Commodore Lord Alfred Paget, and several leading members on board, amongst whom was the Earl of Yarborough.

### PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THE second match of this club for the present season come off on Saturday, June 1st, and the weather being favourable, resulted in one of the most exciting and successful races ever sailed in Dublin Bay. The prize was a handsome silver tea service, value 30 sovs.; and the race was confined to yachts of the club exceeding 25 and not exceeding 40 tons. The usual steersman's prize, consisting of a gold scarf-ring, with the burgee of the club in red enamel, was also provided: smiled on by a bright sun, and with a nice S.S.W. breeze the following well-known clippers took up their stations at twelve o'clock:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
790	Luna.....	cutter	26	C. Putland, Esq.	Fife
574	Glance.....	cutter	35	A. Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
40	Amber Witch.....	yawl	37	J. McCurdy, Esq.	Wanhill
1354	Secret.....	cutter	31	F. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
354	Echo.....	cutter	38	W. I. Doherty, Esq.	Wanhill
1693	Wave Crest.....	cutter	26	H. Crawford, Esq.	Fulton
706	Kilmeny.....	cutter	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Fife

Owing to the difficulty which the Commodore of the club, who kindly undertook the troublesome duty of placing them in line across the mouth of the harbour, experienced in getting them marshalled in regi-

mental order, the start was a little delayed, and it was not until 12h. 26m. 30s. that the welcome first gun was heard from the Enid, followed in exactly five minutes by the second, which set the various crews of lusty young men vigorously to work on the fore and jib halyards, purchases, &c., &c. The course having been reversed this year, the first point to round was the North Bar buoy, situated N.E. b.N., two and a half miles from the West-pier end—hence runner tackles were unhooked, main-sheets eased off, and booms well paid out on the port hand. Wave Crest was quickest and took the lead, followed by all the others, in so even a line that it was impossible to say which was first, and some fears were entertained of a collision, as the Glance, being pressed down by the Amber Witch, rather hung on the Luna, and stopped her way through the piers. A little judicious hauling-in of the main-sheet, and especially a desire on the part of the gentlemen steersmen to give fair play, soon, however set matters right, and all settled into their places:—Kilmeny, 12h. 59m. 30s.; Wave Crest, 1h. 0m. 0s.; Echo, 1h. 0m. 40s.; Amber Witch, 1h. 1m. 50s.; Secret, 1h. 1m. 50s.; Luna, 1h. 2m. 40s. In starting Echo, Glance, and Secret had jib-headed topsails and the others square-headed, and most of them began shifting these large sails for a close haul over the ebb tide to the Kish Light-ship. Kilmeny sent down her topsail and topmast, while the Glance and Echo kept theirs as they were; Amber Witch shifting to a jib-headed one, while Secret and Luna sent down the sail, but kept the stick aloft. Luna went about, round the buoy, and reached out on the port tack to insure making the ship, while the Glance began to show her powers of eating up to windward. Fresh breeze and a considerable sea from the southward as they opened Bray Head, and caught the roll coming up from the banks. It became apparent as they went out that all would fetch their mark easily, and that the Luna and Glance had gained nothing by their cleverness—in fact had lost, as they had to come back against the tide; and so it proved for the times of rounding were:—Kilmeny, 2h. 0m. 30s.; Amber Witch, 2h. 2m. 30s.; Echo 2h. 2m. 45s.; Glance, 2h. 6m. 30s.; Secret, 2h. 6m. 30s.; Wave Crest, 2h. 7m. 15s.; Luna (about) 2h. 9m. 0s. It was now a merry reach back to the harbour, and Glance drew a little on the leaders, nearly catching up the Echo; but when they met the wind right out, and had to make a board to fetch the hauling buoy, she got baffled in the light wind, and lost anything she had gained, having also, as she went out free, to make way for the Luna coming in on a wind. The time was:—Kilmeny 2h. 48m. 0s.; Amber Witch, 2h. 49m. 15s.; Echo, 2h. 54m. 30s.; Glance, 2h.

57m. 0s.; Secret, 2h. 57m. 30s.; The yawl sailing spendidly in such company, and going upright and stately as a church. All now got their topsails for the run to the North Bar, and Kilmeny boomed out her balloon foresail to windward, rounding at:—Kilmeny 3h. 12m. 10s.; Amber Witch, 3h. 14m.; Echo, 3h. 19m.; Glance, 3h. 21m. 5s.

It was then down topmasts and topsails, making all snug for the return voyage to the Kish, the wind and sea having considerably increased, and the tide now going strongly to the northward making a very nasty roll, which washed the racers right fore and aft, and gave their crews a capital salt water bath. Kilmeny again lowered her topmast, and Echo and Luna their topsails, but Amber Witch kept a small topsail aloft; and Glance's topmast having slewed in the cap, she could not get it down, and made very bad weather of it in the heavy seas, being evidently more at home in smooth water. It was all over now but shouting, Kilmeny and Amber Witch increased their lead every jump, while the Secret and Luna sailed admirably, and the latter in particular excited great admiration by the way she stuck to her larger opponents. Her sister ship, the Wave Crest, having met with some disaster to her main rigging, bore up and returned to port.

The fog was so thick that we could not get the time of second rounding the light-ship, but the order was the same, and the crews were not sorry when they tacked round it, and again bore away for home, there being now a splendid breeze, before which they ran at a tremendous pace, and ere long rounded the gallant little Torch, which, decked out in flags, with the Rear Commodore's pendant at her topmast head, did duty as flag-ship, Commodore Scovell officiating as judge; and the result which he kindly furnished to us was, after allowing for tonnage:

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Kilmeny .....	4	59	15	Echo.....	5	15	25	Secret .....	5	19	50
Amber Witch ...	5	6	32	Glance .....	5	17	15	Luna.....	5	22	30

Thus ended a most enjoyable day, and one which well made up for the disappointments of last season.

A feeling having arisen amongst those members of this club who are in the habit of sailing matches, but have not the good fortune to own racing vessels, that they should show their sense of the kindness and hospitality with which they have been invariably treated afloat, a subscription for the purchase of an extra prize was set on foot, and so well received that the treasurers, Messrs. Neligan and Armstrong, were able to announce at the last general meeting, on the 1st. instant, that they had purchased a dining-room clock, value £21, which on the part of the

subscribers they begged to present to the Sailing Committee, to be contended for under such conditions as they should think best. An extra match was accordingly arranged, open to all vessels of the club, under its rules as to steering and hands, with time allowance per club scale: this was sailed for on Whit-Monday, 10th of June, short course, about 22 miles. The entry was not so numerous as had been expected, as many of the larger boats were prevented or declined competing, standing somewhat in dread of Kilmeny, the victor in the second-class race, and whose owner, though engaged to sail from the Mersey to Douglas on the Friday prior for the cup presented by the Rear-Commodore of the Royal Mersey, pluckily promised that nothing should prevent his return to compete for a prize presented in such a spirit, and which in itself possessed no small attractions. Nine vessels were however, entered, and all appeared at the start, except the little Torment, and they were duly marshalled in line thus: No 1 being the westward, and, as it happened, lee station.

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
790	Luna.....	cutter	25	C. Putland, Esq.	Fife
1354	Secret.....	cutter	31	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
1597	Venture.....	cutter	15	M. R. Dalway, Esq.	Rogers
735	Kilmeny.....	cutter	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
1693	Wave Crest.....	cutter	25	H. Crawford, Esq.	Fulton
1547	Torch.....	cutter	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
1890	Siren.....	cutter	19	D. Corbett, Esq.	Marshall
912	Myrrha.....	schooner	5	A. Falkner, Esq.	

The morning dawned bright and beautiful. The wind was nearly S.E. by compass, but warm and pleasant; the bright sun and azure sky made all the holiday makers on the alert. At 12h. 30m. a red flag at the topmast head of the Commodore's yacht gave the signal for the competitors to take their stations, which they quickly did, and under the skilful direction of the flag-officer, formed a capital line across the mouth of the harbour. All were under large topsails, balloon foresails, and No. 1 reaching jibs, except the Siren, who carried her large balloon jib; and the wind enabled them to lay an easy reach---wind a point or so abaft the beam---for the North Bar buoy, two and a half miles. The first gun was fired exactly at 12h. 50m., the second at 1h. 4m., when up went headsails with great celerity, and all let go their bowfasts and springs. The Luna, though in the lee station, was very alert and jumped off with a strong lead, followed by the little Myrrha schooner from the weather end of the line---all the rest being in such a ruck that

it was impossible to single them out; but in a few minutes the little Torch went through her vessels, and took her blue and red colours into the van, while Kilmeny ran past the Secret's weather, and both passed the Venture, which seemed to hang, and to bore by the head in a curious manner. When they settled into their places we made them out---Luna Torch, Siren, Wave Crest, Kilmeny, Secret, Venture, and Myrrha; and this order was tolerably well preserved until they neared the mark, when the Torch threatened the Luna's weather, but was met by a decided stopper, in the course of which both belligerents got quite away to windward, and appeared likely to lose the lead by their pugnacity. Secret held dead in Kilmeny's wake, and drew close up to her, and on nearing the buoy began to shift her balloon foresail. While doing so she lost sight of the Kilmeny on her lee, and, on reaching the buoy, seeing an open passage, steered so as to luff close round it, hauling home her sheets for a close haul to the North Burford. Suddenly the Kilmeny appeared right across her course, and a collision was inevitable: for if the Secret had then borne away she would have struck the Kilmeny with fatal force on her counter, while with her tiller jammed hard down, she could not clear her, but greatly eased the blow, which did no great harm, except ripping up some bulwark planking. Her own bowsprit, unable to bear the strain, gave way in two places, and fell on the Scotch boat's deck, most fortunately not taking the topmast with it. All was confusion for two or three minutes, as the tide set both upon the buoy; and the wire bowsprit shrouds, which could not be cut, held them together, while the buoy itself threatened to poke its ugly nose through the Secret's mainsail. Fortunately the crews were strong and active, and shoved each other off, and the Kilmeny started away after her rivals, who had thus obtained a good lead, while the Secret, minus her nose, was left to haul down two reefs, strike her topmast and racing flag, and make the best of her way back to harbour—a sad disappointment to her owner and crew, as it was just her day, and they earnestly trusted then, if ever, to put the handsome trophy on the credit side of the account.

Luna thus got a strong lead, which she never lost, and, shifting her small topsail for a beautiful ballooner with a jack yard, at the South Burford buoy, she came back to the harbour in splendid style, and rounded the striped buoy and General Lee steamer which was lying at it at 3h. 18m. 29s.; Kilmeny 3h. 22m. 15s.; Wave Crest, 3h. 29m. 48s. Torch, 3h. 33m.; Siren, 3h. 33m. 45s.; Venture, 3h. 35m. 36s., and Myrrha 4h. 12m. 11s. The breeze was now steady and cool from the S.E., and all carried on their large sails to the Bar Buoy, in which Kil-

meny gained one minute on the leader, round which they tacked, and stood back towards the harbour, it being now nearly high water, and the ebb beginning to go to the southward. They soon, however, were able to weather the buoy on the north end of the Burford Bank, but from some mistake two or three a little overreached themselves, the Torch especially, and the Siren took the buoy from her—all being now under second topsails and jibs, but sending up balloons for the run home. Luna however having pretty well secured the race, having again gained some 45s. on her most dangerous rival, kept her small topsail aloft and came home a gallant winner:

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Luna .....	5 25 45	Wave Crest .....	5 39 30	Torch .....	5 52 43
Kilmeny .....	5 31 0	Siren .....	5 40 45		

Thus ended a splendid day's sailing, only marred by the unfortunate accident above related, and ending in the well deserved success of one of the oldest and pluckiest yachtsmen on the Dublin station, the Vice-Commodore of the Royal Irish Yacht Club---a result most gratifying to every one, and to none less than the yachts' crews of the harbour, with whom both owner and vessel are great favourites.

The race for the third and fifth classes of this ardent little Club came off at the head-quarters on Saturday, the 15th June, and though the thanks of the meeting are undoubtedly due to the clerk of the weather, I fear, in common justice, we can hardly say that they are due to the clerk of the course, as both the marshalling and the starting of the competitors seemed to be conducted in a manner which certainly was anything but satisfactory to some of the contending craft.

The day broke somewhat "hard" and overcast, while the northerly wind came up in occasional strong gusts, and forewarned the amateur crews of the work that would probably be cut out for them on some part of the course; still in this variable climate it was a day that one would only be too thankful to secure for every regatta of the season.

For the third class yachts, from 12 to 25 tons, the Club offered a handsome silver coffee pot value £20). The following vessels were entered and, strange to say, all came to the post :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1390	Siren .....	cutter	19	D. Corbett, Esq.	Marshall
1547	Torch .....	cutter	15	G. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
712	Kittiwake .....	cutter	20	Capt. Iremonger	Owner
780	Luna .....	cutter	25	C. Putland, Esq.	Fife
1597	Venture .....	cutter	15	M. R. Dalway, Esq.	Rogers
1693	Wave Crest .....	cutter	25	H. Crawford, Esq.	Fulton



Such an entry as this any Club might be proud of, and which will probably eclipse the entries of any other this season, and which certainly should have received every attention from those interested in the welfare of the Club. About mid-day the harbour began to show some signs of life, but not to that extent that one might have expected, and though there were a fair sprinkling of yachts getting under weigh to witness the match, they were not so numerous as one hoped to see, while the quays showed a want of vitality somewhat depressing; in short the aspect of affairs was rather in keeping with the cold northerly wind, and required life and sunshine to enliven it.

At 12h. 30m., a little punt began to move from the flag-ship, with the apparent intention by the occupant of getting the competitors to take up their various stations, and after wandering about the upper end of the harbour for some little time she seemed satisfied with the part she had played, and with a *né retroussé* returned from whence she came.

The Wave Crest after "tasting" the wind outside the harbour was the first to take up her station honestly to leeward; then came the veteran "Siren" looking quite youthful again with her new suit of muslin, and taking No. 1 station; Venture moving into No 5 berth; and then "Luna," evidently not willing to go far to leeward let go her anchor so near Siren, as to leave no room for Torch and Kittiwake now heading together for their stations—Torch arrived first, and letting go her anchor immediately commenced hauling on her spring, which brought her stern round, and left no room between herself and Luna for a punt, much less a 20 tonner of the present day. The Flag Officer like the London Policeman was certainly not where he was most wanted, so that no order or regularity prevailed, and the Kittiwake had to let go, in such a position as to ensure her being run into, either aft by Luna, or forward by Torch, and not impossibly by both at the same time. Still this might have been avoided had proper guns been used to forewarn the crews, as had the Kittiwake's crew been aware that the first gun had been fired, they could possibly with the exercise of ingenuity have avoided a collision, but as it was the feeble squib from the Secret was not heard, and it was not until jibs were hoisted all round her by the initiated who were looking out for the *smoke*, that she was made aware the second squib had been let off, she was then hauling on her spring while the Luna gathering way struck her boom right aft, *with small detriment to herself*, starting the Kittiwake up the harbour instead of out to sea, while the others started off at once, with whole mainsails and lower sails, and made for the North Bar Buoy in the following order :—Siren, Luna, Torch, Wave Crest, and Venture.

These five held a long reach towards the buoy, while Kittiwake after wasting some time in the harbour set a jib-headed topsail and thereby lost ground. It was a long leg and a short one to round the first mark, and it was impossible to perceive that any one vessel gained or lost anything on the beat out. After sundry tacks the North buoy was rounded.—Siren, 1h. 45m. 0s.; Luna, 1h. 45m. 20s.; Torch, 1h. 47m. 10s.; Wave Crest, 1h. 48m. 0s.; Venture, 1h. 51m. 10s.; Kittiwake, 1h. 55m. 0s.

Decidedly good for reflection! as here after a beat of some  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 miles we find the old Siren taking the lead of five new vessels of modern construction, and the very best of their class; it is true that she had the weathermost station at starting, but so far as the Torch was concerned she derived but little benefit from her position. Once round the mark sheets were eased off and topsails hoisted for the run to the North Burford Buoy, and with wind freshening off the hill at Howth, and smooth water, they made short miles of it to that point, which was reached without any alteration of position. Between the two Burford buoys some nice handling was required to avoid a sudden gybe, as the wind was dead aft and the sea got up as the land was left behind, increasing the difficulties of the helmsmen, all of them however managed to gybe in safety, but in the run between the two buoys Luna had over run Siren, and Wave Crest had overhauled Torch, the South Burford buoy being rounded thus:—Luna, 2h. 32m. 0s.; Syren, 2h. 33m. 0s.; Wave Crest, 2h. 33m. 44s.; Torch, 2h. 34m. 15s.; Venture, 2h. 40m. 0s.; Kittiwake, 2h. 43m. 15s.

Topsails were now doused for the reach back to the harbour, as the wind was very unsteady and coming up in occasional squalls precluded the possibility of carrying lofty canvas. Shortly after rounding the South Burford buoy the Siren most unfortunately carried away her port shrouds, so that she was obliged to haul three reefs down and make for the harbour. The Kittiwake here carried away her topsail yard in getting in the topsail to leeward, and seeing the impossibility of making up her lost ground, also ran into the harbour, the others proceeding in hot haste, the little Torch having succeeded in again taking the lead of Wave Crest, the hauling buoy being rounded for the first time:—Luna, 3h. 8m. 12s.; Torch, 3h. 10m. 11s.; Wave Crest, 3h. 11m. 0s.; Venture, 3h. 17m. 0s.

As soon as Luna got outside the harbour she followed the tactics of Kittiwake on the first round, and went about along the back of the West Pier, an example speedily followed by Torch, Wave Crest holding her reach as in the first round, and proving the good judgment of the,

helmsman by lessening the distance between herself and Luna, and making a dead heat with Torch round the North Bar Buoy; when all three began crowding the canvas on with a will, Venture here giving up the race. From this point to the finish it was as interesting and well sailed a match as could be witnessed, and though the odds were in favour of the little one, the slightest error of judgment on her part would have thrown the cup into Luna's hands, which was sailed with great skill and judgment, and was herself going remarkably well—but no error of judgment was committed, and but little alteration of position took place, except that Wave Crest drew a little more from Torch, and we shall not be surprised to see her next year contesting every inch of ground with the little one, however on this occasion the Torch was again a victor, the time round the flag-ship the Secret, being thus:—Luna, 4h. 59m. 25s.; Wave Crest, 5h. 3m. 6s.; Torch, 5h. 4m. 0s.

The latter winning by 2m. 40s.—Thus ended a right good match, but we think it a mistake not to have run it during the week of the Royal Irish festivities instead of the time appointed, as the Wave Crest had some 100 miles to travel, and the Kittiwake some 90 miles to be present, long distances to send small craft for a single match, whereas had this match been appointed to be sailed on the day fixed for the first class, besides these two the Alexandra would also probably have been present, and it would have been but a proper compliment to the non-residents of the Club, more particularly as there will not most likely be more than one stranger to start for the first class, and of there being every probability of a poor entry in other respects, while the third class would have had three strangers, and such an entry as we seldom see among the resident members.

In the fifth class the Myrrha won beating Torment—prize £7.

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### PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE match sailing on the Thames has during many seasons past been opened by this club, but this year owing to the entries not filling their first match did not come off. The second match was held on Thursday, the 13th of June, for two prizes; the first a handsome silver claret jug of the value of 20 guineas was presented by the club, to be sailed for by vessels of from 10 to 15 tons, and the second a silver cup value 10 guineas by Mr. Henry Dodd, for vessels under 10 tons. The following yachts came to the starting buoys:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1206	Queen .....	cutter	15	Capt. Whitbread	Hatcher
320	Dione .....	cutter	12	T. Field, Esq.	Harvey
284	Dagmar .....	cutter	5	H. Louch, Esq.	Harvey
12	Ærolite .....	cutter	8	Dowdall & Cooper, Esqrs.	Aikenhead

That well known little clipper the *Buccaneer*, 12 tons, Capt. Bayly was entered, but could not get round from Torquay in time; as also was the *Rosemonde*, 9 tons, Mr. J. Talfourd, but did not make her appearance; this caused some little disappointment, as the struggle between the *Queen* and *Buccaneer* was looked forward to with no inconsiderable interest, and the fact that Hatcher of Southampton had been brought up to sail the *Queen*, indicated the resolution of her gallant owner that no element conducing to success should be wanting. The course was the usual one from Erith to the Chapman and back, with an allowance of time for difference of tonnage of one minute per ton. The signal for the little vessels was fired at 12h. 45m., the *Dagmar* got under canvas in excellent style, making a dash for the lead, but the *Ærolite* was speedily alongside and went to the front of her game little antagonist. Ten minutes after, at 12h. 55m., the gun sent the larger class away, the *Queen* and *Dione* making a nice start, but the *Queen* quickly declared her intentions by carrying her flag well to the fore: a light S. W. wind gave them an opportunity of displaying any amount of "sensation" canvas, that latest modern abomination in yachting, and what between squaresails and studding-sails, balloon jibs, and topsails and spinnakers, there was a good steady average competition between the sublime and the ridiculous; one fact however seemed pretty evident, which was that the *Queen* and *Ærolite* had matters arranged, so far, quite to their satisfaction, and that barring the pleasant *finale* of shouting at the flag-boat, the winners had shown themselves unmistakably: entering Sea Reach the *Queen* and *Ærolite* were well ahead of their respective rivals, and Her Majesty had obtained the precedence due to her speed, if not her rank. Off the Chapman the *Oread* steamer, chartered by the club for the occasion, came to an anchor and the vessels rounded her in the following order and times:—*Queen*, 3h. 13m. 30a.; *Dione*, 3h. 16m. 45a.; *Ærolite*, 3h. 17m. 30a.; *Dagmar*, 3h. 21m. 30a. After rounding it became a dead beat up, for which the vessels had been previously prepared, the wind increasing and hauling more ahead—in fact a noser, and the little vessels worked all the slack spots their pilots knew in the tail of the last of ebb, the *Queen* fairly running away with

her crew, and leaving her competitor the Dione far astern ; an example which the *Ærolite* imitated on a less extensive scale with the little *Dagmar*, and the flag buoy at Erith was passed without further incident worthy of record in the following order :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Queen .....	7 44 0	<i>Ærolite</i> .....	8 20 0
Dione .....	7 51 30	Dagmar not timed.	

The prizes were presented to the owners of the successful vessels, *Queen* and *Ærolite*, by Commodore Long on board the *Oread*, who complimented these gentlemen on the style in which their vessels were handled, and the quickness displayed in making and taking in sail, operations now rendered so much more troublesome and difficult through the rule recently introduced on the river.

The officers and members of the club, and their friends, on board the steamer, were loud, and deservedly so, in their praises of the clever and courteous Captain Wheeler, who handled the *Oread* in such a manner as to give his company a continuous view of the match from start to finish, which enabled them to enjoy a day of uninterrupted pleasure.

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### PROPOSED UNIFORM CODE OF BUOYAGE.

THE "Commercial Code of Signals" having been definitely arranged and adopted by the great Maritime Nations, so that now vessels of all countries can communicate at sea through this medium, as through that of a universal language ; a no less important desideratum remains to be accomplished, to supplement and complete this admirable work. We allude to the necessity which exists for determining upon, and submitting to the countries which have given their adhesion to the Commercial Code of Signals, a universal system for the buoyage of coasts, channels, and harbours, and it is much to be regretted that this subject did not form part of the programme the commissioners dealt with when arranging the Signal Code. Of the necessity for such a system there cannot be a question, and the sooner the several governments appoint their representatives with a view to a commission to decide upon a uniform code of buoyage, the sooner will a very important benefit be conferred upon their naval and commercial fleets.

There is nothing so puzzling to the commanders and officers of ships approaching coasts, with which they are even tolerably well acquainted, as the present system of buoyage ; and when a new buoy or beacon is placed or erected to improve the marks of known dangers, or point out

recently discovered ones, owing to their not following any general rule as to shape or colour, pointing out at a glance the nature of the warning they are intended to give, even local pilots themselves may well be confused. In the case where, as at Liverpool, the approach to an important port is beset with shifting sands, which in course of time, or during violent storms, silt up known Channels, and form new ones, and where constant supervision of the buoys is imperative in order to move them the instant the certainty of such change becomes established, it is doubly important to avoid any uncertainty in shape, colour, and position, and were it not for the admirable system of buoyage introduced at Liverpool by Admiral Denman, that port would at times be blocked to strangers and become of but doubtful reputation with those best acquainted with it, whereas by a system upon which that we are about to mention is founded, administered with great ability and ceaseless energy by the naval officers to whose charge it has been and is entrusted, amongst whom we may mention the names of Lieut. Lord, Commander Murray Parkes, and Lieut. Hill, of the Royal Navy, this great port has its channels of approach so plainly defined and so carefully tended, as never even for a single tide, to admit of the slightest doubt or confusion in entering.

We have been favoured by Captain E. J. Bedford, R.N., who has earned such a distinguished name in connection with the maritime surveys of the coasts of Great Britain, with a lithographed plan and explanatory description of a "Proposed Uniform Code for Buoying dangers of every description," first suggested by him in 1854, and since then rendered more simple and complete. We have gone minutely into the system urged for adoption by Captain Bedford, and have been much impressed with its simplicity and effectiveness, and as our cruising and racing yachtsmen will derive important benefit from its adoption, (to say nothing of that accruing to our merchant service,) and very many are in a position to promote this adoption, we most strongly urge their attention to it. In fact we may say without fear of contradiction that there is no greater cause of apprehension and timidity amongst our yachtsmen, than the identification of buoys, laid down as at present, with those marked upon their charts, with the single exception of Liverpool, which is perhaps the best lighted and buoyed port in the world : hence arises an uncertainty and disagreeable want of confidence in themselves, which not unfrequently extends to clever pilots, that has spoiled many a cruise, and caused the loss of many a valuable prize. According to the plan sent to us by Captain Bedford, and the arrangements proposed, if they are adopted, the highways of our coasts, the paths of our

channels, and the bye-ways of our harbours will be read like type by our yachtsmen, and the necessity of referring to a chart, save for depth of water or to ascertain the name of a locality, will never present itself; a confidence will be engendered going into harbours, through channels, or from coast to coast hitherto unknown, and our racing men may dispense with the services of that bane to their comfort, a doubtful pilot; the good ones are scarce—the indifferent but too plentiful.

We are in further communication with Captain Bedford on this subject, which we shall return to in our next number, and should he feel disposed to coincide with our views, we shall lay some further important details of the system before our readers.

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### ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB.

THE opening cruise of the Royal Northern Yacht Club took place on the 30th of May, and two following days, and came off with more than usual *éclat*. The rendezvous was at Gourrock Bay on the Clyde, and the assemblage of yachts, as regards number and character, suffered nothing by comparison with former similar occasions, and few if any yacht clubs could make a superior display. At the hour appointed, the bay and river presented a most animated appearance. The snow-white sails of more than twenty yachts, several of which were then bent for the first time, were quite dazzling to the sight, as they deployed on and off the bay, and the sun's rays were refracted by their whiteness. It was a spectacle of which Scotland may be justly proud. The beautiful scenery which formed a background to it, completed a *tout-ensemble* charming beyond description.

Amongst the fleet was the steam yacht owned by the Commodore, the Honorable G. F. Boyle, one of the handsomest, and probably the fastest of her size afloat: and the Phosphorus owned by Rear-Commodore Addie, a well-known, and first-rate cutter yacht: the Condor, and newly launched cutter yacht Oimara, probably the largest cutter yachts afloat, were objects of great attraction and admiration, the immense expanse of their sails, and perfection of their lines, could not fail to strike the uninitiated. The most prominent of the fleet was the schooner Selene, which for beauty and sailing qualities it would be difficult to equal. It is to be hoped she may during the present season, have a fair opportunity of competing with the famous American yachts, whose doings have of late been so prominently before the public. There were many other yachts present equally deserving of special mention, of which we may speak when describing their doings during the cruise. The weather preceding the opening day was inauspicious and discouraging, or probably a larger number of yachts might have joined the fleet. Fortunately, however, a change took place, the morning proved favourable and prospects more cheering.

At 11 o'clock a signal gun was fired from the Rear-commodore's yacht, the Commodore and Vice-commodore being unavoidably absent,—after which signal flags were hoisted to "get underway" which about half-past twelve, was followed by another for "Garroch-head", when a sight was presented to the spectators, such as is seldom witnessed. The fleet had a fair start, wind W.S.W., and moderate, when they glided away in the direction of Holy Loch,—at the entrance to which the fleet put about, and with which tack made Cloch Lighthouse on the opposite coast, still keeping well together, Phosphorus however leading the way. When off Wemyss Bay, Fiona took the lead, next tack the Selene, Condor, Oimara kept well together off Dunoon shore, probably calculating on getting a favourable slant. Madcap adopted the same tactics, but without any special good results, wind being so light and fickle, could not be relied upon, and the advantages frequently changed sides; with gentler puffs the lighter craft getting ahead, and as the breeze strengthened the larger and heavier vessels ran away from them, but notwithstanding these fluctuations the muster at Garroch-head was not delayed to any extent by stragglers.

The next signal was for "Brodict Bay", the Oimara was first to drop anchor, and in rotation was followed by Selene, Leasia, Aglaia, Reverie, Fiona, Denburn, and others. Their positions, however, were not due to the sailing qualities of the respective yachts, or to the skill of the yachtsmen. Several were becalmed, whilst others catching light flaws of wind glided onwards almost imperceptibly. No amount of experience would enable any one to foresee, and avoid them in such a variable condition of the atmosphere. It is very "riling" to be caught in a calm, and to see other yachts distancing you several miles. Yachtsmen who cruise in the proximity of highland hills, must not expect to escape such trials of patience. Several curious incidents occurred during the cruise. Soon after the fleet left Garroch-head bound for Brodict Bay, one of the schooners was becalmed off Cumbræ Island, five or six miles distant from Brodict; during which time several had reached within a short distance of the appointed anchorage, when they in turn became becalmed. Meantime a fair and light air sprang up off Cumbræ Island which brought up the stray schooner, and carried her into Brodict Bay, in advance of those which had been several hours within a few cables' length of their destination: she was one of the foremost to drop anchor.

On the following morning there were sixteen yachts in the bay, several having dropped away *en route*: they were Selene, Condor, Oimara, Madcap, Aglaia, Reverie, Snake, Fiona, Phosphorus, Æolus, Leasia, Adeline, Denburn, Isabel, Vigilant and Coolan. The air was light from S.E., with the murkiness and cold usual to easterly winds. About ten o'clock signal was hoisted to get underway, and shortly afterwards the fleet was outside the bay. About noon signal was made for Campbeltown, wind being ahead and freshening; shortly after starting, this with a heavy sea was favourable to the larger yachts, and they forged ahead, leaving the smaller craft in the rear. The Selene led the way followed by Condor, Oimara, and Madcap, the rest of



the fleet scattered about by heavy squalls, sea running very high. Suddenly the wind fell off when nearing Pladda Island, and the yachts commenced to roll prodigiously and very disagreeably, which state of things fortunately did not continue very long, or a greater loss of spars might have had to be recorded.

A smart breeze sprang up on rounding Pladda, when the wind being fair for Campbeltown the lighter craft dashed along in a most lively manner, considerably lessening the distance betwixt them and the foremost. *Selene* was first to enter the harbour, followed in succession by the *Condor*, *Oimara*, *Phosphorus*, *Æolus*, *Aglaia*, and *Madcap*, the last of the fleet dropping anchor about one hour after the first. The performances of the lesser craft were admirable, taking into consideration the state of the weather, it appeared wonderful they were not left further behind. The usual reciprocities of hospitality were not omitted, notwithstanding very disagreeable weather whilst at anchor. Some few damages were observable, the *Selene* having carried away her topsail yard, the *Fiona's* main gaff was disabled, and sundry small mishaps had occurred to others. During evening and the night wind increased considerably, but without further damage or inconvenience.

The following morning was fine, a gentle wind blowing from S.E., and favourable for getting out of harbour. About noon a signal was given for "*Brodick*" which was quickly responded to, and the fleet took a course for *Kilbrannan Sound*, north end of *Island of Arran*. Wind fell off to a calm as they progressed, when the smaller craft having the advantage, drifted into close proximity to the larger, and kept company with them for several hours, when a breeze sprang up, which being free, the whole fleet of sixteen yachts were driven through the water at incredible speed, in close company for some time; making the sea to roar, and cast spray from their bows, which the sun lit up into miniature rainbows. The larger yachts soon began to run away from the smaller, and when rounding the island *Selene* was fast gaining upon her companions. The *Madcap* which had secured a good position to windward, when the breeze set in, kept it for some time, but was passed by the larger cutters *Condor* and *Oimara*, proving the superiority of weight over lightness in a stiff breeze.

The schooner *Snake* was amongst the foremost of her class, having similar qualities to the *Madcap* under light and fair winds, but had to give place to the *Aglaia* and others superior in weight and power as the breeze strengthened. The smaller yachts kept wonderfully together whilst running free, and were well up with the fleet, until rounding the island, when they were met with a strong head wind and heavy squalls from the *Cock of Arran*. The larger yachts then went ahead, and it became evident that they were bent upon proving the sailing powers of the new cutter *Oimara* in beating to windward. *Selene* led the way followed by the big cutters, *Madcap*, *Aglaia*, and others of the larger class schooners. The smaller yachts made for *Brodick Bay* or homeward, suiting their own convenience or pleasure—the cruise being virtually ended: but it will be pleasantly remembered by all who took part in it, and affords unmistakeable proof that the *Royal Northern*

Yacht Club, after a successful career of about 40 years is still progressing, and that it holds, deservedly, a prominent and honourable position amidst its compeers, and that the yachts carrying its flags are equal to any other—and superior to some of them.

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### CLYDE YACHT CLUB.

THE annual opening cruise of this club came off on Friday, the 7th ult., and notwithstanding the very unpropitious aspect of the weather, there was a very fair muster of yachts at the rendezvous, Gourock Bay. The Commodore, the Hon. G. F. Boyle, being detained in London, was prevented from taking command of the fleet; but the screw steamer Valetta, under the care of H. H. Richardson, Esq., was, with the Commodore's unfailing courtesy and attention, placed at the disposal of the Club. In Mr. Boyle's absence, Francis Powell, Esq., the Vice-Commodore, hoisted his burgee on board the Aglaia. The following yachts composed the squadron:—Aglaia (V.-C.) sch., 44; Madcap, sch., 73, D. Tod, Esq.; Lesbia, cut., 38, D. J. Pennuey, Esq.; Snake, sch., 40, J. A. Lockett, Esq.; Coolan, cut., 35, William Collins, Esq.; St. Kilda, cut., 20, Arch. Kennedy, Esq.; Eagre, cut., 24, J. McBride, Esq.; Carina, cut., 15, B. B. Bell, Esq.; Ripple, cut., 9, J. M. Forrester, Esq.; Edith, sch., 6, A. H. MacLellan, Esq.; Fern, cut., 4, D. McMaster, Esq. In the course of the cruise the fleet was augmented by a number of other yachts, including the Reverie, sch., 40, J. Courtauld, Esq.; Phosphorus, cut., 50, J. Addie, Esq. (R. C.); Isabel, yawl, 35, R. Pirrie, Esq.; Denburn, cut., 30, S. King, Esq.; Emily, cut., 11, A. Teacher, Esq.

A slight breeze, during which the rain cleared off, enabled the Vice-Commodore to lead the squadron out of Gourock Bay; but the lightness of the wind, although occasionally enlivened by a tantalising puff, prevented any attempt at racing, and the voyage to Rothesay proved little better than a drifting match. The Aglaia, closely followed by the Snake, dropped anchor in Rothesay Bay about 8 p.m., the others coming on in a ruck about an hour afterwards in the following order—Reverie, Carina, Coolan, St. Kilda, Madcap, Eagre, Denburn, Ripple, &c. The evening having cleared up beautifully, sanguine hopes were entertained of a fine sailing day on Saturday, but these were doomed to be disappointed.

The morning was evidently too bright, and by 9 o'clock a cold heavy rain, accompanied by a strong breeze of southerly wind, set in, and it was not till mid-day that Vice-Commodore Powell hoisted the signal to "assemble on board Commodore" to discuss the sailing arrangements for the day. In spite of the weather, it was determined to have a beat down channel, and "Garroch-head" was signalled accordingly, when the following yachts responded to the signal, viz.,—Phosphorus (R. C.). Madcap, Snake, Reverie, Coolan, Denburn, St. Kilda, Carina, Harriet, and Emily; the Cinderella, Ripple, and Vidette, remaining at their moorings. The

Fiery Cross, sch., 53, J. Stirling, Esq., which had been standing off and on in the bay all morning (with her builder on board), evidently bent on having a "spin" with her rival, the Aglaia, joined the fleet as they got out of Rothesay Bay.

The Aglaia having waited to allow the Reverie to come up, the position of the schooners on getting clear of the bay, was as follows:—Snake, Fiery Cross, Aglaia, and Reverie, nearly in a line, with only a short distance between them—the Madcap abreast of the Aglaia, but a bit to windward. The large cutters, Phosphorus and Coolan, at once showed their superiority in beating, and were soon far to windward; and the smaller craft having chalked out courses for themselves, and some of them laying-to to shorten sail, the interest of the cruise was centered in the schooners. The superior size of the Madcap gave her the advantage in the rough water, and she kept the first position of the schooners throughout the day. The chief feature of the cruise was the contest between the Fiery Cross and the Aglaia, which proved a most exciting one, more especially from the unmitigable way in which the Fiery Cross had challenged the Aglaia, and the fact that there was plenty of wind. The Aglaia, carrying her full sail easily, gradually crept up on the Fiery Cross (the latter having found it necessary to strike her topsail); and about a couple of miles from the Large shore the Aglaia had got her bowsprit past the weather quarter of the Fiery Cross. For nearly half an hour the two vessels, with as much wind as they could carry, sailed almost abreast, and so close as to require considerable skill in steering; but the Aglaia gradually shot a-head, and when both vessels tacked off Knock Castle she had established her lead by several lengths, at same time getting a-head of the Snake, which was afterwards passed (not without some trouble) by the Fiery Cross and Reverie. Altogether there could hardly have been a finer schooner race. The cutter Denburn kept a position with the schooners between the Madcap and Aglaia. By the time the Cumbræ Light was reached the sea had got very heavy, and even the larger vessels were taking it in over the bows pretty freely, and it was deemed prudent, for the sake of the smaller yachts—who had carried on very pluckily, particularly the Carina and Emily—to put about, and "Kyles of Bute" was signalled. The Phosphorus, Reverie, and Denburn, held on round the Garroch-head; the others, after a fine run, reached the favorite anchorage at the Burnt Islands early in the evening.

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### OVERLADEN AND UNSEAWORTHY SHIPS.

THE loss of a fine ship of 1,000 tons or more, with a valuable cargo on board, is so frequent an occurrence now-a-days, and yet the aggregate of such losses forms so small a per centage to the enormous value represented by safe voyages, that it ordinarily excites little or no attention, and is looked on almost as a matter of course. Indeed, considering the vast commercial

intercourse carried on between these islands and all parts of the habitable globe which border on the sea, and the many vicissitudes and dangers attending navigation, it would be unreasonable to expect that the case should be otherwise. It is only, therefore, under very special circumstances, and when the interests of humanity are at stake, that we feel in duty bound to call attention to the same.

A fine ship, well manned and well found, with every appliance provided, and every precaution adopted to ensure the safety of the vessel and crew, which a prudent, conscientious, and humane shipowner could devise, might yet be lost, and her crew might perish, from causes which could not be foreseen or provided against—stress of weather and inability to work off a lee-shore, an unknown current, an error in the compass, or a bad look-out at night, might frustrate every precaution and cause the loss of the noblest ship, without the slightest blame attaching to those who owned her.

Unhappily, however, such are not the only causes of loss of ships and lives at sea; and far too many cases occur of vessels being sent to sea that are known to be overloaded or otherwise unseaworthy, thus verifying the Scriptural assertion that "the love of money is the root of all evil," and painfully illustrating the melancholy fact, that in this Christian country there are numberless professors of that religion, the high precept of which, next to the love of God, is abnegation of self and love of others, who frequent its temples and adhere to its ceremonial forms, yet whose hearts are so hardened and minds so poisoned by the love of gold, that the very lives of their fellow-men, and even of their own servants, is a matter of secondary importance to them.

Amongst the fruitful causes of loss of life at sea is that of overloading; and yet it would seem to be one easily preventible, as a safety line of flotation can be readily defined for every ship, and the appointed authorities at every port could readily see that no vessel at the last moment of sailing was immersed below that line.

A case has recently occurred which would seem to imply that, despite the latest legislation for the protection of the lives of British subjects at sea, any determined shipowner or his agent has the power to send, and even to force a well-insured unseaworthy ship to sea, against the judgment and will of her master and crew, to their almost certain destruction.

Surely such a disgraceful state of things, for the credit of our country; and more especially of that of our great and wealthy ship-owning community, demands a remedy.

The case we have alluded to is that of the *Utopia*, a ship of 949 tons, which sailed from Liverpool for Bombay on the 10th of March last, and only three days after had to be abandoned by her crew almost at the moment of her foundering. The following statement of the facts of the case we abbreviate from the Report furnished to the Board of Trade by the nautical assessors and stipendiary magistrate who conducted the official inquiry at Liverpool, which was ordered by that Board on the case.

The *Utopia* was built in 1853, and in 1862 she was registered A 1 Red,

at Lloyd's, for five years. She had recently changed ownership, and was now the property of a shipowner resident in London. When loading in the Brunswick Dock at Liverpool for the present voyage to Bombay, it appears that she took the ground, and evidently thereby sustained serious damage by straining, as previously she had scarcely made any water, whilst immediately after that event twenty-eight inches was found in her, and on two subsequent occasions as much as forty inches. By the direction of the owners she was pumped out by the men employed in stowing her cargo, usually at the expiration of each day's work. During the process of loading she was visited by the agent of Lloyd's Salvage Association at Liverpool, and by one of the surveyors of the Mersey Dock and Harbour Board, which latter gentleman offered his advice and assistance to the owner in the stowage of the cargo, mentioned the limits to which she might be safely immersed—viz., 20 feet 6 inches to 21 feet—and *marked the side at the midship section to show the same*—leaving a clear side of 6 feet 6 inches; little enough, we should say, for a voyage to India, looking to the gales of wind and heavy seas which in voyages of such a distance are sure to be encountered. Nevertheless, before leaving the Brunswick Dock, on the 7th March, she was loaded until she was immersed six inches deeper than had been marked as her safe load line, and afterwards, in the Wellington Dock, had 120 tons of coke put on board.

The master, Captain Lean, then, not liking the position of affairs, and finding that his remonstrances with the owner in regard to the equipment of the vessel for so long a voyage were unattended to, threw up his appointment. On the same day she had been surveyed by the Surveyor to the Liverpool Underwriters' Association, who found she had only five feet of her sides above the water, and was still taking in cargo. He in consequence called in another surveyor, who agreed with him in considering her much overladen, and they so informed Captain Lean, and subsequently reported it to the Secretary of their Association; but there being no insurance effected in Liverpool, no action was taken. Nevertheless, he again visited her on the 9th, when she appeared to him not to have more than four feet of clear side, and his final report was, that she was scarcely seaworthy, and that he would not like even to cross to Dublin in her in a strong S.W. gale. Yet the owner of this ship felt no hesitation in sending her and her human freight on a voyage to a distant land, during the greater part of which they would be beyond the reach of aid in the only too probable event of foundering at sea.

On the recommendation of a Liverpool agent, Captain J. Dickie was now appointed to the Command; but on proceeding on board on the 9th he naturally enough did not like the appearance of things any more than his predecessor; but in the words of the Nautical Assessors in their Report "An extraordinary and most unwarrantable pressure was then put upon him to compel him to go to sea, in the shape of a letter written by a shipbroker at Liverpool, and signed by the agent, as follows:—

*"Liverpool", March 8.*

"DEAR SIR,—I am very much surprised to hear that you are making difficulties about going in the *Utopia*; and I must inform you that, if after I have recommended you to the owner, you do not go in the vessel, I will take care you never get any employment in a ship out of Liverpool, if I have any power to prevent you, as I will not put up with this sort of work.

'Yours truly,

" \* \* \* \* "

"Captain Dickie."

A precious epistle this, to be sure! Virtually ordering a man into his grave, and, in the language of honest indignation and offended dignity, threatening him with deprivation of his bread for his contumacy in hesitating to step into it.

And can it be that Liverpool shipowners, at the instigation of a shipping agent, would refuse employment to a British seaman thus declining to deliberately drown himself and 17 men? Are they not Englishmen, and, for the most part, nominally at least, Christians, if not Christian gentlemen?

We cannot believe that they would do so; nor can we think that there is any specially demoralizing influence in the business of ship-owning, which should so harden a man's heart as thus to steel it against the dictates of common humanity.

To proceed, however, with our narrative. On the following morning, the 10th March, a Sunday morning, too, when respectable people at Liverpool were all preparing for the public devotions of the day, the "two shipmasters met the owner and his agents, Messrs. \* \* \* and \* \* \*", and the pilot on the landing stage, with the crew who had been shipped, to the number of 17, including 6 able-seamen only, a crew evidently insufficient in number for a full-rigged ship of her size, according to the evidence of several competent witnesses. The riggers had been at work at the pumps in the morning, but had desisted before the crew went on board, not because there was no more water to pump out, but lest, apparently, the latter should get alarmed, and decline to proceed to sea in the ship."

The pilot, who had expressed his opinion that the vessel was overladen, was asked by the Court why he, nevertheless, took her to sea, to the imminent risk of ship and cargo and of 18 lives? He replied that he was under a penalty to his own boat to undertake the duty, and that had he not done so he would have had to pay it himself.

And thus, bursting, as it were, through every barrier that should have stood between herself and her destruction, heeding not captains, or surveyors, or pilots, but seemingly impelled by some malignant spirit, the *Utopia*, overladen, undermanned, leaky, and ill-found in her equipment, was towed to sea to pursue her hopeless voyage.

Upon the tug leaving, sail was made, the wind being fair, and weather moderate; but so ill-found was the cordage and rope generally, that the topsail halliards had to be unrove to cat and fish the anchor.

Scarcely had they shaped their course when the well was sounded, and 3 feet 3 inches of water was found in the hold ; some hands were, therefore, at once placed at the pumps, which from that time were more or less continuously worked. Nevertheless, the water gradually increased, there being on the 11th at 8 a.m. 4 feet 10 inches, which was the last correct sounding that could be got, as the pumps became then choked with sand.

During the 12th and 13th the ship was observed to be settling gradually and the wind and sea increasing ; the master thought it best to run for Cork, but she had now become unmanageable ; and at 4 p.m. on the 13th, there being then only 4 or 5 inches from the covering board to the water's edge, and the ship settling down rapidly, the long boat was hoisted out.

All hands were speedily got into it—the master being the last to leave the ship ; and scarcely had they got clear of her when she gave a plunge, and went down head foremost.

Happily the weather was fine, and not having proceeded so far to sea as to be beyond the beaten tracks of ships, they were picked up on the same evening by a barque, and were all safely landed on the 16th at Crookhaven.

Sad, indeed, are the reflections which the foregoing narrative is calculated to awaken ! Whether with reference to the immediate object with which we are specially concerned, "the protection of life at sea," or to the fair fame of our country, as claiming one of the highest places in the scale of civilized nations ; or to the hope of the philanthropist, the progress of human nature itself towards something better and nobler than the past or the present, who can contemplate, without discouragement and misgiving, such a sad example of, we fear, a very prevalent evil ? An evil not enacted in a corner, but unblushingly in the light of day ; not perpetrated by men from the lowest dregs of society, nurtured in poverty, ignorance, and crime ; but by members of a class deemed highly respectable members of our great mercantile community—shipowners and their agents ; and being done thus fearlessly and openly ; also done by them, we fear, without their "losing caste" amongst their fellows.

Is it not, then, time, if we wish to retain our high place in the world, not only as a great and powerful nation, and the first commercial and maritime power, but as a conscientious and Christian people, setting a higher value on human life than on gold and silver ; is it not time that we so enforce our existing laws, or so amend our maritime code, if necessary, as to make the occurrence of so great a scandal an impossible thing amongst us ?

But, indeed, we may take up higher ground still ; for in the case of nations, as of individuals, there is a higher than any human tribunal, before which national as well as individual acts shall be judged ; and if the lives of these 18 human beings had been sacrificed at the shrine of Mammon—which was nearly done—would not their blood have cried aloud to heaven for vengeance, not only on those who could perpetrate so great a crime, but on the community which apathetically suffered such things to be done amongst them ?

But it may be asked, with our enormous trade, how can this discreditable state of things be remedied? We have, in the present melancholy case, a forcible illustration of the fact, that overladen, ill-found, unseaworthy ships can, in one of our greatest maritime ports, proceed to sea on a distant voyage, and that all the constituted authorities of the place are powerless to prevent her doing so. We reply, then give the present constituted authorities such power, or constitute a new authority to be clothed with it.

In the first place, we would suggest that at every port in the United Kingdom, large or small, an officer in connection with the Customs, or Coast-guard, or Local Marine Board, or Shipping Office, should, periodically, in the case of vessels in the home trade (say, half yearly), and before sailing on each voyage, in the case of ships in the foreign trade, inspect, personally or by deputy, every vessel and her equipment, receiving replies to printed queries, signed by the master, in each case, and giving him in return a permit to sail. The cost of such supervision might be paid in the shape of a small fee on every permit issued, to be paid at the time of issue by the master; or it might be paid from the Mercantile Marine Fund, if there is a sufficient annual amount available for the purpose. At the same time it should be punishable, as a misdemeanor, for the master of any vessel to sail without having received such a certificate; and as felony for him to give false information in reply to the established queries, as to the state of his vessel and her equipment, &c.

In the second place, to prevent the overlading of any vessel, which is so frequent a cause of unseaworthiness, it should be required that every vessel should have visibly painted on each side a thin white line, showing the level to which she might be safely loaded, and below which it should be illegal to immerse her. Such a line would not be a disfigurement to any ship, whilst, being visible to every one, the authorized surveyors could in a moment tell when any vessel was overladen, without having recourse to actual measurement; and at the same time, it would be a source of confidence to the passengers and crew in every vessel, and would be a perpetual witness in every part of the world frequented by our ships of the watchful care of the British Government and people for the lives and welfare of the seamen and passengers who work or sail on board them.

We have purposely withheld the names of all the parties implicated in this flagrant transaction, our object not being to expose individuals in a single case, but to draw attention to a crying evil, and so far to add in its remedy. In the Official Report, however, from which we have taken the details of the case, and which was published in the *Times* newspaper, the names of the several parties are given.

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## MINOR CLUB MATCHES.

**NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK YACHT CLUB**—On Thursday, June 6th, at Cantley, this Club commenced the racing season, and we regret to say that the first match proposed failed for want of entries, the Red Rover being entered *frightened* all the others; this is sheer folly, for in aquatics particularly there are many chances which might aid the slower vessels. However on this occasion the prize offered to the larger craft £15 was left for competition at the Ocean match.

The prize for the second class June 27th, was contested by Fleur-de-lys, 6 tons, Mr. G. Gamby; Spray, 7 tons, Mr. F. G. Foster; Vixen, 9 tons, Mr. P. S. Millard; and Fleetwing, 9 tons, Mr. J. R. Asker. The breeze was good from S.S.W. The Fleur-de-lys, which had the first station, had one reef in her mainsail, but her jib was out full: the Spray carried a full mainsail, topsail, and jib; the Fleetwing, which had her mainsail up at starting, set her topsail when running down with the wind; and the Vixen carried topsail and jib all through the match. The Fleur-de-lys led throughout, and the only noticeable incident of the match was that in the first round the Spray signalled a protest against the Fleetwing, on the ground that she had dropped her topsail overboard and left it behind her. This protest, however, came to nothing, as it did not affect the winner. The yachts were only timed at the close of the match, which was completed as follows:—Fleur-de-lys, 2h. 37m. 0s.; Fleetwing, 2h. 40m. 18s.; Spray, 2h. 40m. 58s.; Vixen, 2h. 42m. 0s.

As the Fleur-de-lys had no time allowance to make she was declared the winner of the prize £10.

**RANELAGH YACHT CLUB MATCH.**—The commencement of Sailing matches by this Club was on May 28th, over the usual course from Erith to the Chapman and back, for a prize of 10*l*. for first yacht, and 6*l*. for second,—yachts of the second class only to compete. The entries were three, viz:—Ærolite, 7½ tons, Messrs. Dowdall and Cooper; Novice, 6 tons, Mr. J. Gardner; Dagmar, 5 tons, Mr. A. Louch. The day was fine with a S.S. W. breeze, which at the time of starting made Dagmar and Ærolite's crews rather cautious of the muslin, whilst the Novice daringly set whole sail. Boom went the gun at 11h. 18m., and up went the canvas on the Novice and Dagmar, the latter had the lead; Ærolite's crew were either excited or unable to manage the hoisting, for her mainsail seemed rather rebellious, and it was some seconds 'ere she shook herself clear:—but as soon as this was accomplished she settled down to her work, and bowled along merrily, taking the lead and rounding the steamer at the Chapman about two minutes ahead of Novice, and eight ahead of Dagmar.

They now made preparation to return, with every effort to lessen the time and take advantage of the good breeze, which partially left them when off Gravesend, and it was rather tedious work to reach Erith, however the Ærolite managed to arrive first, about five minutes ahead of Novice and sixteen of Dagmar. This of course entitles the first vessel to the 10*l*. prize,

and the second to the *51*. We really think that cash prizes would be more appreciated than those at present given, and would recommend all small clubs to take the matter into consideration.

As usual the day was finished at Erith, the members and their fair friends were delighted with the pleasures derived from a trip on the water, and that on the green sward of the gardens.

**TEMPLE YACHT CLUB MATCH.**—This Club held its first aquatic revels on the 13th of May from Charlton to Greenhithe and back. Entries, the Rifleman, 6 tons. Mr. Antill, Wanderer, 5 tons, Mr. Hildersley, Little Vixen, 4 tons, Messrs. Havard and Pyatt. At the hour of starting 12h. noon a fair breeze from E.N.E. was blowing, and the little craft were soon underway, Vixen leading pressed by Rifleman, which soon gave the former the go-bye, this position she maintained to the finish. The race was ended thus—Rifleman 5h. 4m. 10s.; Vixen 5h. 6m. 25s.; Wanderer 5h. 27m. The prizes (two silver goblets) were presented to the first and second vessels at the Club's Marine resort, the Anchor and Hope, Charlton.

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### Editor's Locker.

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*London, June 17th, 1867.*

**SIR.**—Two very sensible letters have appeared in *Bell's Life* lately in reference to the vessels in the Royal Thames matches being allowed to use any quantity of canvas, of any shape, and set in any manner, and characterizing this as a proceeding totally in a retrograde direction. The fact is, these extra sails—called spinnakers, jib-topsails, water-sails, &c.—involve more expense, trouble, anxiety, and even danger, than all the others put together. The enormous quantity of canvas used in these hitherto nondescripts, occasions very great expense to the owners, while the lumber they occasion on deck and below, added to the weight and nuisance of long and heavy spars continually in the way, is of the greatest possible inconvenience. Besides, no one can say what advantage they have in shewing the real qualities of a yacht, which, after all, is the main purpose of match sailing, for if one yacht owner gets enormous square sails, another will. Even in pedestrian matches, were the men allowed to use all available means to increase their speed, say by putting on springs to their heels, using umbrellas when the wind was favourable, and any other dodges which their ingenuity could suggest, the scheme would collapse in a week, and be voted a consummate nuisance, seeing that the whole thing was hollow, and was of no purpose in showing the real bone and muscle of the man.

Those who are in favour of extra sails say, "Oh, why not let yachts do as they like?" Well, then, why not return to the nuisance of shifting ballast? "Well, yes," they say. "Then why not rig out a boom to windward on a long leg, and let the men sit out on that like as on the canoes of the Pacific Ocean?" "Very well, let them do that." Then why not have pumps, pipes, and tanks for water ballast to make the vessel deeper or lighter at

will? "Very well, why not? the fairest way is to let every man do his best to get his craft along!"

Now, what these people call "the fairest way" is simply a succession of dodges, in which the greatest schemer may get a temporary advantage over another yacht, better designed and built than his own, and is entirely deficient to show that his vessel is a fair and legitimate success.

It may be said that nothing is more tiresome, when the wind is light, than not to be able to use some extra means to shorten the tedium of the day. Then let a rule be passed, authorising vessels to use their jibs and foresails as squaresails if required. This would quicken the pace, without the great expense and inconvenience of extra sails.

While on the subject of matches, let us say a word or two on the so-called ocean matches. These have hitherto been from the river to Harwich, Dover, or Cowes. The latter is the best, because the course is longer, and, from its being on different points of the compass, enables vessels to be tried on their different points of sailing; but in going, say to Harwich, the wind in this country blowing two out of three days from the S.W., the course is pretty well a reaching and running one, and entirely deficient in trying truly a vessel's capabilities; while, if the wind be in the opposite direction, which it is about the other third of the year, then the yacht which is best to windward, although a tub in running and reaching, wins the prize.

A similar state of things exists in the run from the Nore to Dover if the wind be any way about N. Something approaching a triangular course would be a fairer one, where the yachts could be tested on all their points of sailing.

The system of ocean matches as at present conducted we may look upon also as a swindle upon the ordinary members of the club, putting aside the general public, for they, after paying their money to support sailing clubs, are virtually shut out from enjoying the sport. It is to be hoped that the clubs of the Thames will see the error of their ways, and wipe out various newfangled notions with a large and very wet sponge.

*To the Editor H.Y.M.*

B.

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*Dublin, June 13th 1867.*

SIR.—I am very glad to see that the introduction of "flying kites" in racing yachts is already being denounced, and hope they will be cried down now as they were many years ago. I well remember when ringtails, watersails, jib topsails, squaresails, and square topsails, were commonly in use; but it was soon found that they were very troublesome and sometimes dangerous, besides adding very considerably to the cost of the vessel, and requiring a more numerous crew. There is really no use in them, as the relative speed of vessels can just as well be ascertained if limited to the four sails.

Yours, &c.,

*To the Editor H.Y.M.*

OLD HAND.

## REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- July    4.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta at Wroxham.  
        4.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Channel Match, Nore Light to Havre.  
        5.—Royal Northern Yacht Club—Regatta at Greenock.  
        6.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club—Match to Ramsgate.  
        8.—Temple Yacht Club—Sailing Match.  
        8.—Southampton Amateur Regatta Club—Regatta.  
        8.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Schooner Match at Bray.  
        9.—Paris Regatta.  
        10.—Royal Irish Yacht Club—Regatta in Dublin Bay.  
        10.—Southampton Regatta.  
        11.—Sailing Barge Match—The Nore and back.  
        13.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Sailing Match, 1st class.  
        13.—Royal Dee Yacht Club—3rd class Match.  
        15.—Bray (Ireland) Regatta.  
        16.—Great Grimsby Regatta.  
        17.—Aarhus Bay, North Jutland, Denmark—Regatta.  
        17.—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club Regatta—Hull.  
        18.—Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta—Queenstown.  
        22.—Havre Regatta.  
        24.—Ipswich Regatta.  
        25.—Evesham Regatta.  
        26.—Swansea Regatta.  
        27.—Royal Southern Yacht Club—Regatta at Southampton.  
        27.—Walton on the Naze Regatta.  
        27.—Clyde Yacht Club—Regatta at Hunter's Quay.
- Aug    1.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta on Oulton Broad.  
        6.—Royal Welsh Yacht Club—Regatta at Carnarvon.  
        6.—Royal Albert Yacht Club—Regatta at Southsea.  
        6.—Royal Squadron Regatta commences.  
        13.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club—Regatta commences at Ryde.  
        13.—Royal Cornwall Yacht Club Regatta, Falmouth.  
        20.—Royal Western Yacht Club Regatta Plymouth.  
        23.—Torbay Royal Regatta.  
        24.—Clyde Yacht Club—Corinthian Match at Largs.
- Sept   7.—Clyde Yacht Club—Closing cruise at Rothesay.  
        16.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta on Oulton Broad.  
        29.—Dartmouth Regatta.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.**—Capt. Hudson has been honored by an interview with the Emperor of the French, who expressed his approval of the Captain's intrepidity, and granted him the privilege of placing the wee craft in the American Park at the Exposition.

**MERSEY MATCH TO DOUGLAS.**—The account of this affair was promised, but at the hour of going to press it had not come to hand.

# HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

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. AUGUST 1st, 1867.

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## A COCKNEY WATERING PLACE.

WHAT a treat it is to hurry to the sea side. We pity poor cabby, mopping his brows with the shreds of a handkerchief, see to the luggage he hands deftly down, and bounding up Ludgate Hill steps bustle into a carriage for Ramsgate, and ensconce ourselves in a vacant corner.

We chafe awhile at being cooped up, and jolted to and fro in the station, midst shrieks of whistles, and shouts of porters; but, at length, after a grating jar, a clank of couplings and a terrible jerk, we rumble across the Thames, and over the long oared barges rising and falling in the swell of the steamers that dart about from pier to pier beneath us; and taking one glance through the smoke at St. Paul's, are whisked off among the tiles and chimney pots over the water.

Groups of ragged children peer up at us from their grimy courts and lanes, as we shoot past towards rich meadows where cattle, dotted about unconscious of murrain, whisk their tails, while chewing the cud neath the shadow of the frequent trees. We pass villas and tea gardens, Dulwich and Sydenham, and "the Palace" with the smoke curling spirally from its lofty towers. We hurry by warm tinted corn fields, dismal crape looking crops of beans, potatoe fields, and green



advice to the shop people who have not popped in out of his way. We pass the long inner basin and yachts, cross the Pier Parade, leave the clock tower, life-boat, and the Obelisk, commemorating George the IVth's visit, and the "Royalty of Raingate harbour," so constantly thrust before us, behind; and going off the pier between the fishing smacks building on the left, and the stones for the jetty chipping on our right, we inhale the aroma of melons at the old French folks stall, and descend the slope to the sands; where the pensive Kenny, the merry Day, and the stern Maxted are already shifting about their chairs.

From the long granite pier that juts out some distance, and then curves southward, forming one side of the outer harbour, all along the sands eastward to the railway tunnel, is positively crowded.

The dusky Mahometan in his red fez is lounging by the sea, and from a chip basket at his side, dispensing plums among the little ones who crowd about his knees. The cake vendors are shouting "Chelsea Buns"! One milkman, a jolly faced, white moustached, military looking man in a short coat and round hat, with a napkin over his arm, carries milk in one can, and water in another to rinse the glasses with, he is chinking two between the finger and thumb of his right hand, and calling "Milk, milk, new milk!" in short tones, still glancing reproachfully over his shoulder at some wag, who he has just told an acquaintance, has asked him how the murrain is getting on; "and a lot of ladies just going to drink too!" Another chalk and water vendor to whom the question might have been better put, minces along with cadaverous face, and incisorial teeth, unctiously venting. "Fresh milk from Alderney Cows! it eradicates all eruptions, blemishes and disease, Ladies! produces an aroma in the mouth; clears the complexion; and brings a beautiful bloom to the faded cheek!"

The donkeys, numbered on their foreheads, stand saddled, and dozing all of a row; and the goats harnessed to their tiny carriages, lie chewing the cud on the sand at the foot of the slope.

The hurdy-gurdy boy in Phrygian cap is shewing his white rats, or beginning his squeaky dirge, gyrating, and dancing uncouthly, as his head follows the twists of his body by jerks, and seems pettish at being left behind. The little curly haired Frenchman with his concertina is singing *vivas* for Garribbawldeee, Vittor Emanuellee, and Queen Vic-tor-ya, whilst his daughter, a juvenile Therese, is

waving her tricolor in the distance, and chaunting French, German, and Italian songs, alternated with "Where are you going my pretty maid?" all sung with action, pointedly suited to the word.

One poor melancholy cripple, wheels himself slowly about with a quavering concertina, another more perky, perched on his crutches like a crane down among the galvanic batteries, Punch and Judy shows, weighing machines, and padded buffers, duns our ears with the brattlings of a cornet; followed by scrapings from the squeaky fiddle he pulls from under his arm. Vendors of spar and shell work poke about with their baskets! A decrepit old Jew creeps along snuffling "Cigar light, cigar light, gentlemen?" and a jolly brown faced old Jewess in the same line is saying she has just had notice to quit, after having agreed for lodgings at two shillings and sixpence a week for the season.

The Ramsgate band, with tiny peacock feathers in their German hats, are playing the Mabel Waltz on one side; and Mr. Punch, with crabs claw nose and chin to match, is dancing fantastically, and poking "the beadle" in the ribs, to the tune of "Saucy Betsy Gray;" or making the little ones who fringe the inner rim of the circle surrounding his pseudo-niggers, chuckle from the pits of their stomachs to hear his squeaky "bubbling waters," "nasty dirty boiled lobster," &c., &c., refrains to the "Willow Tree," on the other! Another troupe from which "Uncle," the surly drummer, has not yet seceded, is batooned by a dapper little nigger in dandy clothes, white hat, and having a funny lock of hair, which he erects now and then by a spring in order to punctuate the music.

One solitary black in a cocked hat is feebly imitating "the great Vance," in his "Slap bang," and another lonely savage is squatted on a chair, surlily telling the small fry to be off, and not crowd round their relation in that way.—"There, go and play with the sand," says he magisterially, knowing it requires more experience than theirs to comprehend his lays, and after a tedious delay he sings, to the evident amusement of his female auditory, of the cares he underwent when a child at the hands of the ladies; and sighs, and as he shews his teeth, and the whites of his ghastly eyes, justly doubts whether as then they would treat him now! Blind fiddlers and foreign harpists, swell the *charivari*, though the hairy little Savoyard keeps down by the water, and can be as grinningly importunate as he pleases, if you have once been weak enough to yield to his fawnings, and drop.



a bronze through the hole in the front of his jingling automaton piano.

Some of the little ones, their shirts and kirtles tucked waist high, bare headed, and bare backed, are trotting about delightedly in the surf, one fierce little fellow tethered by a string, stamping, snorting, and breathing hard, like Job's war horse; another is being divested of sand across its mother's knee, whilst kicking, roaring, and struggling to get back to the sand pool, wherein it has hitherto been revelling—others tucked in grave fashion, are buried all but their heads in the sand thrown over them by the tiny spades, and buckets, of their joyous playmates.

The children all seem happy and good tempered. Here comes a little girl of about eight summers, leading her brother a year or two younger, to sink capital with the sweet-meat man, who on one knee, holds his glass topped tray suspended in front, its compartments stuffed with lollypops of every hue and flavour, making their very mouths water! "I want some sugar candy!" blurts out the boy. "Haven't any, my dear," says he, in an oily insinuating tone; "but here's barley sugar! delicious! Just like candy, only flavoured with lemon! Will you have some of that?" "Yes: and those sticks, and those, and those, and those," pointing to as many tempting looking sweets. "Stop!" mildly interposes sister Anne, "Do you know how much money you have?" This was a damper; and the boy's face fell. "I've got a farthing!" says he sturdily, and in a waning tone, adds "a penny?" "How much do you want my dears?" puts in the man, looking anxiously from one to the other. "A halfpor'th of that," says the girl, pointing to the barley sugar, and dropping two farthings into his hand, as the boy takes the tiny paper from him. "I want some of those sticks" insists the boy peevishly. "You know you have spent your money now," reasons the girl, like a matron, and then after a scared kind of scrutiny for some moments, the lollypop man watching the play of her features, and fixing her like a basilisk the while, she says; "I'll take some of those," pointing out three of the guadiest coloured balls, which she pays for and walks off with her little charge to savour at leisure, while squatted on the sands. See how that young man from the country's maxillaries twitch, and head wobbles, as he struggles against the siren tones of Miss Day's "Nice chair this morning sir?" Look at the scraggy cockney yonder, wading along boots and all ankle deep in

the surf; and at fat squabby Mrs. Brown, puffing and wheezing, as she quivers along and drags after her her two ugly brats gorging themselves with Chelsea Buns.

The fair creature who so long amused herself by dipping up *algæ* with the tip of her outstretched sun shade, has engaged a gaily pennoned skiff, and steers herself round to her yacht in the basin. The fierce looking moustached, but otherwise shaven, fellow in the last new hat, is scudding about with others, kicking the foot ball to and fro over the heads of the multitude now spreading along the sands.

We see a child running delighted along with his tiny bucket, and shouting to his mother who is peering about with her other offspring, among the green weed, and pools near the tunnel. "Oh ma! I've found two crabs and a limpet!" and hear a delightful chorus of "Well done Charley!" and an injunction to him, to "be sure and take care of the limpet!" Bows, arrows, and Aunt Sally's are ranged at the Cliff Foot near the north end of the slope. The strange looking man in a broad brimmed straw hat, who, bearded like the pard, with a cross of San Fernando on his breast, stood patting an old retriever with the whip in his right hand while his left rested on his hip, has disappeared from the slope whence he so long shot his dark glances o'er the buzzing throng beneath—so has the pig-tailed Celestial with his box of "imperial scent," who gazed so dreamily at the motley crowd below.

As the tide falls the sands get broader and broader. We no longer see portly matrons ducking themselves delightedly, and shewing their rounded forms to admiring thousands. The fairer, and more youthful mermaids have ceased swimming sportfully in front of us. The horses no longer gallop up and down with the machines, which are now ranged high and dry on the shore, and have been succeeded by more mettlesome coursers, that tear along at full speed, sending the sand in showers behind them, or else waltz circus fashion at the touch of the pretty little body we occasionally see sweeping about in an arab shawl, chignon, and no crinoline!

It is surprising that Ethnographers have devoted so little attention to Ramsgate. They would assuredly have found the lost tribes there. Hebrews swarm on all sides. In a van for Richborough, we certainly saw the half tribe of Manassah. Some insipid young swells, new fangled ribbons in their hats, and a lackadaisical, sea sick

expression in their faces, are drawling affectedly, and exchanging small talk with one beautiful daughter of Israel, who having had a tiff with her companion now sits alone, has purchased needle, thread, thimble and embroidery, from the French woman, and bends her dark eyes on her work, as she lounges on one of Maxted's seats, though occasionally she darts bright glances from under her broad tuscan, in the direction of her hitherto unseparable sister.

There has been a ruffle too between the little couple whose introduction came off formally a while since. The girl is standing alone, her finger on her pouting lips, her large gazelle like eyes restlessly wandering from side to side, and her beautifully chiselled nose shaded by her purple velvet hat, and marabout feather. As she lingers there, her child's head startled at the fleeting nature of human affection, and the inconstancy of her boyish playmate, on whom she had lavished such *care*, such attention, and whom she feels she could love for ever, but who now delves the sand or dabbles in the water, heedless of her in the distance, she forms a glorious study for a painter!

We stroll back to the outer harbour, now dry, all but "the gully," adjoining the eastern pier, some trawlers are refitting, and the pitch smokes and stinks, as one fisherman holds up the bottom of an old keg stuck on a pole, and stuffed with lighted shavings, and another pays away at the seething seams. They have just returned from a six weeks' cruise. Before starting on these "bouts" the crews meet, and elect an Admiral, and a Commodore, whose orders the fleet of twenty or more implicitly obey. The former flies a jack half way up the topmast stay, the latter one elsewhere; and with these flags by day, and lanthorns by night, they make signals for trawls to be hove or shot, and for the craft to shift ground. The nets are generally hove up every twelve hours, and two of the fastest craft get £10 a week, and a share in what's caught in their absence, to take the fish to the nearest market. These are kept fresh in rough ice of which they take a stock at a pound a ton to sea with them. On returning to Ramsgate, the entire money realized verified by the purchasers' invoices, is shared in due proportions among the fleet. The greatest depth of water they fish in, is off Lowestoft in twelve fathoms. "The boys live like gentlemen to what they used to, when I was an apprentice," says one of them; "a clout with a belaying pin, a cut with a rope's-end, or a warming with a broomstick, was

all the go then, now the indentures are all lodged at the Custom-house, which soon claps a stopper on any ill treatment." We see how carefully they replace worn lanyards, mousings, and servings, and notice a wide iron lined score, with a port to fit on each side abaft the rigging, for the slush to be shovelled through on heaving up the trawl.

The fish caught by the smaller craft in the immediate neighbourhood seem to be chiefly sturgeon, turbot, plaice, flounders, dabs, whiting, and weavers, the last an unwholesome looking fish, off which vendors in France have to cut the poisonous spines, under penalty of a fine. There are whelk boats here, broad, sharp, squat little cutters, with dredges all over them, and whelk pots made of wicker and net, in shape not unlike rat traps or spittoons; the lobster pots made of parallel rings and net stretched over them looking from the internal funnels, for all the world like ghostly time glasses. Two o'clock approaches, we join in the throng returning to dine. After resting awhile we stroll westward through Ramsgate, and along a neat road bordered by corn fields; a trim farm and clump of trees being visible here and there in the distance. We skirt a substantial terrace on our left, pass Baron Garrow's villa, and then descending a wooded lane reach Pegwell, where "shrimp paste" stares at us from every window in its short street of a dozen houses. A boy ensconced behind a rampart of apricots, plums, pears, and greengages wiling away his time, peeling the *crustacea*, and preparing them for this savory condiment.

We enter a tea house, and after indulging in the staple commodity draw near the edge of the lofty terrace, and gaze across the broad expanse of Sandwich flats, stretching for miles in front of us. The shrimpers are toiling back across them, their huge nets athwart their shoulders, and their lively catches of many quarts a piece, slung in baskets on their stooping backs.

We remember that a mile off, behind the coast guard houses on our right is Cliff End, probably the S.W. point of Thanet at Caesar's invasion. The *débris* from Reculvers and Broadstairs not having then "swarved" up "the Estuary." We quaff the Canterbury ale, sparkling as Rhine wine, though here and there a hop husk may be settling to the bottom, and think what changes have passed over us. Volusenus prowled about yonder in his galley, and thence bore back his report to Caesar, who at ten one fine morning about this time, 52

years before our era, hove in sight with 80 transports, and other craft, off Deal, whose then sea, now inland cliffs? were crowded with fiery Britons ready to hurl their javelins on the foes beneath. In the afternoon he weighed again and ran aground near Richborough, then an island, now far inland to the right of Sandwich.

What a fine fellow that ensign in the 10th was, and how he, and the Britons—among whom as they galloped about in the water with their war chariots, he, exhorting the hesitating legionaries to follow him, and “perform their duty to Cæsar and the Commonwealth,” leaped,—must have astonished the shrimps of the period!

Then the fights on the hills yonder, the throwing up of the camp, and the tempest that drove the cavalry first “to the west end of the (Goodwin?) Island,” and finally to Gaul, while a sickly harvest moon ever and anon bursting through the scud, shone on the havock playing among the gallies tossing and straining beneath.

The sally from Ashe woods, and the attack on the 7th Legion while foraging the last field of the harvest. Then the attack on the camp, the repulse of the Britons, and the burning of their houses and villages for many a mile around.

Later the Saxons with the horsey names, and their Seekämpfer warriors, whom Goodwin, then nine miles long by four broad, must have reminded of their own geest marshes of the Elbe and Baltic. Next the wily Augustine and his forty monks at Ebb's Fleet, two miles off to the right, where they probably founded Münster, near which, there is a tradition, Canute sailed with his fleet, when Münster Flot, now Hoo, was the “harbour of refuge” of the period. What changes in manners, customs, ideas, nay in the very land itself since then. We descend the steep stairs leading to the sands, and wonder at the flint layers lying at wide distances from each other in puzzling parallelism. One layer near eight inches thick, not in nodules; but continuous like a seam of laminated, friable slag; and tinted here and there with peroxide of iron; extending all along the bay, and probably quite through Thanet from side to side. Returning homeward we tarry awhile by the band on the west cliff, where it plays on alternate nights. The evening is beautiful, the calm sea far below us, is ruffled here and there by a “cat's-paw.” The setting sun illumines a bank of cirrus on the horizon, and tinges Calais cliffs to the right of it with a rosy pink. The Goodwin sands stretching from behind the Gull almost to the North Sand Light, look like a low black

island. We stroll down to the pier, and passing the widely opened windows see tempting spreads awaiting the lodgers' return; or the little ones kneeling in chairs and constructing imaginary docks or light-houses, or some perhaps with paint and brush essaying to pourtray "the bubbling waters." The niggers are serenading the enraptured slaveys who haven't visited the sands. A telescope near the rails shows us "Goodwin," or "Jupiter's Satellites," at discretion. No one yet, we believe, having ventured to bring down the oxyhydrogen myroscope to exhibit the Ramsgate land crustacea. The town lights are reflected in the water of the oblong inner harbour, from the left end of whose broad quay, with its dock gates and sluices, "the pier" circles round the east, and from the other end of the basin circles round another pier with a light-house at its end, the two forming the outer, or "harbour of refuge."

Working our way through the crowds jolting each other in every street, we reach the pier, the favorite promenade of an evening. Turning our back to the pleasure craft becalmed off the harbour, we lean on the brass-topped pillar at the pier head and look landward. On our left is the light-house, the green light telling us there are not yet ten feet water in the harbour. The principal Church with its lantern, in feeble imitation of St. Dunstan's in the West, stands high against the sky, at the back of the valley in front of us, up which, and the cliffs ascending on either side, Ramsgate is lighting up for the evening.

The Dover, Calais, London, and Thames-haven steamers are lying snugly side by side in "the gulley," the two latter the husbands' boats, little suggestive of the bustle they excite on Saturdays at 4 p.m. The band preceded by a policeman as tambour-major, and followed by rag, tag, and bobtail, is marching down to the tune of Garibaldi's hymn. So worming our way back through the buzzing crowd of promenaders we descend to the sands, now dry almost to the pier head, and where loiterers occasionally linger till past midnight. The treble lights at the North Sand Head glimmer far away on the left; the Gull opens and shuts its glaring eye in front of us, and far off on our right shows the South Foreland, and just under it twinkle the lights of Deal. To-day has been *their* regatta, and long after the last flash of the closing salute the reports fall faintly one by one, for many seconds on our ear, and the rockets shooting silently up, their train and the dwindled sparkles as they burst, are

reflected in the still deep, the whole distance of three leagues to the very ripples on the sand at our feet. The blaze of a fusee here and there in the darkness tells us that others too are enjoying the still evening on the sands, which are not always so beautifully smooth as now, being occasionally strewn with flints, and rounded chalk boulders pierced by gigantic pholades, and descending in a hollow curve, instead of an inclined plane as to night. This accounts for the depths of water varying from day to day, and for the apparently capricious rate at which the tide advances or recedes here. As we wend our way bedward we hear the sounds of revelry in the Casinos, and now and then the merry laugh of those whose spirits have not yet been blighted by carking care.

And now the Ramsgate regatta is o'er, the Mayor of Sandwich, his deputy, has issued his manifestoes, the rowers have rowed, the craft have, or have not sailed, and the plucky competitors have one after another toppled into the water from the greasy spar at the end of which shivered poor piggy in his trap hutch. The night attack has been made, and the pottering of the rifles, the popping of the yacht guns, the booming of the cannon under West Cliff, and the unlimited expenditure of pyrotechnics has told of the desperate defence of the natives. The magazine has exploded in a coruscation of rockets, and the outer harbour having been illuminated by Greek fire, has disclosed the victorious ships of the advancing squadron; darkness ensued, and has been followed by a glorious morn. Time has flown; we take one fond look at the sands, and seat ourselves gloomily in a returning train; the partridges whirr away as we near them. Here and there among those still standing, the hop poles seem to have been overtaken in a recent storm, and not yet to have recovered themselves; they reel against each other, and like so many confirmed toppers, spread forth their weird limbs and tendrils in the most ludicrous manner.

People come into the train with bunches of the Kentish grape dangling in their hands; we see the "hoppers" busy at work in the gardens, the poles stretched before them are being stripped of their quivering clusters, groups of them crowd on the platforms all the way we go. As we rush through the steep sand cuttings, the Ramsgates of ages syne; we see the martins, one after another closing their wings and diving like so many quill pens, into the ink pot holes on the cliff sides.

The little ones fondly grasp their tiny spades, boats, and buckets,

all tied promiscuously together, with one hand, and if not toying with marine exuvise, their mothers with the other.

The same thought probably passing through all our minds, as with very different feelings we step from the train—

*"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."*

H. N. P. W.

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### YACHT ROB ROY ON THE SEINE.

It was stated in your June number that I intended to sail to Paris in my little yawl Rob Roy entirely alone, and as this voyage has been successfully accomplished, perhaps a few notes on the subject may interest your readers. My craft of 3 tons, was launched at 3 p.m., on June 7th, she had to get in her masts, rigging, ballast, (ton and a half,) and stores in one hour and a half so as to save the tide. I started in her at once and reached Erith that evening. Next day we had the canoe sailing match, which the Club had decided should take place at Erith, as a likely place for meeting a good breeze.

Our paddlers' regatta was very curious to see, for the canoes sailed across the river one way and paddled twice back, while the contest was so close that the first prize was won by only a few seconds. On Monday the 9th, I dropped down to Greenhithe, where Mr. Lilley occupied all the 10th, in adjusting my beautiful compass, presented by the Royal National Life-boat Institution.

Here I boarded the Chichester, the fine old frigate granted for the accommodation and instruction of 200 homeless boys of London, and admirably managed by the committee of the institution in Great Queen Street. The boys were delighted with my curious little dinghy, a mahogany life-boat 8 feet long, which stows away under my hatch quite snugly, and is in every way a great convenience and a complete success. I doubt not that many small vessels will find a dinghy of this pattern (carefully devised after considerable experience in canoes) to be a most useful style of boat, far more handy for one person than an ordinary punt. As I sailed past the Chichester next day, the boys ran up the shrouds, and my colours being lowered the salute was duly acknowledged, accompanied by nine hearty cheers from the youngsters, "to carry to France." I anchored next at Sheerness: my small Trotman broke its stock at the first plunge, but my big one (50lbs weight) with 30 fathoms of chain will hold me I trust many a day. Another start took me to Margate, and the next to Dover. A fine rattling breeze



here presented a good opportunity for trying my crew, so I reached out close to the Goodwin, put on my life belt (very necessary if the Captain fell overboard) and practised reefing, and getting the dinghy out and in while at sea. Had my craft been launched at the appointed time I should have had at least a fortnight to learn "her ways," and make improvements before starting for a three months' cruise, but as it was I had to take her straight out of the builder's yard, (and with shavings still aboard to,) and sail right away at once.

Leaving the Rob Roy two days at Dover, (where the dock dues were generally sent in as £0. 0s. and Od.,) I came to town and commanded my company of kilted Scotchmen at our annual inspection in Hyde Park, and then hied back to my yacht, to sail Monday, June 18th; I started early for Boulogne. I had put away my volume of the "Channel Pilot," so very carefully for this day that I could not find it with all my rummaging, so I just went off with my chart alone. Cooked capital breakfast at 7 a.m.; the little Russian lamp roaring away famously as it rocked about, and boiled the kettle. The *cuisine* I devised for the Canoe Club is the foundation of every yacht kitchen, and the whole arrangement for food, rest, and motion answers perfectly. What great luxuries these preserved meat cans are to be sure, and the milk and the marmalade! Bacon however, and hung beef were, I found a mistake; these need too much time and attention where there is only one man to steer, to handle the sails, to look at the wind, tide, beacons, buoys, and passing ships. He cannot spare even half an eye for the bacon that is burning into curly pieces like leather.

The tide at Varne Shoal puzzled me a good deal, but finally I made Cape Grisnez in a fog, and the wind dropped to *nil*, so I had to anchor there for some hours, and meantime the tide changed, so that I reached Boulogne at dead low water. However I thought (ignorantly,) I could still enter and so I rowed cautiously towards the pier, and soon reached the swell on the bar. Bump! then in the trough of the next wave, bump again! while every timber quivered at the shock, and the "dead marines" in my tiny cellar all chattered violently. Instant decision made me turn her about before a third time of striking, and so with all my power backing I managed to get her safely into deep water. But it would not be pleasant to sleep below, anchored at the bar all night, so I launched the dinghy, and spent an hour surveying the Channel, one perfectly easy if I had only found my guide book.

About 11 p.m., the Rob Roy rowed quietly into Boulogne, and then the difficulty was to find a proper berth, for all folks go early to bed in that port, I went up even to the sluices at the very end of the harbour,

but the sickening stench made me leave that part, and the strong stream from the open sluices nearly wrecked me more than once, by casting me on larger craft. Anchored lower down, and after 19 hours on the stretch the crew fell fast asleep until about 3 a.m., when a great lumbering French lugger ran into us, (a cluster of small craft,) nearly heeling me over, but I was up in an instant, and found the fluke of the Frenchman's anchor was foul of my mizen. Poor little mizen, how the mast bent and creaked and strained its wire shrouds till we were free. On the 20th, I sailed from Boulogne to Tréport more than 50 miles, with a leading wind—fishing by the way and uncommonly jolly. I hoisted two or three of my pretty flags, very carefully made by Mr. Bell at the Model Dockyard in Fleet Street, and specially intended for inspection in a day or two hence at the Paris Exhibition. In the afternoon suddenly the wind calmed, a thunder storm came, and immediately a stiff breeze with plenty of broken crests. I noticed several vessels to windward, taking in sail, &c.; I lay to, double-reefed my mainsail, took a reef in the jib, and changed from a long mizen to a jib-headed one. It was well I did this in time, for the breeze freshened up and I ran before it straight to Tréport. Of course the chief difficulty of any voyage is the getting into harbour where so many things have to be done at once, and a strange port has to be entered, finding your own way. The pier was crowded as they saw me buffeting the big rollers on the banks, but I steered her right into the proper channel and safely anchored. My hands were dreadfully mauled by so much tugging and hauling at new ropes, and they are now as chapped and hopelessly begrimed as those of any collier brig's boatswain. But then health and spirits, and weather and wind have all been excellent.

The Onyx, an English built cutter of 10 tons, belonging to M. Charles, berthed me alongside and invited me to dinner. Several English yachtsmen have thus befriended the solitary sailor, and as for feeling lonely, why I have scarcely a moment to spare for all the writing and arithmetic which I have got to do, not to speak of drawing and fishing, and the innumerable odds and ends of work, which your nautical readers very well know are sure to turn up every day for many weeks at sea, especially when your boat is new and every single thing has to be done by one man—by one too who insists upon keeping all from truck to keel in perfect trim, smart and clean and ship shape.

On the 22nd, the Onyx and the Rob Roy left Tréport in company with a fine breeze, and arrived at Dieppe where the Onyx left me, but I found no fewer than twelve English yachts at Dieppe, the Aline, Blue Bell, &c. On the Sunday I made a voyage in my dinghy among the

fishing vessels and steamers, English and French, and gave the men books, periodicals, and testaments. This plan is a very useful addition to the pleasure of a voyage, and I cannot remember any occasion on which sailors are ungrateful for these presents.

On Monday 24th, I intended if possible to reach Fécamp, a run of about 30 miles, and so to leave the next day the somewhat anxious work of doubling Cape d'Antifer. Now I had found my lost volume of the "Channel Pilot," and seeing by its account how difficult a port Fécamp is to enter when the tide is cross, the idea occurred to me why not run on to Havre this very night if the breeze holds good? This was rather a new idea to take in at once as I had not read up my bearings and tide sets, for that part of the course. However I started at 4h. 30m. a.m., and held on to a fishing smack which was being towed out of the harbour, so I got a good offing for a franc, and then bore away southerly, reaching Fécamp at ten. I made up my mind to carry on—read my book by snatches, cooked a right good dinner, and sped away to Cape d'Antifer. The cliffs all along this coast are white and lofty up and down walls until at Etretat, my "Pilot" said there would be a high swell if the tide met the wind. The book was right indeed, and I shipped several rather wet seas, and had at least two hours of a hard struggle to get on through the tide race one mile. After Cape d'Antifer I reached well to within four miles of Cape de la Hève where the wind dropped dead, and I lolled about for three hours, with that horrid "flap-a-lap" of the mainsail the only music, a sort of angry protest against things in general. I was certainly a little anxious here, for if the wind dropped round to west, I might expect a very bad time of it, and a night of beating in a very heavy sea. Time passed, the air again ruffled the water to windward, and the Rob Roy moved cheerily just as the two light-houses on the top of the Cape glistened in the evening gloaming. I lighted up my compass too and studied my chart and book well, and sighted the red buoy just in time, and brewed a stiff glass of grog, and then ran comfortably to the harbour at Havre, where I anchored at 11 p.m., and at once ordered a case of hotch potch to be heated up by my cook as a midnight dinner, and finished with a pipe of good cavendish. The papers have chronicled the voyage in every port and very many visitors came aboard each day.

Thus a very charming fortnight has been spent in the Rob Roy, and I am writing these lines on board while a steamer tows me up the Seine, a business of three days, but pleasant enough when the weather is magnificent as at present, and the aneroid points steadily to 30° 7'. At St.

Cloud I hope to scrape and paint, and varnish and scrub, and then I do think the little yawl Rob Roy will be worth shewing at the Exhibition. Meantime pray accept this long but hastily spun yarn from

HER CAPTAIN.

June 28th, 1867.

### ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE annual sailing matches of the above Club came off on Saturday, the 29th June, and though the meteorological star of the Liver was decidedly in the ascendant, a gloom was cast on the Sailing Committee, and those of the Club whose interests are centred in a well sailed match, by the fact that there could be no race for the £100 cup.

The Fiona was the only entry of first class cutters, a circumstance very much to be regretted, and shewing a sad falling off from last year, when the Phryne, Mosquito, Vindex, Fiona, Christabel, Banshee, and Vanguard came to the post. It was fortunate the original plan of making two days of this aquatic festival had been abandoned, as had it not been so it would have been impossible to have made more than one day's amusement with the paucity of yachts in the harbour, a paucity to be accounted for by the facts that the attractions "down south" are very great, and that two of last year's competitors are in the market, while a third is out of commission.

No one appearing to take up the Fiona's gauntlet, the £100 cup was not competed for, and of course remains in the hands of the Club, which also very liberally offered a £50 cup for yachts of from 20 to 40 tons, and a £30 cup for yachts of 20 tons and under, the Vice-Commodore (T. W. Tetley, Esq.,) kindly adding a "Consolation Stake" in the shape of a very pretty £10 cup for the second boat.

For the £50 cup the entries were :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
774	Glance .....	cutter	35	A. Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
1345	Secret .....	cutter	31	D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
40	Amber Witch.....	yawl	38	J. McCurdy, Esq.	Wanhill

Of the two former nothing need be said, they are so well known to our readers, the latter is a very fine, handsome looking yawl of Wanhill's, and though built in 61 is new to these waters, but having distinguished herself in the P.A. Ocean match from Holyhead, and also at

the second class match of the same Club, she had her admirers, more particularly as the breeze was in favour of the rig.

The course was from the flag-ship off Prince's landing stage, past Bell buoy to N.W. Light-ship, thence past Fairway buoy, Victoria Channel, to Bell buoy, this part of course twice round, thence back to landing stage.

At 9h. 30m., they were at their respective stations, when expecting an almost immediate start they commenced setting their mainsails. The wind at the time was strong from W.N.W., and after the Glance's mainsail had been some little time hoisted the wind got hold of it, and she shewed her powers of travelling over a tide way, by putting such a strain upon the mooring rope as to crush in the rail, and carry away sundry feet of her bulwarks. This of course obliged her to let go her moorings, and away she went up the river, and when the gun, sundry minutes after the appointed time, did fire, she got a miserable start, while Amber Witch and Secret, not having dragged, got a famous lead, as they headed away down the river.

It was a dead beat to the Bell buoy, Secret and Glance each with a reef down, while the yawl carried her whole mainsail, and right well she carried it. The line of sailing was now Secret, Amber Witch, Glance, and every one anticipated in the strong breeze that the Secret would have made a better fight of it, as, according to the initiated in such matters, she carries a vast amount of ballast, or, in other words her great displacement for her registered tonnage, and therefore it was expected that in a loup of a sea and with a single reefed mainsail she should have done well; such however was not the case, as the Amber Witch overhauled her on each tack, and eventually going through her lee came out on her weather the next tack. A little further on, off New Brighton, Glance came dashing along and served her the same trick, so that from having been in the van she was now in the rear of the little fleet, when shortly after she retired from the contest. The Glance and Amber Witch were now left to fight it out, and they both walked along tack for tack in fine style; but for all the good start obtained by Amber Witch and for all her good sailing it was a case of yawl *versus* cutter, and 'ere long it was apparent to all that the Glance was holding a better wind, and slowly but surely overhauling her rival.

With a fine breeze, a single reefed mainsail, housed topmast, and second jib, the Glance, seemed to have lost none of those qualities for which she is so justly celebrated, and walking along in her best form she gradually overhauled Amber Witch, until close to Crosby Light-ship she managed to weather her. From thence to Bell buoy she continued

the lead, and in spite of the good sailing of the yawl they passed the Bell buoy thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Glance .....	12 16 25	Amber Witch .....	12 14 20

So that, taking into consideration her bad start, the Glance had certainly gained from six to seven minutes on the yawl thus far, when it was a long stretch to the light-ship, which was passed in the same order and in much the same position. Once round the light-ship topsails were set and sheets were eased off for the Fairway Bell Beacon, where shortly after rounding the latter point one of these untoward accidents befel the poor Glance, which will sometimes happen at the wrong time and to the wrong person, and at once put an end to Glance's chance of victory when it appeared within her grasp. The topmast without the slightest warning, and with scarcely any strain upon it gave way with a crash, half way between the fid and sheeve hole, leaving Glance just at the very time when wind was fair and lightening, without the aid of her topsail. Every one felt mortified at the accident, not only because a termination was put to a hitherto well contested match, but also that it should have happened to one who always sails for sport, and as a gentleman should sail his vessel. However there was nothing for it for those on board but to clear away the wreck, and when that was done to look round and see Amber Witch upon them, and hard lines it must have been to witness the turn the wheel of fortune had taken, as Amber Witch with her second topsail drew under Glance's lee, and led her the second time past the Bell buoy.

From this point all interest in the race was of course at an end, and the want of excitement began to tell heavily upon the fair sex, and to cause many of them on board the Club steamer, which moved slowly and heavily to the western swell, to look pale, pensive, and poorly, and, must we add, to succumb to the God Neptune, in spite of that most excellent panacea for sea-sickness, so ably prepared at Epernay by Messrs. Mœt and Chandon, a plentiful supply of which was on board. Nothing further worthy of record occurred, Amber Witch of course going away from Glance in spite of a jury rigged topsail, and putting a still further interval between them, as they went on their homeward track, the match terminating thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Amber Witch .....	4 22 52	Glance .....	4 41 30

The race for the £30 cup brought out a most excellent entry; a very just return to the Royal Mersey for the liberal manner in which they always treat the small class yachts. The following six yachts appearing at the buoys.

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1324	Saraband .....	schooner	13	H. M. Scott, Esq.	Curphy
1547	Torch .....	cutter	15	G. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
712	Kittiwake .....	cutter	20	Capt. Iremonger	Owner
23	Alexandra .....	cutter	15	A. Bald, Esq.	Mill In. Co.
809	Magnet .....	cutter	12	W. J. Conlan, Esq.	Holden
517	Frolic .....	cutter	14	C. M. Richardson, Esq.	Owen

The Saraband is a new schooner built at the Isle of Man from designs by Fife, and proved herself a very fast little craft in this her first *début*. All the others are doubtless well known, except perhaps Frolic, which was never intended as a racing craft and was built on the Menai Straits something after Kittiwake's model.

According to instructions they all took up their stations at 9h. 30m., but for two hours the yachts were kept with mainsails up, straining fearfully at their mooring ropes, without any intimation from the committee that it was not the intention to start them for that length of time. Had the different owners been advised of this fact it would not have been of such consequence, but without such knowledge it was very vexatious, as reefs and other matters were hurriedly done, when every minute was expected to be the last, which could of course have been better done under other circumstances, and in this particular case mainsails need not have been hoisted for an hour and a half, after they were hoisted, and all the strain put on the vessels and the ropes have been avoided. A four-oared boat would have been but little trouble to the committee, and have saved much vexation and annoyance to the crews of the smaller craft. None but those accustomed to racing can understand how extremely trying it is to a crew, and every one on board, to be kept for such a length of time in suspense; and committees generally cannot be too particular in giving proper instructions and observing the most rigid punctuality. However as all things in this sublunary sphere must come to an end so did this vexatious delay, and at 11h. 45m. an excellent start was effected. Saraband, Torch, and Alexandra swinging round and starting off on port tack, the other three on the starboard tack. Torch got a good start as usual and at once went to the front closely followed by Alexandra, Saraband, Magnet, Kittiwake, and Frolic, all with single reefed mainsails except Kittiwake and Frolic, the former, we suppose expecting more wind, having two reefs in, the latter a whole mainsail. After the second tack Kittiwake overhauled Saraband and Magnet, going into third place, and shortly after when standing on the starboard tack she met the Alexandra on the port tack, the latter putting Kittiwake about in the most bare

faced manner, or Kittiwake must have run her down. This of course gave rise to one of those disagreeable protests which so mar the pleasures of our committees, but it was a case that could not have been passed over by the owner of the Kittiwake, though in no way mercenarily interested. The committee disallowed the protest, and possibly they may have had a difficult point to decide, but from what we have heard we venture to think that had the committee been on the bowsprit end of the Kittiwake before she went about, they would have shouted "lee helm," many seconds previously to those when her helm was put down, and have afterwards come to a different conclusion. At the same time we know how difficult it is to decide upon such matters, and very much regret that it should be so, as such decision as that of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club committee most unintentionally and much against their will, countenance a species of jockeying, more adapted to another arena than that in which gentlemen only are supposed to contend. The next tack Kittiwake was enough to windward to prevent disputes, and then held on tack and tack with Torch, until by some mismanagement she got in irons when she dropped astern, and the wind now becoming lighter her two-reefed mainsail stood her in bad stead, the others fast closing on her. Between the Rock Lighthouse and Crosby Frolic overhauled Magnet and Saraband, the order of racing being Torch, Kittiwake, Alexandra, Frolic, Saraband, Magnet: the little schooner going uncommonly well, through the lops of a sea caused by the tide meeting the wind; and, wishing to be impartial, we may fairly say that one and all made good weather of it. Between Crosby and Formby Kittiwake began shaking out her reef and shifting jibs, and while so employed was overhauled by Alexandra and Frolic, and though she weathered Frolic shortly after, she could not weather the former, in spite of her carrying away her bobstay, until she caught her at Bell buoy, this point being rounded thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Torch .....	1 55 25	Kittiwake .....	2 3 15	Saraband .....	2 9 0
Alexandra .....	2 3 10	Frolic .....	2 6 25	Magnet .....	2 13 30

It was "ease off" for the Fairway buoy of Victoria Channel, when Kittiwake passed Alexandra, going into second place, and retaining it to the end. It was now "gibe-ho" past Victoria Fairway buoy and back again to Bell buoy, no further change of position in the others occurring, Bell buoy being rounded for the last time :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Torch .....	2 11 35	Alexandra .....	2 20 30	Saraband .....	2 25 30
Kittiwake .....	2 19 50	Frolic .....	2 22 0	Magnet .....	2 30 15

Topsails of various dimensions were now hoisted with all possible



despatch, little Saraband displaying one of very fair proportions which materially affected her prospects, and brought her into third place.— Kittiwake also overhauling Torch in the run up. A very good race terminating at the Prince's Landing Stage, opposite to which the Club steamer came to anchor thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Torch .....	4 0 39	Alexandra .....	4 9 54	Frolic .....	4 14 6
Kittiwake .....	4 7 57	Saraband .....	4 13 42	Magnet .....	4 11 10

Immediately after the arrival of the Glance the Commodore presented the first prize to Mr. Scovell, who in the absence of Mr. McCurdy sailed the Amber Witch, and spoke of the yawl in the most eulogistic terms. In presenting the prize for the smaller class to Mr. Thompson, the Commodore complimented him on the possession of a vessel which he believed to be the fastest of her class. He said that Mr. Thompson had won the same cup at Liverpool last year, and he hoped that he would also win it next year, a hope we have not since been able to ascertain is joined in by the unsuccessful candidates. The Consolation Stake went to Alexandra.

### ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB CHANNEL MATCH.

Our account of this race which should have appeared in last month's number did not reach us in time, owing we regret to say, to our valued correspondent having had a capsize during a squall whilst coming ashore in his dinghy, and in the struggle that ensued making pretty considerable "Scouse" of his notes. However we now present it to our readers, in order to preserve authentic records in the *Magazine*, that on a future day, and perhaps by a future generation, may be read with interest. This match was originated by Mr. P. B. Drinkwater, who with all the enthusiasm of a thorough yachtsman, seems determined to tread worthily in the footsteps of his predecessor, as Rear-Commodore of the briny Royal Merseys; seeing that a match rarely proves sufficiently attractive to the A1 clippers, without a memento worthy to record the victory, the gallant officer quickly solved this doubt by presenting a handsome piece of plate—in the shape of a richly wrought cup, naming Friday, June 7th, to start from the Sloyne, and sail a right away race for the beautiful bay of Douglas in that rare old Island—cycloped Man.

The following capital entry was handicapped by Messrs. Drinkwater, Harris, and Ross, and such satisfaction did these gentlemen give by

their skilful manipulation of the multiplication table that all accepted: we did not hear of a single objection.

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons.	Owners	Handicap allowance.
461	Fiona .....	cutter	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	
58	Ariadne .....	schooner	90	G. Petty, Esq.	50 min.
705	Kilmeny .....	cutter	30	D. Finlay, Esq.	60 "
574	Glance .....	cutter	35	A. Wood, Esq.	65 "
1065	Phasma .....	cutter	35	J. Lloyd, Esq.	75 "
1295	Rowena .....	schooner	61	Col. M'Corquodale	75 "
594	Gurnet .....	cutter	28	G. Rae, Esq.	120 "
	Lily of Exe .....	cutter	20	A. Eyton, Esq.	120 "
1324	Saraband .....	schooner	12	H. M. Scott, Esq.	130 "
517	Frolic .....	cutter	12	C. M. Richardson, Esq.	150 "
23	Alexandra .....	cutter	15	A. Bald, Esq.	150 "
809	Magnet .....	cutter	12	W. J. Conlan, Esq.	

Rear-Commodore Drinkwater was astir betimes on the morning of that Friday, and the handspike on the "fok-sle" hatch warned the lazy ones 'twas time to have their eyes skinned long 'ere the shades of night had left the sky; after a vast amount of exertion he at length got the "canvas backs" ranged abeam of the landing-stage in tolerably average order, and immediately they were so a gun from his yawl, the Snipe, sent them away at 3h. 30m. a.m. It was all very well for foul saltpetre to say "start," and anxious "Dicky Short's" to whistle and cry "blow," but where was the wind to come from? A Dutchman's hurricane prevailed with much severity, and save the ebbing tide of the gentle Mersey motive power there was none: this particular motor is not a bad "sort" of its kind, seeing as how it took the fleet away down, and the little Saraband was as busy as a certain unmentionable baby in a mud wall, whilst the crews of the other vessels had various kinds of considering caps on, for the symptoms of early morning present such a variety of phases of weather, particularly when influenced by the cabin or fok-sle temperature of the previous sun-down, that a diversity of vision is sure to perplex by infinity of aspect. Some were for making sail, whilst others displayed a most rigid economy of canvas, but off New Brighton a fierce squall accompanied by a deluge of rain, cleared up intellects and doubts in the most satisfactory manner, down came gaff-topsails and topmasts faster than ever they went aloft, and the vessels that drifted fastest met the wild nor'-wester with a will, whilst those astern found themselves in that unenviable locality called No. 1, Queer Street, dead away to leeward and "no flies, *sir-ee*." Almost like the touch of a magician's wand this Rock Abracadabra set the charmed ones agoing, and gave a very significant hint that the handicappers

had their wits "on end" when distributing the allowance of time, as the Fiona, Ariadne, Kilmeny, Glance, and Phasma made a dash to the front, the Fiona as the hunted one being jealously attended; but away went the Fairlie clipper tack for tack down Channel, eating into the slashing nor'-wester and launching through the heavy sea rapidly getting up, as if she meant to set all tables of time, and labours of handicappers at defiance, and was wanted on urgent private affairs somewhere near the red buoy under the battery of Fort Anne; but the old luck of a "Friday's Sail," despite what common sense and wisdom-mongers say contrariwise, will assert itself—so "Jack" says, has said, and will say—any time during centuries past and to come, and who dare gainsay the turn of that quid and the shrug of those brawny shoulders, the Fiona met her slice at the most importune moment when every inch of water was worth gold to her, and carried away her gaff in the slings, compelling her to set a trysail; up came the whole fleet hand over hand on the poor maimed barkie, led by the Ariadne, Kilmeny, Phasma, and Glance, whilst following in the order of their names were the Rowena, Saraband, Lily of Exe, Gurnet, Frolic, and Alexandra. The Magnet apparently considering the proverb relating to prudence, &c., and not liking the latest quotations of the weather exchange, discreetly put her helm up and made a fair wind of it in the direction of Runcorn.

From the Nor'-west Light-ship they had the wind dead on end, with thundering squalls of rain, which ever and anon wrapt the vessels in whirling pillars of mist and spindrift, amidst which the Rear-commandore's yawl, the Snipe, as hardy and swift a little sea rover as ever turned a foam track, went dancing along to windward in the midst of the fun; in fact like Silas Scrabster at the Vermont "difference" she was all "thar" when the fight became free; the Kilmeny apparently confident that with the Fiona reduced to a trysail she was able to tackle her under the same sail, furled her mainsail and set a very becoming storm evader, but she made a mistake and let the Ariadne shove her bowsprit so deep into the pie that when the prize plum came to be sought for she had it hard and fast, spiked on her jib-boom end; whilst the Phasma taught her a trick also, by standing up to her canvas and going through the sea, and to the wind after a fashion which we always thought she was fully capable of when handled; and if we err not this same Phasma has more in her than has ever yet been taken out of her. The Ariadne now tackled the Fiona, and being able to carry her canvas well, she launched through the seas at a slashing pace. About noon there was a fresh hand to the bellows, and the veriest glutton of weather must have had more than a feast; fast and furious raged the summer

burst, and wicked bursts these are; the *Ariadne* powerful as she is, was forced to hand her fore, and shift her main-topsail for a smaller one, whilst the *Phasma* hardened down a row of knittles, and made things generally tidier, and the *Snipe* hardy as her namesake was stripped to her lower canvas; in the meantime all hands astern were enjoying in turn their slice of Friday's luck. The *Alexandra*, *Frolic* and *Saraband* could stand it no longer, and bore away for Holyhead or Beaumaris, having carried away portions of their gear, the *Glance* did not seem to go in the heavy weather as we have seen her do by any means, for she *can* go in weather we know of old, notwithstanding what has been recently said to the contrary; as they approached the Manx land the wind drew down as usual, along the edge of the lime deeps, drawing down north-east from the Solway, which gave them a lift into Douglas Bay, the *Fiona* crippled as she was still leading, and the *Phasma* a rattling third; but the *Ariadne* at the last getting a schooner's "slice" from the neighbourhood of Old Black Combe, just managed to nail the Scotch flyer on the flag-ship by four minutes, with a very thin squeak indeed from the *Phasma* of but ten seconds. The chapter of accidents however kept increasing with a rapidity of incident only to be paralleled in a thoroughly sensational volume, for the *Glance* parted company with her bowsprit, and the *Ariadne* carried away her main-boom almost at the conclusion of the struggle. A memorable and exciting race which tested both vessels and crews severely, terminated at the flag-mark in the following order and times:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
<i>Fiona</i> .....	3	55	58	<i>Phasma</i> ...	5	7	7
<i>Ariadne</i> .....	4	41	47	<i>Kilmeny</i> .....	6	14	7

This was something like the olden time-matches we remember in the Mersey club, and which first made its renown; and although many more brilliant campaigns have taken place in recent years over the local course, the old hands will hardly forget the early struggles which they took part in.

### SAILING BARGE MATCHES.

THESE occurred on the 11th July, a day which will be long remembered by the *habitués* of the Thames, as one that surpassed all sights ever seen on its waters. Some eight or ten steamers, with bands of music and a profuse display of gaudy coloured bunting, filled with our Belgian visitors, who were loudly cheered as they proceeded on their course to the metropolis, from that noble specimen of British architec-

ture—the Serapis, surrounded by a numerous flotilla of yachts, and craft of all descriptions, and a fleet of thirty-six barges under sail, gently yielding to the pressure of a good steady E.S.E. breeze. The sun put forth all its resplendant beams—the sky pure and unclouded, and smiling faces with joyous greetings must have impressed on the strangers an idea that we, as a nation, were blest with happiness and plenty.

The establishment of barge matches, is mainly attributable, we believe, to that friend of the working classes—Mr. Henry Dodd, whose efforts to raise the *bargees* to a just estimation of *self*, have been generously aided by the owners in general, and most of the merchants connected with the carrying trade on the Thames and its surrounding tributaries. Beside these matches create a friendly rivalry to build a class of vessels which in addition to their ample tonnage and accommodation, shall possess speed, and thus facilitate the deliverance of cargo in time for the merchants to fulfil their contracts on the several markets.

On the present occasion there were three prizes in silver cups for the owners, and three money prizes for the crews of each class of barge, viz :—Topsails, not exceeding 50 tons register, and Spritsails not exceeding 45 tons register.

TOPSAILS.			SPRITSAILS.		
1st. prize 18 <i>l</i> .	to owner,	10 <i>l</i> . 10 <i>s</i> . to crew	1st. prize 15 <i>l</i> .	to owner,	10 <i>l</i> . to crew
2nd. prize 12 <i>l</i> .	"	5 <i>l</i> . 5 <i>s</i> . "	2nd. prize 10 <i>l</i> .	"	5 <i>l</i> "
3rd. prize 8 <i>l</i> .	"	3 <i>l</i> . 3 <i>s</i> . "	3rd. prize 7 <i>l</i> .	"	3 <i>l</i> . "
Barge	$\frac{g}{t}$	Owners	Barge	$\frac{g}{t}$	Owners
Flower of Kent	43	T. Simmonds	Louisa & Alice	32	W. and A. Bird
Perseverance	42	Wm. Bromley	Jessie	34	Ben Jacob
Monarch	46	J. Filmer	Monarch	37	Lee, Son, and Smith
R. O. W.	42	Robert Stone	Severn	40	Grays Chalk Quarries
Robert Stone	42	Ditto	Charles	38	C. Wood
Swiftsure	39	G. Higham	Renown	37	Lee, Son, and Smith
Blue Bell	37	George Burrell	Superb	39	Ditto
Agnes	40	G. Parker	Geo. Ranger	35	G. T. Woolton
Bertha	40	Ditto	C. T. F.	33	C. and W. Fuller
William Stone	43	William Stone	Stanley	36	W. Wood
Alberta	42	Court & Co.	Murton	35	H. Chambers
Judy	35	J. D. Drake	Blackfriars	39	Lee, Son, and Smith
Waterloo	48	A. Roakes	Maria	35	Charles Wood
Eliza	48	Ditto	W. H. F.	34	C. and W. Fuller
Polka	29	Henry Dodd	Charles	32	James Brice
Frank Filmer	36	John Filmer	Number One	33	Nash and Miller
Sarah & Eliza	35	Robert Watts	Princess	36	J. Depcke
Lizzie	38	Horsford & Taylor			
Rover	37	Surridge & Hartnoll			

No allowance for difference of tonnage.

The match was intended from Erith to the Nore and back, but it

was deemed advisable to "pull up" at the Mucking, of which more anon. On our arrival at Erith the sight was gladdened by the appearance of a fleet of fresh painted craft with ready crews, moored in two pretty accurately drawn lines. The spritsails were moored below the topsails, and their start was effected at 11h. 24m. 45s. The *Monarch*\* taking the lead followed as we made them out by *Louisa* and *Alice* second, and *Jessie* third—(should some slight discrepancy take place in our account, we hope our friends will bear in mind the difficulty of following implicitly the tactics of seventeen vessels all under sail at the same moment, crossing and recrossing, each other like bees in a hive.) The fleet took a northerly direction, excepting one who preferred the fragrance of Erith Gardens. The wind at starting was a fresh E.S.E., breeze, quite sufficient to allow the competing crews to show their dexterity in handling their burden bearing craft, and we must give them the credit of saying that no "Jack Nicholls," or "Tim Walker," could in their dainty yachts, beat these hard working men.

At 11h. 34m., the topsail vessels started in chase of their sisters, with the *Alberta* leading, followed by *Monarch* second, and *Bertha* third, this was the order at first as near as we could make out—and even these in a short time became intermingled with the rest. In the beat down the Rands against wind some changes occurred, and the *Blue Bell* was leading, but where she obtained the lead it is impossible in such a fleet to say. In Long Reach, the leading topsails were *Blue Bell*, *Monarch*, and *Bertha*, and we picked out of the ruck of the Spritsails, the *Maria* first, followed at a distance by *Princess* second, *Blackfriars* third, *Superb* fourth, *Stanley* fifth, *C. T. F.* sixth, *Geo. Ranger* seventh—the others jogging along very creditably. In Gravesend Reach the *Monarch* (topsail) gained on the *Blue Bell*, and eventually in the Lower Hope passed her and took the lead, whilst the *Bertha* was also doing her best to pass *Blue Bell*. Preparations were now made for the rounding of the fleet, and directly off the Mucking Light the Club steamer's mud hook was let go, and about 2h. 42m., the first vessel, the *Maria* (spritsail) had the saluting gun, followed by *Monarch* and *Blue Bell* (topsails), then *Blackfriars* (spritsail), *Bertha* (topsail), then *Renown*, *Severn*, *Monarch*, *Stanley*, and the following spritsails also rounded—*Princess*, *Murton*, *Superb*, *George Ranger*, *Louisa* and *Alice*, *Charles*, *Jessie*, and *Charles* (2nd.) In the topsails *Robert Stone*, *Flower of Kent*, *Alberta*, *Swiftsure*, *R. O. W.*, *Agnes*, *Perseverance*, *Lizzie*, *Frank Filmer*, and *Judy*; therefore we may reckon the rounding

\* In each class was a vessel named *Monarch*, so that our readers will be careful not to confound one with the other.

thus:—topsails 13 out of 19 starters, and spritsails 14 out of 17 starters.

Immediately after the above passed, the steamer turned her nose homeward, and as the whole fleet had eased off sheets and boomed out jibs for the run back, she had to be well plied with black diamonds to get within hail even of the last,—she at length overhauled and passed each craft arriving at Erith a few minutes ahead, and in time to take up a position for firing a salute as each rounded the Flag buoy. We timed the first four in each class as follows:—

TOPSAILS	h.	m.	s.	SPRITSAILS	h.	m.	s.
Monarch .....	5	0	0	Renown .....	5	21	0
Bertha .....	5	7	15	Monarch .....	5	23	0
Blue Bell .....	5	12	45	Blackfriars .....	5	23	15
Alberta .....	5	15	0	Maria .....	5	24	0

We timed several others but the above will suffice to show how closely they were sailed, in fact the several crews were universally commended for the skill and able management of their respective craft, there was no "jockeying," no "putting about," and above all no "protest": throughout the match there was only one "touch-and-go" affair, and that was settled by the crews "chaffing" each other.

Commodore Cecil Long of the P. W. Y. C., officiated as commander on this occasion, a duty which he discharged with the same gentlemanly kindness and urbanity that has in past matches given such satisfaction to the owners and crews of the respective barges. After some excellent remarks on the great benefit to be derived by the unity of masters and men, he presented the first topsail prize to Mr. J. Filmer, (Monarch); the second to Mr. G. Parker, (Bertha); and the third to Mr. G. Burrell, (Blue Bell). The prizes for spritsails all went to Messrs. Lee, Son, and Smith, whose barges the Renown, Monarch, and Blackfriars, came in a cluster at the finish. One gentleman in the early part of the race expressed his decided opinion that *he* should take home one prize, and *he feared two!*—but his prophecy was not completed, as his craft was 45 seconds behind the last of the spritsails. He bore his defeat like a good Samaritan, saying "It was but right others should win as he had done the prior year." Every one seemed happy, and a really pleasant party of some 400 witnessed the sport from the decks of the Princess Alice, having freely invested a guinea each for the trip only.

The Committee must have been much gratified by the success which has attended their exertions, and to them owners and men are greatly indebted.

## ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB OF IRELAND REGATTA.

THIS annual meeting was held at Queenstown on Thursday, June 20th, the principal prize offered was the Queen's Cup—value 100 guineas, with a second race open to vessels of the same class for a prize of £40. It appears that vessels might enter for both these prizes, and on the morning of the race elect which match they would start in. The following were the entries, the first five vessels being entered for both prizes, the Fiona for the Queen's Cup only.

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
80	Avalanche .....	cutter	50	J. Wheeler, Esq.	Wheeler
620	Heroine .....	cutter	51	J. C. Atkins, Esq.	Wanhill
319	Dione .....	cutter	44	P. S. French, Esq.	Hatcher
1560	Torpid .....	cutter	28	Major Longfield	Day & Co.
1354	Secret .....	cutter	31	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
481	Fiona .....	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife

An awkward circumstance took place with regard to this race, which has unfortunately originated a rather unpleasant feeling. The fame which the Fiona has so justly earned proved prejudicial to her chance for Her Majesty's splendid gift, for the owners of all the smaller vessels entered, considering themselves overmatched by such a rival, declared their intention of sailing for the £40 prize, thus leaving her without a competitor: Mr. Boutcher feeling naturally indignant at what on the first blush did look very like a combined movement to exclude his vessel from sailing for the only prize open to him, remonstrated strongly against such a proceeding, saying that having come from the Mersey specially to sail for this prize, at no little expense and inconvenience, it was rather hard treatment. Here then were the members of the Sailing Committee placed in a most disagreeable dilemma, they were compelled in fairness to admit the justice of Mr. Boutcher's remonstrance, but their rules distinctly stated that three yachts should start or no race, and also admitting of the other vessels entering for the smaller prize, of course they had no right to interfere with any yacht owner's decision as to which race he chose to start for. The only answer therefore that could be given to Mr. Boutcher's remonstrance was that the race for the Queen's Cup should be postponed to a future occasion when sufficient entries could be obtained; we shall not allude here to the private opinions expressed upon the subject; it was very unfortunate that of the five seceding vessels—four should be owned by local



residents, and we believe there can be little doubt had the *Fiona* not arrived on the morning of the race, these vessels would have sailed for Her Majesty's Cup; no other inference can be deduced therefore than that it was looked upon in the light of making the *Fiona* a present of the cup by sending such a fleet against her, and that a postponement was effected by means of the parliamentary practice of sticking to the strict letter of the rules, which afforded the possibility of legitimately excluding the much feared clipper, and to the chapter of accidents sending some more capable competitors to give her battle, or failing this—which we cannot think possible—to reduce the prize of the Queen—given to encourage yachting generally, to a mere local match. Taking a broad view of the subject we cannot wonder that Mr. Boutcher was naturally most indignant, and could the Queenstown Sailing Committee have effected any arrangement to constitute a race, their conduct would be most unjustifiable; but the gross fault lay in the framing of their rules, and they will do wisely carefully to revise them, that is if they wish to maintain their high position amongst other Royal Yacht Clubs, and desire stranger clippers to visit their beautiful station, and add interest and excitement to their regattas.

The other vessels above named started at 12 o'clock for the £40 prize, the *Dione* leading from the start, and they passed Roche's Point Light going out for the first round of the sea-going course with the *Torpid*, *Heroine*, *Avalanche*, and *Secret* in the order of their names, but as the account of a race without any result would not interest our readers present, or to come, suffice it to say a flat calm put an end to this, as also to another race of smaller yachts started at one o'clock.

On Friday the same vessels with the exception of *Torpid* started again for the £40 prize, and as the wind was light it was decided to sail but once round the long course; with fine weather and a southeasterly air—just moving them, they got away shortly after noon. As on the previous day the *Dione* quickly went to the front, hard pressed however by the *Heroine*, with the *Avalanche* and *Secret* in close attendance; going down through the Man-o'-war roads the *Avalanche* ranged abeam of both, and shortly after took the lead in gallant style, the *Heroine* passing the *Dione* into second place; on getting out to sea however the *Dione* again resumed the lead, but here there appeared to be a total absence of flag-boats, and the vessels cut out a course for themselves, going over a distance as nearly as could be guessed to where the mark vessels should have been; nearing the harbour again the *Secret* had got on good terms with the *Dione*, the *Avalanche* just astern of them, and the *Heroine* caught in a calm outside; it became a drift-

ing match in the harbour, the flag-ship being eventually reached with the aid of tide by the *Dione* first, *Secret* second, and *Avalanche* third. The *Dione* was declared the winner.

The smaller yachts *Erin*, *Calypso*, *Esk*, and *Laura*, made another attempt to relieve the Club of the £20 prize, but without effecting any decision of their difference; the flood tide catching them in the Narrows drifted them back to their moorings at 6h. 30m. p.m.

On Saturday the *Calypso*, 20 tons, Mr. R. T. Harvey; *Esk*, 10 tons, Mr. J. Beatty; and the *Erin*, 15 tons, Mr. G. Robinson, made their third essay for the £20. They got away on pretty fair terms, but eventually the contest appeared to be reduced to a match between the *Esk* and *Erin*, which vessels had a wicked struggle; when they got between the Narrows on the return for the flag-ship, a battle royal commenced for the weather gage, which eventuated in the *Esk* boring the *Erin* ashore, but in her eagerness to accomplish this enviable feat, the biter got bitten and plumped ashore herself; the *Calypso* taking advantage of this, to her, agreeable episode, roused herself to exertion, and was the first to "assist" at the flag-ship; but the owner of the *Esk* having got her afloat again soon made her appearance there also and claimed the prize, on the ground that there was not a member of a Royal Yacht Club on board the *Calypso*; the Committee held this claim to be good, and accordingly handed the prize to the *Esk*.

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### ROYAL HARWICH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

ON WEDNESDAY, June 26th, the ancient harbour of Harwich was the scene of much aquatic display, and with fine weather and a slashing nor'-easter, this meeting of canvas backs proved most enjoyable. The club chartered the *Pacific* Steam-ship which was moored in a convenient position abreast the Suffolk shore, and the spectators enjoyed a splendid view of the start, the buoys ranging in line between her and the land. The course was from these starting buoys down the harbour passing between Beach-end and Cliff-foot buoys, out to the Cork light-ship, thence to a flag-boat, moored off the Stone Bench, back to the harbour, up the Stour, to a flag-mark at Shotley, and thence to the flag-ship, a distance of some thirty-five miles.

The first match was for first-class cutters over 35 tons, time allowance quarter of a minute, prize £40, with £10 to the second vessel, for which the following clippers contended.

*Numbered in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Builders
1069	Phryne .....	cutter	55	T. Groves, jun., Esq.	Hatcher
1425	Sphinx .....	cutter	47	J. S. Earle, Esq.	Maudslay
1629	Vindex .....	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill. Iron Co.

Although the entry was small, as will be seen the vessels were celebrities, and no little interest attached to their meeting on this occasion.

At ten minutes after twelve o'clock, the starting gun sent the canvas flying aloft, the Vindex getting away with a good start, and as usual handled with a discretion and propriety that boded ill for any chance mistakes her rivals might fall into. Off the Beach-end the little iron ship went flying away with a dashing lead, and round the Cork Light to the Stone Bench; but from this mark it became a dead turn to windward, and then the Sphinx and Phryne succeeded in getting on terms with their wary rival; it became an exceedingly close and exciting part of the struggle, and the Sphinx succeeded in eating the Vindex out of the wind, a task requiring more than ordinary excellence in both vessel and crew, whilst the Phryne pressed the Vindex so closely that at times it was difficult to say which was in second place, but the nature of the contest may be inferred from the times at which they passed the committee vessel, viz:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Sphinx .....	1 54 40	Vindex .....	1 55 10	Phryne .....	1 55 30

Loud cheers hailed the Sphinx's performances so far, for she was contending against two of the gamest and most experienced match sailers afloat, men capable almost of making a vessel speak, that is to say the mystic language of the briny deep. Here the appearance of an ensign floating from the Phryne's signal halyards gave notice that the Vindex had fouled her, and in addition to that delicate attention, sprung her bowsprit; however at it again they went for the second round and passed the Pacific on their return voyage from Shotley thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Sphinx .....	2 15 10	Vindex .....	2 15 40	Phryne .....	2 16 20

It now became evident that barring the Phryne got a stronger wind to her fancy, the little "un's" were making the pace inconveniently warm for her, and when they got outside in the second round, it did blow fresher, just what they could carry all plain canvas to; but the Sphinx bravely supported her challenge, rather increasing her lead, and notwithstanding as beautiful a display of sailing science and handling as could be witnessed by the crews of the Vindex and Phryne, the Egyptian mystery continued one to them, for they could not bring her to any

sort of intelligible terms, although the Vindex on one or two occasions was within an ace of it; every inch of water was worked with the greatest nicety, and as they closed with the flag-ship on the run home, ringing cheers greeted the gallant crews engaged in this game struggle and evinced the delight of the spectators at the rare nautical treat such exquisite handling and seamanship afforded them; the flag-boat time was:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Sphinx .....	4 30 53	Vindex .....	4 31 55	Phryne.....	4 32 50

The Sphinx having to allow the Vindex thirty seconds, and the latter being thirty-two seconds over that time, and Mr. Groves, "making no further sign" of protest, as it was well known he would not, the Sphinx gallantly won the £40 prize. and the Vindex the £10.

A match between schooners and yawls for prizes of £25 to the first, presented by J. Kelk, Esq., M.P., and £10 by the club to the second vessel, brought the following to the starting buoys:—

*Numbered in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders.
1690	Water Witch ...	schooner	21	H. Allenby, Esq.	Aldous Halliday
60	Ariel .....	schooner	12	T. M. Reid, Esq.	
1828	Scandal .....	schooner	12	E. Fitzgerald, Esq.	

They were started at 12h. 24m., over the same course as the cutters, the Ariel getting away with the lead, with the Scandal second; when they got outside however the power of the Water Witch told, and she overhauled both Scandal and Ariel, taking such a lead as plainly indicated her power of winning; the Scandal deprived the Ariel of second place, and these relative positions were maintained throughout the remainder of the race, which terminated at the flag-ship in the following order and times:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Water Witch	6 11 50	Scandal .....	6 18 12	Ariel .....	6 23 10

The Water Witch was declared the winner of the £25 plate, with 1m. 42s. to spare, and the Scandal took the second prize of £10.

The Great Eastern Railway prizes of £15 15s., for the first, and £5 5s. for the second, for yachts not exceeding 16 tons, belonging to the club, brought out the following little clippers.

*Numbered in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Builders.
1826	Satanella .....	cutter	12	Capt. Bennet	Aldous Harvey Harvey
320	Dione .....	cutter	12	T. Field, Esq.	
128	Bessie .....	cutter	9	J. H. Hedge, Esq.	

These vessels were started at 12h. 34m., the *Satanella* taking the lead from start to finish, and with wind enough for single reefs, she launched away from her antagonists not giving them the ghost of a chance, as may be inferred from their times at the flag-ship.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Satanella</i> .....	5 57 15		<i>Dione</i> .....
			6 33 20

The *Bessie* which was entered only to comply with the terms of the race, not persevering to the end. The *Dione* took the prize of £5 5s.

Several local matches for trawlers and dredgers followed, with the usual rowing matches for river boats and amateurs, making up an excellent days sport.

The usual dinner held in the evening at the Great Eastern Hotel, Commodore Goodson presiding, supported in the vice-chair by P. Bruff, Esq., and attended by some sixty or seventy members and yacht owners, proved an agreeable termination to the festival; the prizes were presented to the several winners with the customary ceremonies, and an excellent meeting concluded in harmony and good fellowship.

### ROYAL EASTERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

On Saturday, June 29th, the annual regatta took place at Granton on the Firth of Forth, and afforded the usual pleasant outing to the lovers of a good race in the vicinity.

The first match was for a prize of 50 sovereigns, for vessels over 25 tons, half-a-minute allowance of time. For this were entered :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
381	<i>Ellida</i> .....	cutter	30	G. N. Duck, Esq.	Fife
705	<i>Kilmeny</i> .....	cutter	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
264	<i>Crusader</i> .....	cutter	30	J. A. Beveridge, Esq.	Fife

The course was from the flag-ship (H.M.S. gunboat *Erne*, kindly placed at the disposal of the Club by her Commander—Lieut. Dunlop, R.N., and moored off Granton Pier,) round a buoy off Leith, thence to Inchkeith, and lastly to Aberdour, from whence back to flag-ship; three times round, about 42 miles; there was a slashing breeze from west, just enough to carry all plain sail to.

At 11 o'clock the starting gun sent them away, fast as their canvas wings could carry them; the *Kilmeny* took the lead as was anticipated, but the *Ellida* soon showed that the cunning hand which had fashioned her sister, had not neglected her when speed was under consideration, for perhaps these two 30 tonners may be considered the fastest of

their size in the world, of modern built yachts ; it was evident the Crusader built also by Fife was overmatched by her two younger relatives, as she was not persevered with after the first round of the course. Away went the Kilmeny and Ellida for the Leith mark at a rare pace, the Kilmeny taking it in gallant style, and repeating the challenge round at the Inchkeith mark, after rounding which and going for Aberdour she carried away her topsail ; during the scrimmage that ensued the Ellida collared her and maintained the lead from thence to the second rounding of the flag-ship, but the Kilmeny was steadily and cautiously making up for the time lost by her accident, and perhaps never was a more exciting or interesting struggle witnessed, from the fact of their being sister vessels, the Kilmeny having made a renown for herself quite remarkable, and which the Ellida bids fair to equal if not exceed. Approaching the flag-ship for the last time the Kilmeny was warily and well handled, and she had need to be, but the Ellida was going along like a little steam ship and her crew as "spry as coons on a rail." However the Kilmeny managed to launch her length ahead, and amidst a ripping cheer the two shot past the flag-ship in the following order and times :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Kilmeny .....	4 19 32	Ellida .....	4 20 23

Thus at their first meeting the Kilmeny had the heels of rival by only 51 seconds ; to be sure she suffered from her accident ; but when the Ellida's crew sail another race or two with similar results, the Kilmeny will do well to look out for her laurels.

The second race was between vessels of from 15 to 25 tons, 45 seconds allowance of time for a prize of £30. The following vessels entered :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1897.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
41	Amina .....	cutter	22	R. M. Jones, Esq.	Hatcher
	Water Witch .....	schooner	25	W. Outram, Esq.	
683	Ivy .....	cutter	18	Capt. Cator	Marshall Fife
182	Carina .....	cutter	15	B. B. Bell, Esq.	

They were started at 11h. 20m. to go twice round the same course as the larger cutters ; the Water Witch made good work of it after the start, but the head-reaching on the cutters she of course could not hold such a wind, and off Burntisland she most unfortunately for herself carried away her bowsprit, and was thus compelled to bear up ; which the Amina had also done previously, thus reducing the race to a match

between the well known Ivy and the gallant little Carina, the little Clyde clipper showing her eastern cousin the manner in which they reckon seconds in the west, by counting the mystic three in her wake and winning the prize on time with 2m. 12s. to spare.

A number of local sailing and rowing matches provided plenty of amusement for the shore spectators, whilst the yachts were at the remote part of the course, and in particular a race between two four oared boats—"Womanned" by eight Newhaven fishwives, and which elicited shouts of laughter: from the eccentric proceedings of the fair oarswomen, for the boats they were in appeared to rival the Irishman's pig by going in every direction but the one they were wanting; one of them taking charge of her crew completely.

Altogether a most delightful day's sport was afforded the Grantonians and Edinburghers present, capital sailing matches and no end of athletic display by the rival oarsmen.

The Hon. Bouverie Primrose discharged the duties of Commodore for the day admirably, ably assisted by the Secretary of the Club, Mr. Archibald Young.

It is hardly credible, but nevertheless a fact, that although Granton is in the immediate vicinity of two such places as Leith and Edinburgh, not one farthing have either of these towns contributed to a prize for the encouragement of such a splendid station; this is in striking contrast to Greenock—where at the recent regatta of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, the town subscribed 150 guineas towards the prizes. At Granton the whole of the funds were raised by the members of the Royal Eastern Yacht Club and their immediate friends.

### ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

ON June 29th, the last match of this Club on the Thames for this season took place, and a very bad finish it turned out.—Prizes were offered for third and fourth class yachts, and three were entered in each, but the following only started:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
<b>THIRD CLASS.</b>					
1589	Vampire .....	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
1326	Satanella .....	cutter	15	Capt. Bennett	Aldous
<b>FOURTH CLASS.</b>					
164	Buccaneer .....	cutter	12	Capt. E. H. Bayly	Bulley
968	Octoroon .....	cutter	12	J. E. Cox, Esq.	Hatcher

The Queen and Dagmar did not appear. The former it appears went to Southampton for a new mast. The course as stated on the cards was from Gravesend to the Nore, and on this occasion was fully carried out, but *Æolus* gave little assistance, the tide mainly assisting, for it was still ebbing when the rounding took place.

The vessels were moored nearly opposite the Union Club House at Gravesend, and the starting gun released them from their buoys at 11 h. 54 m. They were speedily covered with canvas including "Spinnakers," and when in the act of so doing a seaman from the *Buccaneer* had the misfortune to fall overboard, but being an expert swimmer was enabled to keep afloat until picked up by the noble Vice-Commodore Lord de Ros, who was returning from the vessels, and by him put again on board the *Buccaneer*, his lordship remarking "it was a very narrow escape." The yacht, which had been hove in stays, now settled down to her work, and in the lower part of Gravesend Reach she "skedadled" past her companions, who sailed in company some time—alternately changing places. Off Shell Haven the *Vampire* was in the rear, the wind being light and variable; but nearing the Chapman she caught a breeze which sent her along until she became premier, and the Nore light was rounded thus:—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Vampire .....	4	10	30	Satanella .....	4	23	30
Buccaneer .....	4	18	45	Octoroon .....	4	35	34

The tide was now ebbing, and immediately on rounding up went squaresails and a track made to the north shore, where they went slowly along until the flowing tide gave them a fresh impetus, for a short period, as the wind chopping around to the west compelled them to douse their squaresails, take a fresh haul on the sheets, and proceed to inspect both shores in a very sluggish and tiresome manner, as they crossed and re-crossed. Disappointment and vexation was depicted in each countenance, until nearing Hole Haven the wind again came round to north, and with force sufficient to drive them ahead; *Vampire* when off the mouth of the Haven received the benefit of the blow therefrom, which awoke her up and she rattled away cheerily, followed at a distance by *Buccaneer*, and her compatriots. Fortunately this lasted into Gravesend Reach, when they were compelled to reduce sail in order to beat up to the flag-buoy, which was rounded thus:—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Vampire .....	8	15	0	Satanella .....	8	31	45
Buccaneer .....	8	28	30	Octoroon .....	8	37	30

Thus ended one of the most unsatisfactory matches ever sailed by this Club. It certainly appeared as though the officials of the Club, by their absence, considered these small craft beneath their notice, and were only



tolerated to gratify a few of the elder members with a trip on the river. For to the younger, (the fair included) it certainly was most monotonous, as the Club did not afford a band. We are not certain, but believe, that Mr. Tatham voluntarily took the command on this occasion on finding the position of affairs, and the thanks of the company on board the Club steamer were accorded to him, and which he worthily deserved.

*" Quand on voit la chose on la croit."*

*Royal Thames Yacht Club Match from the Nore to Havre.—*

This race commenced on Thursday, July 4th, with a very fair entry of cutters, yawls, and schooners, but it was a great disappointment to yachting men that none of the American clippers were pitted against the chosen array ready to meet them ; we believe the fact to be they had a remarkable little affair at home—'tother side of Staten Island, the attractions of which proved too strong.

The terms of the match were, a right away race from the Nore to Havre for a prize of 100 sovereigns for the first, and 50 sovereigns for the second vessel ; open to yachts of all rigs belonging to Royal Clubs and the New York Yacht Club ; to sail with the usual fittings in ordinary cruising trim, no restriction as to canvas, and no allowance of time for difference of tonnage ; a pilot but no extra hands allowed ; no limitation as to number of friends on board.

The following fine vessels anchored at their stations at an early hour on Thursday morning :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
14	Alarm .....	schooner	246	G. Duppa, Esq.	Inman
1785	Zoraida .....	schooner	155	W. J. Pawson, Esq.	Ratsey
256	Condor .....	cutter	133	Capt. W. Ewing	Steele & Co.
693	Julia .....	yawl	122	G. F. Moss, Esq.	Ratsey
235	Columbine .....	schooner	91	L. Fort, Esq.	Ratsey
876	Minstrel .....	yawl	72	H. G. Austin, Esq.	Camper
820	Marina .....	cutter	65	J. C. Morice, Esq.	Ratsey

The Cambria schooner, 117 tons, J. Ashbury, Esq., was entered, but receiving some damage through collision with a vessel in the river, whilst proceeding to the anchorage ground, was prevented from starting with the others.

The gun was fired at 11 o'clock, and all hands were uncommonly smart in getting under weigh ; the morning was overcast and looked uncommonly wild and like rain, and a stiff sou'-wester prevailed at the Nore. When they had settled down to their work under all working

canvas and topsails, the Alarm took the lead at a ripping pace, the leading wind enabling them to burst up the flood tide at fair speed ; she was followed by the Minstrel, Zoraida, Condor, Columbine, Marina, and Julia, in the order of their names. The Alarm it is needless to say was the favorite ; course, distance, and weather, so far were all suited to her antecedents, and the brave old ship under new lower canvas, looked a picture all over.

Our readers will remember that under Squire Weld's ownership she was always handled by the renowned Jack Nicholls—the best racing yacht sailer we ever had, and since she has become the property of Mr. Duppa,—his son William Nicholls, has been placed in charge : coming from such a stock and with the training of such a mentor, it is little wonder therefore that the younger Nicholls bids fair to equal if not surpass his truly clever father, who had made the Alarm his study and pride, and seems to have handed her down as a special heir-loom to the guardianship of his son, and up to the present he has discharged his trust most worthily. The Condor was next in favour, for if rumour could be relied on, that from the Clyde pronounced her to be nothing short of a flying wonder, and we must defer to such until the crucial test of hard practical work eliminates the corn from the chaff. One thing however seemed pretty certain to a nautical eye, she was a tough customer to meet with on any course, with a cunning timoneer at her tiller. Of the others the Julia and Minstrel with the Marina, as a dangerous little weather bruiser, sure to sail every inch of water, had not a few admirers confident in the opinion, that such a course, and the apparent chances of encountering heavy weather in the Channel, was just their opportunity. During a pretty long experience however we have observed that racing clippers manage these same opportunities with considerable weatherly ability also.

Off the Reculver buoy at 12h. 45m., the Alarm was still leading with the Julia second, and the others considerably tailed off, the breeze having somewhat lightened ; but as they approached Margate it came on again a rattling fresh of wind, and the pride of Lulworth saucily shook her blue and white stripes and fairly ran away from the Julia, leaving her other competitors considerably astern : up to this the Condor had not exhibited any very wonderful powers, so far as comparatively smooth water and a reaching wind would enable her.

At 1h. 30m., the Alarm narrowed her wind round the Long Nose buoy heading for the North Foreland, here she ran into a light air, and a blasing sun came out enough to burn up any breeze that blew ; the sternmost vessel holding the last of the strong wind now began to make

play, and the Zoraida collaring the Julia raced past her into second place. Off the North Foreland they lay up on a taut bowline going for the Gull Light Ship with the wind very light, which the Julia's sailing was not slow to watch cautiously, and immediately tacked in for the land, and the caution was not groundless for soon the wind veered S.S.W., and gave them a dead noser along the shore. The Condor now began to give sign of her specialité, for when she got her antagonists thus jammed up in heaps, she began to walk through them as saucily as a dainty dame on the shady side of Rotten Row, and moving up under the lee of the Alarm like a warning spectre she collared and weathered off Broadstairs, but 'twas a close touch and evidently the Alarm was game to give her battle even on her vantage ground; the Alarm's crew were agog for the fight, and the feathers of her game young skipper were all on end—his professional pride was all there, and a beautiful set-to ensued, cutter v. schooner, and both justly the pride of their respective stations; for the first few boards the Condor worked opposite tacks to the Alarm, a very pretty piece of seamanship, for as the Alarm stood inshore on the port tack, and was able so far to work level with the cutter, the Condor coming out on the starboard tack forced her to give way. The tactics made use of at this time by the sailing masters of these two splendid vessels, and the magnificent manner in which they were handled, was worth going a thousand miles to see; the Alarm was absolutely working the very line of the Condor to a marvellous nicety, notwithstanding that the latter evidently had the legs but could not shake off the resolute two-stickers; at length the Scottish lassie thought she had the Solent Solomon in a cleft stick, and 'twould have been a clever thing had there been sea room to have carried it out to the fullest extent; the Condor met the Alarm close in-shore as she was standing off, and perceiving she was not only holding her own but would speedily obtain the leading tack, the moment she weathered the Alarm down went her helm and round she came determined to pin her under her lee: the notion was good had there been room for a long board, but the shore was close at hand and scarcely had she established the blanketting process in full operation when a hail from the Alarm warned her that soundings were close aboard; whether the Scottish skipper did hear the hail, or thought he had more room, but the Alarm to save herself from going ashore was compelled to go about, and by the narrowest squeak just shaved the Condor's stern.

This was quite enough for Alarm so she determined to give her resolute antagonist a game at long bowls, and accordingly made a long board away seaward on the starboard tack, closely followed by the Con-

dor. As they again reached in for the land the Condor had established herself to windward, but at five o'clock it fell flat calm, and all eyes were scanning the horizon seeking sign of wind; the Scot was the first to get it, if it could be called wind, and now another of her peculiarities became developed, for with her sails scarcely sleeping she crept away like magic from the Alarm, against wind and tide, just as if she had a hydraulic propeller at work; at this period the remaining vessels were in line some five or six miles astern; in fact the flood tide had pinned them all, and it was really wonderful how the Condor and Alarm had turned over it as they did when the wind fell so light.

At five o'clock the flood slacked and taking advantage of this the Alarm set her balloon staysail, and shortly after her balloon main-gaff-topsail trusting to the ebb for a lift to windward in working such large sails in short tacks, she was bound to do something for the Condor was leaving her fast, and the calm still prevailing: seven o'clock arrived and with it fitful airs, and the Marina and Julia seemed to have got more of it, for they began to overhaul the leading vessels considerably: with very light winds and the aid of the tide they continued working down along the land, the Condor still creeping away in a wonderful manner; when off Dungeness the Alarm handed her balloon canvas and resumed her working garments for the night, and at nine o'clock she left the English land with a nice breeze at W.S.W. steering S.S.W.: at this time the Condor was fair to windward still working for a westing, followed by Marina, Julia, and the remainder of the fleet.

On Friday morning all hands were on the looking out to establish the whereabouts of their neighbours; the Alarm had a slashing west wind, and could only distinguish the Julia in sight about five miles astern; the Condor or any of the others being invisible; at eight o'clock she got the wind north of west, and bowled along through a rolling sea at such a pace as speedily left the Julia hull down; shortly after the dead eye strop of her starboard fore shrouds gave up, was quickly secured, and to ease her in the tumbling sea, her topsails were handed and topmasts housed: Nine—land ho! Cape Antefir on her lee bow and no room to spare for Havre, with a rattling breeze a heavy sea, and atmosphere thick and hazy, so the sheets were trimmed aft and she was hauled up for Cape le Hève, which was passed at 10h. 40m.: now came the exciting moment—was there any vessel ahead of her?—How anxiously her crew watched the steamer stationed in expectation of the yachts arrival, to see could looks be interpreted for good or ill,—but no—nearer and nearer they drew, pleasant faces smiled upon and jovial cheers welcomed them, and the joyous announcement "You are the first

vessel in!" evoked such a shout of triumph as Havre has not heard for some time. The times of the other vessels arrival are as follows :—

		h.	m.	s.	
Julia .....	p.m.	12	45	0	Columbine, midnight
Condor .....	"	12	50	0	Zoraida and Minstrel, about 9h a.m.
Marina .....	"	8	0	0	Saturday, July 6th.

A most hospitable reception was accorded the English yachtsmen at Havre, by M. Winslow and the members of the Havre Yacht Club—by whom they were entertained to dinner—to the number of fifty, and the tricolor burgee of the Club in silk was presented to the owner of the victorious Alarm. The Julia took the second prize. The owner of the Condor challenged the owner of the Alarm for a match back to the Isle of Wight, but as the time of sailing could not be arranged satisfactorily, owing to other engagements, it is postponed for the present.

A number of yachts were at Havre to witness the conclusion of the match, amongst which were the Witchcraft, Derwent, &c.

#### ROYAL IRISH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE annual meeting at this popular yachting station was held on Wednesday July 10th, and as usual a considerable number of vessels made their signals in Kingstown, although racing clippers were by no means so numerous as upon former occasions. The weather was all that could be desired for shore-going spectators, brilliant sun, cloudless sky, &c., but alas for those on canvas triumphs bent, not an air of wind. 'Tis true two of the principal events were started on the first day, but as we cannot afford space to chronicle undecided races, we only give accounts of those where the prizes have been won.

The third race of Wednesday was the only match sailed throughout. The prize was 20 sovereigns for vessels of 25 tons and under. The following came to the starting buoys :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1693	Wave Crest .....	cutter	25	H. Crawford, Esq.	Fulton
790	Luna .....	cutter	25	C. Putland, Esq.	Fife
1399	Siren .....	cutter	19	D. Corbett, Esq.	Marshall
1549	Torch .....	cutter	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
23	Alexandra .....	cutter	14	A. Bald, Esq.	Mill, I. Co.
1324	Saraband .....	schooner	13	H. M. Scott, Esq.	Curphy
1265	Ripple .....	cutter	12	G. Brett, Esq.	Fulton

They started well together at 12h. 10m.; the Luna being the smartest handled got away with a good lead, with the Ripple, Siren, Wave Crest, Saraband, Torch, and Alexandra in the order of their names; the wind was very uncertain, and it was just such a day as would take a veteran racer all

his time, to watch every cat's-paw and curl of tide in order to attempt a success. The crew of the Luna seemed perfectly aware of the nature of the task before them, and the next that evinced an inkling of cunning was the Ripple; as for the others—they did their best of course; but the monotony proved too much for their resolution, and some gave up the race, and others gave up their vessels to tide and chance, and e'en let the fates bear them as they listed. The Luna, however, and Ripple went at it in a quiet—dignified—solid—don't-hurry-yourself sort of way—the former getting a good lead which she held to the East Bar Buoy, where the Ripple deeming it full time to record an appearance passed her and took the lead, and from this point it became reduced to a very interesting drifting, tiding, and occasional cat's-paw spurring match between them. The remaining vessels were dispersed in various directions, going wherever the tide pleased to take them, and making what way they could in the direction of the harbour, whenever they could entrap a thimbleful of wind within a hundred yards of them. The Luna again obtained the lead of the Ripple on the second round, but a second time the wee craft crept up on her, only however to see the Luna bloom into a burst of boomed out jibs on the run home, and leave her again hand over hand; but the Ripple stuck to her in the most extraordinary manner, the flaws of wind striking both alternately, the Luna making a dash ahead now, and anon the Ripple launching out with a bag of wind in hot pursuit. At length Luna rounded the flag-ship at 8h. 37m. 52s., but alas the Ripple was rampant on her trail and arrived all in a flurry of wind—principally around her—at 8h. 39m. 2s., thus winning the prize on time; but oh! those confounded flag-boats, they do get in the way sometimes awful; one of them had given the poor little Ripple a malicious rap on the first round of the course, which the wee one returned gamely of course—who could stand it, the assault and battery were witnessed, and the Ripple was condemned to forfeit all claim to a certain amount of specie reckoned of the value of 20 sovs.; and the Luna having conducted herself peaceably and with due respect to all Her Majesty's subjects, and flag-boats in particular, was rewarded therewith.

Thursday was a *diss non* for the best of reasons—the total absence of motive power.

On Friday a light air from East of South induced the Committee to essay the completion of their programme; the first race was for a prize of 35 sovereigns, only once round the course, and with half allowance of time. The following declared at the starting buoys:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

Nos.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners	Builders
547	Glance .....	cutter	35	A. Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
1354	Secret .....	cutter	31	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
705	Kilmeny ...	cutter	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
1560	Torpid .....	cutter	27	W. H. Longfield, Esq.	Day & Son

At 11h. 20m. the starting gun sent them all adrift under their balloon canvas; the Kilmeny crept out of harbour with a sly sort of lead, the Glance second, and Secret and Torpid very "convaynient";—from the harbour flag-boat to that off Dalkey it was a dead turn to windward in water like a sheet of glass, during which the Glance astonished the inhabitants of the Kilmeny by actually and *bona fide* weathering her;—we understand they requested the Glance's people to lend them a Dictionary, as the verb transitive had got knocked out of their own. Such an audacious example was not lost on the Torpid, which forgetting the precedence due to years went out on the Secret's weather, and they rounded the Dalkey boat, the Glance leading, Kilmeny second, Torpid third, and Secret fourth. On the reach for the Kish Light the Glance held her lead well, notwithstanding every effort of the Kilmeny's crew to take their vessel abeam and to the front, and it began to look uncommonly like as if the Glance was about reviving her pristine glory, away she went round the Kish with the Kilmeny hunting her wickedly, and both leaving the Torpid and Secret fast as they could haul a line: up to the Bailey flag-mark the Glance carried on her punishing game, and at this point she got a wind that she knew of old how to work with any craft in the world, namely, a very light one—she now fairly ran away from Kilmeny, the latter hardly moving going across to Poolbeg; the Glance was observed to have run into a calm at this mark, and the Kilmeny's crew at last saw the time at hand for taking their revenge; but no—the Glance's star was high in the heavens, and taking another start of wind, quite as a matter of course, she moved away for the harbour, and notwithstanding a short delay at its mouth for another slant she required to get round the flag-ship, the clerk of the weather office being deeply engaged with Mexican affairs in the *Times*, when that official was sufficiently alive to his duty—she rounded the flag at 5h. 55m. 45s. The Kilmeny arrived at 6h. 20m. 16s; the Torpid bore up at the Kish Light-ship and the Secret, persevering to the last, got caught by the north going tide, and was taken out round Howth Head—nearly to Ireland's Eye—where the scenery is said to be magnificent.

The race for the 100 sovereigns brought three vessels to the buoys, the Enid declining in consequence of the light and uncertain winds, whereupon the Egeria's owner volunteered to make up the match. The following vessels started:

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
360	Egeria.....	schooner	161	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
481	Fiona .....	cutter	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	Fife
319	Dione .....	cutter	44	P. S. French, Esq.	Hatcher

The start took place at 12h. 20m., the Dione going smartly to the front, with Egeria second, and Fiona third: on the turn to windward down to Dalkey the Fiona eat the schooner out of second place, although the latter

held a wonderful wind with the cutters; she could not manage however to collar the Dione, which danced away merrily round the flag-mark, still leading; they had a long reach to the Kish, and up went the balloon "persuaders" in a trice; the Fiona now began to launch out in seven leagued boots style, and not supposing for a moment that the Dione would think of interfering with her royal progress, pulled a long foot and dashed up on her weather beam. There was a man however at the tiller of the Dione who entertains peculiar notions about the times vessels may pass to windward and perhaps one of, if not the best gentleman helmsman in the Pleasure Navy; or *vice versa*; in a moment down went her helm, and down of course went the Fiona's to save running a-board of her: then commenced one of those exciting and popular extravaganzas entitled "boring for a bank:" however precedent may have induced the Dione's helmsman to adopt this course, certainly his experience should have warned him that a cutter of the Fiona's power and hoist of canvas was sure to overpower and sail round him, as she eventually did; but in the meantime the Egeria was cracking on every stitch for the rounding of the Kish, which was accomplished in the following order and times:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Egeria.....	2 58 0	Fiona .....	3 1 40	Dione.....	3 8 30

A provoking calm now set in for nearly half an hour, when at length a westerly puff set the Fiona on wheels, the Egeria got an edge of the same wished for commodity and both moved up the bay, the Fiona in close-guard of the Egeria, whom she seemed to have a hazy notion meant mischief; at length off Howth she managed to bring her to terms, but scarcely had done so when it fell calm, and to save being dragged away north by the flood tide, both vessels let go their "kedges;" the Dione some distance astern was tide-hauled a bit, but the cautious light weight was too wary to hamper herself with an anchor down for a few cables drift; her caution was rewarded, for immediately a light air came rippling along from the southward, and she was off in hot haste after her powerful rivals; by the time they were under weigh she had sensibly decreased their lead, as she brought the wind with her, and running for the East Bar, she drew rapidly upon them both; this mark was rounded at the following times:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fiona .....	6 32 40	Egeria .....	6 40 0	Dione .....	6 45 30

From this flag-mark one of the most remarkable races which ever has been sailed in Dublin Bay took place; the Fiona hauled round the mark on a bowline and lay her course a clean full for the harbour mark, as sure of the prize as if she had already had it in her locker; the Egeria followed in the wake of Fiona, but the Dione, remembering the veering of the wind after the calm, tacked short round the mark and stood out east, on the starboard tack. The Fiona was meanwhile rattling away for the flag-ship with the Egeria, but every foot of water the two covered brought them into a lighter wind, and still no sign of the new breeze flying out of the west, until when



the Fiona got into the harbour she had scarcely steerage way; casting their eyes seaward what was their horror to discover the Dione foaming along in the very thick of a south-east rally of wind; in less time than we take to write it, she was between them, and the Fiona had barely worked round the flag-ship when the saucy Cork lassie launched inside of her and won the 100 sovereigns in splendid style; long and loud were the cheers which greeted the gallant exploit, and warmly was Mr. Pascoe French congratulated upon the able manner in which he handled his vessel. The times at the flag-ship were as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fiona .....	7 43 11	Dione .....	7 44 47	Egeria .....	7 58 13

A third match for a prize of 25 sovereigns brought a full entry to the starting buoys:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1597	Venture .....	cutter	15	M. B. Dalway, Esq.	Rogers
1549	Torch .....	cutter	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
1390	Siren .....	cutter	19	D. Corbett, Esq.	Marshall
1698	Wave Crest .....	cutter	25	H. Crawford, Esq.	Fulton
1265	Ripple .....	cutter	12	G. Brett, Esq.	Fulton
790	Luna .....	cutter	25	C. Putland, Esq.	Fife
28	Alexandra .....	cutter	14	A. Bald, Esq.	Mill. Iron. Co.
1324	Saraband .....	schooner	12	H. M. Scott, Esq.	Curphy

An excellent start was effected at one o'clock, the Ripple and Venture leading, with the Luna, Siren, Wave Crest, and Torch next, and the Alexandra and Saraband bringing up the fleet. After many changes of position from celms and shifts of wind, which prevented any fair test of the powers of those vessels—the Luna, Wave Crest, and Venture, which at times were placed in the position of leaders, the little Ripple at length became mistress of the situation, and the flag-ship was reached thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Ripple .....	6 40 0	Venture .....	6 59 45	Alexandra .....	8 12 10

Luna and Wave Crest seeing the uncertainty of persevering against a chapter of chances that no seamanship could command, retired from the contest.

The Myrrha proved the victor in the Mosquito class, winning the prize of seven sovereigns and defeating the Torment and Climene.

The weather at this Regatta was a sad drawback to the yachtsmen, as none of the matches could be sailed steadily throughout, and at times vessels that had not apparently a ghost of a chance, were by a sudden shift of wind placed in positions that no skill could have achieved. The only sensational event was that of the victory secured by the Dione, in which judgment and skill were brought into play.

## NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK YACHT CLUB.

THE ocean yacht race of this Club, from Harwich to Lowestoft, came off on Saturday, June 29th, and terminated in favour of the Red Rover, Mr. S. Nightingale, Great Yarmouth. The event was fixed for the previous Thursday, but was postponed in consequence of the unfavourable character of the weather, which was so rough that it would have been dangerous for the competing yachts to put to sea. A stiff breeze continued to blow the whole of Thursday and Friday, but on Saturday morning the wind veered round to the south-east; and as this was just what the yachts wanted, it was determined, though the sea still ran pretty high, that the race should be brought to an issue. No objection was offered by any one of the competitors, and it was accordingly at an early hour in the morning the fleet made for the Bell Buoy off Harwich, where it was arranged the yachts were to rendezvous before starting.

They were four in number—viz., the Waveney Queen, cutter, 17 tons, Major Leathes (the Commodore), Lowestoft; Red Rover, cutter, 14 tons, Mr. S. Nightingale, Yarmouth; Water Lily, cutter, 14 tons, Mr. H. P. Green, Wroxham; and Ariel, schooner, 12 tons, Mr. T. M. Read, Yarmouth.

After some slight delay, they were all arranged in a line by Major Leathes, the Commodore of the Club, and exactly at half-past nine a start was effected. The Red Rover took the lead, followed by Ariel, with the Waveney Queen and the Water Lily astern. For a quarter of an hour or so the yachts moved on slowly, but after the first two or three miles were made, the Red Rover set a large square-sail, which enabled her to go ahead more rapidly. The Water Lily soon after followed her example, and the Waveney Queen and Ariel boomed out their jibs. The pace now began to be more rapid, and as the race proceeded the Red Rover increased the distance between herself and her competitors, and was soon about a mile ahead. The Ariel retained the second place.

About ten o'clock the wind freshened into a smart breeze, and the yachts, carrying the largest spread of canvas ever used in such small craft, dashed on bravely, although now and then shaken rather fiercely by the heavy sea. All this time the Red Rover continued to advance, and it soon became evident that she had the race all her own way. The interest in the contest was consequently concentrated in the struggle for place between the three others. As they passed Orford Ness, however, the rolling of the sea so much affected the Water Lily that she began to lose way a little, and the Waveney Queen drew ahead of her by a few lengths. Meanwhile the Ariel was making good way in front, and appeared determined to hold her position which she assumed at the outset. For several miles the yachts proceeded on the same tack, and no incident worthy of note occurred.

At half-past eleven o'clock Lowestoft Ness was sighted. The Red Rover was now about two miles ahead, and, entertaining no fear of losing the

vantage ground she had already gained, lowered her square-sail, and soon after jibed and made straight for Pakefield Gat. The *Ariel* next set in for the shore, and, taking an entirely different route, passed by the Barnard Sand, and hugged the land with the view of avoiding the flood of the tide. The *Waveney Queen* gybed and followed in the same direction, and the *Water Lily* kept on the course taken by the *Red Rover*. As soon as the *Waveney Queen* had reached to within one hundred yards of the shore she again gybed, and in so doing sprung her gaff; but this was not the only misadventure which befel her, for in attempting again to boom out the jib on her quarter she smashed the boom, and was consequently compelled to lower away that sail altogether. The result was that the *Water Lily* again came up with her, and there ensued a close and exciting race. After a run of several miles, the *Waveney Queen*, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which she laboured, succeeded in gaining the third place.

The following is the order in which the yachts entered Lowestoft harbour:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
<i>Red Rover</i> .....	1	50	29	<i>Waveney Queen</i> .....	2	2	31
<i>Ariel</i> .....	1	56	36	<i>Water Lily</i> .....	2	6	45

It will be seen from this that the first yacht accomplished the run, a distance of forty-seven miles, in 4h. 20m. 29s., and the last in 4h. 51m. 45s.; and as fully two hours had elapsed before Orford Ness was rounded, some idea of the pace may be formed from the fact that the remaining thirty miles was performed in less than two hours and a-half—a feat which, for yachts of small tonnage in a neap tide, must be pronounced one of the most successful ever witnessed. It must be added the yachts were built expressly for the navigation of inland waters. It was intended at Harwich that eight yachts, competing for a prize of their own, should accompany the Norfolk and Suffolk yachts to Lowestoft; but the unfavourable weather which prevailed on the Thursday prevented the arrangement from being carried out. The match of Saturday was for a prize of £15, which was held over from the last Cantley regatta of the Norfolk and Suffolk Club.

The second regatta for the season took place on Thursday, July 4th, on Wroxham Broad. The weather was not very fine, and the attendance was scarcely so large as usual. In consequence of the absence of some of the larger yachts of the Club—Wroxham not being very convenient of access—and the apparent disinclination of others to compete, only one match could be made up during the day, in which the prizes offered were £7 and £3. For these prizes the following competed:—the *Oberon*, 5 tons; *Fleur-de-Lys*, 6 tons; *Vampire*, 10 tons; *Spray*, 7 tons; *Fleetwing*, 9 tons; and *Vixen*, 9 tons. All the yachts carried their topsails, with the exception of the *Oberon* and *Fleur-de-Lys*. The last-named made rather a bad start, as her jib-sheets did not work well. The *Vixen* also lost way, in consequence of a rather singular circumstance—one of the buoys having been carried away by her, and being borne for some distance across her cutwater, the result being, of course, that her speed was materially diminished. The

Spray led for a short time, but was passed by the Fleetwing, which was not afterwards headed. The course, which was marked out by buoys, was five times round the Broad. The start took place at 1h. 53m., and the first round was completed thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Fleetwing .....	2	11	20	Vixen .....	2	13	0	Fleur-de-Lys ....	2	13	30
Spray .....	2	12	25	Vampire .....	2	13	5	Oberon .....	2	13	45

In the second and third rounds the Vixen lost the respectable position which she occupied, and, from a cause already explained, was passed by all the other yachts. The two rounds were completed thus:—

	SECOND ROUND.				THIRD ROUND.		
	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Fleetwing .....	2	27	50		2	50	30
Spray .....	2	30	10		2	52	27
Fleur-de-Lys .....	2	32	40		2	54	30
Vampire .....	2	33	30		2	55	20
Oberon .....	2	33	0		2	55	46
Vixen .....	2	44	1		2	58	32

The fourth and fifth rounds presented no material change, but the number of competitors was reduced to five by the retirement of the Vixen. Time:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Fleetwing .....	3	9	56		3	29	10
Spray .....	3	12	5		3	32	30
Fleur-de-Lys .....	3	14	30		3	35	5
Vampire .....	3	15	32		3	35	43
Oberon .....	3	16	32		3	36	33

The Fleetwing had to allow the Spray 1m., but won, after making this allowance, by 2m. 20s. For the second prize, the Spray had to allow the Fleur-de-Lys 30s., but had a margin left of 2m. 5s.

### REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- Aug 1.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta on Oulton Broad.  
 6.—Royal Welsh Yacht Club—Regatta at Carnarvon.  
 6.—Royal Albert Yacht Club—Regatta commences at Southsea.  
 6.—Royal Squadron Regatta commences at Cowes.  
 13.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club—Regatta commences at Ryde.  
 13.—Royal Cornwall Yacht Club Regatta, Falmouth.  
 13.—Isle of Man—Douglas Bay  
 20.—Royal Western Yacht Club Regatta, Plymouth.  
 23.—Torbay Royal Regatta.  
 24.—Clyde Yacht Club—Corinthian Match at Largs.  
 Sept 7.—Clyde Yacht Club—Closing cruise at Rothesay.  
 16.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta on Oulton Broad.  
 29.—Dartmouth Regatta.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE ALINE SCHOONER.—The portrait of this vessel will be published in a few days by Mr. Foster, Billiter Street.

UNIFORM CODE OF BUOYAGE.—We shall renew this subject, if possible, in our next.

# HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

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SEPTEMBER 1st, 1867.

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## ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE annual meeting of the Northern yachtsmen in the Clyde, which may with some degree of truth be termed "a moveable feast," inasmuch as it never appears to be held twice in exactly the same locality, was this season celebrated at Greenock. It commenced on Friday, the 5th of July, and strange to say there was a remarkable absence of English racing cutters, whether from the yearly increasing fame of Scottish canvas backs, or other engagements, 'twould be difficult to say. It was thought that the valuable prize presented by the town of Greenock would have tempted a very large entry, but it appears there is something more required than a mere prize to secure a gathering of the "brethren of the sea."

The first race was for the Esplanade cup, value 120 sovereigns, to be sailed for by all yachts belonging to members of royal clubs, over 35 tons; yawls to rate at an eighth, and schooners at a fourth less their tonnage.

The following vessels came to the starting buoys:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons.	Owners	Builders.
965	Oimara .....	cutter	165	C. Tennant, Esq.	Steele
851	Menai .....	cutter	78	W. F. Stutfield, Esq.	Ratsey
481	Fiona .....	cutter	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	Fife
1068	Phosphorus .....	cutter	50	J. Addie, Esq.	Hatcher

The course was from the new esplanade at Greenock round a buoy at Roseneath, thence round flag-boats moored off Hunter's Quay and Dunoon landing platform and back; three times round. A heavy gale of southerly wind prevailed over night, and during early morning, veering up to north-west as the day advanced, and blowing in heavy dangerous squalls, such as do distinguish the Clyde with the wind in that point of the compass.

The disappointment felt at the paucity of the entry was in some measure lessened by the *debut* of the new cutter Oimara, which during her trials after launching, evinced a speed that caused no mean apprehension for the Fiona's laurels, indeed the Clyde may now boast of having turned out two of the fastest large tonnage cutters of the day, and between Fife and Steele, the Clyde yachtmen will give Wanhill, Hatcher, Ratsey, Aldous, Harvey, Inman,—*et genus omne*, all their work to do, to devise "something moveable" that will beat them.

The starting gun was fired at 11h. 8m. a.m., the Fiona making a gallant dash for the lead, in order to make the early running, before her powerful antagonist could settle down to her work; she was followed by the Menai, who had just the breeze that suited her, then came the Oimara, and our hard-weather and swift old friend the Phosphorus: on rounding at Roseneath, the Menai looked all astray, and her crew evidently working hard to repair some damage, which we were afterwards informed resulted from her carrying away her jib-sheet block-strop, and it was quite plain that she was out of the hunt—more was the pity for she went along in slashing style; meanwhile the Fiona was making grand sailing, and not a few of the "knowing ones" began to chuckle as she made the pace hotter, without any sign as yet from the giant Oimara, whilst the brave little Phosphorus was cracking on every inch of cloth, like a model slave catcher in the wake of the latter; suddenly however the huge cutter seemed to get herself all in motion; it takes time in those great affairs to wake up all the parts of the fabric, so with the greatest ease she quietly launched out to windward of the Fiona, and then commenced a struggle that was keenly watched by professional eyes—and professional men who know a hawk from a hand-saw deemed the Fiona possessed of all those qualities which constitute perfection in a racing cutter, beheld a bit of sailing that rather inclined them to doubt the evidence of their own eyes; on the wind, off the wind, reaching and running, did the Fiona tackle the Oimara, and that too after a fashion that was perfection; speed, helmsmanship, handling, nothing to find fault with, but the Oimara was all there, and moving away from her like a mocking phantom, going in for the prize

just as she pleased, the *Phosphorus* coming in third, after a most excellent race in such weather against such powerful opponents. We must not however in giving the just meed of praise to this, the *Oimara*'s first public performance against the fastest cutter that could be pitted against her, forget that she had just her day; she is more than twice the tonnage of the *Fiona*, is fitted for racing, fit to sail for an empire, and handled to perfection; in fact the *Fiona* was as completely overpowered as she was outsailed, but for all this victory, give her fair average weather, and if the *Oimara* can give her such another licking—then she must be a miracle afloat.

We have seen the *Fiona* do things that dare not be attempted in any other craft fashioned by mortal hands at present afloat, and after what the *Oimara* has shown she can do, were one yacht owner to possess two such vessels, he might build a plate chest as big as the Brompton boilers, and label one end of it "specimens from New York" into the bargain.

The second race was between vessels of from 15 to 35 tons, for a purse of 30 sovereigns, twice over the course above described.

The following displayed their fighting flags.

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
574	Glance .....	cutter	35	A. Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
308	Denburn .....	cutter	31	S. King, Esq.	Fife
705	Kilmeny .....	cutter	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
790	Lana .....	cutter	25	C. Putland, Esq.	Fife

The *Kilmeny* and *Glance* were the favorites at any price, and for the former for choice, the event was looked upon as a foregone conclusion. They started at 12h. 30m., when much to the astonishment of the nautical "prophets," the *Denburn* under snug spars and cruising canvas showed the way gallantly to both *Kilmeny* and *Glance*, eating her way through the fierce rallies of wind that swept furiously off the highlands of Argyll, and maintaining the lead until nearly the close of the match, when a lull in the squalls enabled the *Glance* to bring her to terms, and go in first round the flag-ship; but the *Denburn* had too firm a hold of her time, and won the purse on her allowance, most unexpectedly upsetting all the calculations that had been indulged in so fondly by the backers of *Kilmeny* and *Glance*.

A purse of 20 sovereigns brought out the following little vessels:—

*Numbered in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Builders.
	Ellen .....	schooner	19	W. Wyld, Esq.	
1547	Torch .....	cutter	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
1597	Venture .....	cutter	15	M. R. Dalway, Esq.	Rogers
182	Carina.....	cutter	15	B. B. Bell, Esq.	Fife

At 1h. 40m. they got away in gallant style, the Torch making the running to the buoy off Roseneath; the Carina notwithstanding her having carried away a bowsprit shroud in collision with the Venture, collared the Torch off Hunter's quay, and looked uncommonly like, as if she meant giving that luminary a lesson in the science and art of Clyde seamanship; in one of the squalls however she was disabled and forced to bear up, leaving the Torch an easy victory.

A purse of 10 sovereigns for small pleasure boats was won by the Gipsy King, Mr. T. Bain of Rothesay; defeating the Excelsior, Mr. D. Bryce, junr., of Glasgow, on time.

There was a fine whole sail breeze on Saturday, and a considerable improvement in the weather; which rendered the matches much more enjoyable for those engaged.

The schooner race was the first on the list, with a prize of 60 sovereigns to the first, and 20 sovereigns to the second vessel, three times round the course. The following were the competitors.

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
17	Albertine .....	schooner	156	Lord Lonsborough	Inman
360	Egeria.....	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
1043	Persia.....	schooner	73	T. Stevens, Esq.	Fife
8	Aglaia .....	schooner	45	F. Powell, Esq.	Steele
479	Fiery Cross .....	schooner	53	J. Stirling, Esq.	Fife

With a slashing north-wester, the Aglaia opened the ball by leading her powerful array of antagonists, a merry dance across to Roseneath, but when the larger vessels got the wind free off the Argyll shore, the little clipper was completely overpowered, the Albertine and Egeria made a wicked fight, the Aglaia sticking to them bravely; the Albertine eventually went to the front, and their arrival at the flag-ship was as follows:—

h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Albertine 4 50 55	Egeria ... 4 52 32	Aglaia 5 8 20	Fiery Cross 5 23 10

Albertine winning first prize.

A purse of 100 sovereigns for cutters and yawls brought out the



Fiona, Phosphorus and Menai; first vessel taking 80, and second vessel 20 sovereigns.

The Fiona cut out the pace at a rare speed from start to finish, but she was hard pressed at times by the Phosphorus, which sailed a capital race; eventually however the Fiona shook her off, but not with too much time to spare, the Menai coming in third; Fiona and Phosphorus relieving the committee of the troublesome "canaries."

The Greenock prize, a purse of 30 sovereigns was sailed for by the following.

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Builders
574	Glance .....	cutter	35	A. Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
705	Kilmeny .....	cutter	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
308	Denburn .....	cutter	31	S. King, Esq.	Fife
1354	Secret .....	cutter	31	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
790	Luna .....	cutter	25	C. Putland, Esq.	Fife

This journey the favorites had just their weather, the Denburn lacking the wild weather of the previous race; immediately the starting gun was fired at one o'clock, Glance went away with the lead, but the Kilmeny was not a whit slow in tackling her; a splendid race ensued between them, but the most the Kilmeny could do with the famous little heroine of many a daring match, was to keep within her time; notwithstanding all the Glance tried, she could not shake old "Chronos" from the tiller of her rival, and although she would not yield the lead throughout the match, the Kilmeny defeated her on time at the finish.

A purse of 20 sovereigns brought the following entry.

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders.
1547	Torch .....	cutter	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
182	Carina .....	cutter	15	B. B. Bell, Esq.	Fife
583	Glide .....	cutter	15	D. Fulton, Esq.	Fulton
1265	Ripple .....	cutter	12	G. Brett, Esq.	Fulton
1597	Venture .....	cutter	15	M. R. Dalway, Esq.	Rogers
1268	Ripple .....	cutter	9	J. M. Forrester, Esq.	Fife

The Torch made the sailing with the pace very warm, but she seems lately to have met with a particularly threatening rival in the hitherto little noticed Carina; between this last mentioned vessel and the Glide the crew of the Torch had not much time for conviviality, as the Carina on two occasions collared and weathered the Torch, and altogether shewed powers which with a little more cultivation will one day show

the Torch a vessel winning. However upon this occasion she could not clap on the extinguisher, and the Torch scored another win to her many.

Thus terminated a very well arranged and successful meeting.

### ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB OF IRELAND MATCH.

*The Queen's Cup.*—An entry was obtained for this much valued prize on Saturday, the 20th July, at Queenstown. Our readers will remember that at the regatta of the Club held in the month of June, no competitor could be found to compete against the renowned Fiona, the other yachts entered for the race being also entered for another prize on the same day, and for which their owners elected to start instead of for the Queen's prize. Much angry remonstrance and not a few invidious remarks passed at the time, but we are glad to record that the Royal Western Club acted strictly in accordance with their rules, and followed up their then expressed intention of giving the cup to be sailed for immediately that a properly constituted entry of yachts could be obtained. The following vessels (complying with the rules) came to the starting buoys on the day above mentioned :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
17	Albertine .....	schooner	155	Lord Londesborough	Inman
481	Fiona .....	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
319	Dione .....	cutter	44	P. S. French, Esq.	Hatcher

The course was from the Yacht Club Quay, leaving the Spit Light on the starboard hand, down through the Man-o'-war Roads, round Roche's Point Light to the eastward where a flag-boat was moored; thence across Cork bay to the westward, round the Sovereigns Islands, and home; a distance of thirty nautic miles. The agreement as to time allowance between the owners was, that the Albertine and Fiona should sail as of equal tonnage, but that the schooner should allow the Dione 12 minutes, and the Fiona should allow her 9m. 40s.. These preliminaries being arranged satisfactorily, the starting gun was fired at 1h. 3m., and with a very light S.E. air, the Dione went off with the lead, both her and the Albertine hugging the shore; the Fiona which owing to the very light wind had scarcely steerage way from her buoy skirted along perilously close to the edge of the Spit bank, well knowing that when the wind did come she must get it, and this bit of judgment met with success, for 'ere long she began to move with a freshet of

wind, whilst the Albertine got sucked into a calm, and the Dione had barely time to escape the same fate by clawing out from the shore, just however only at the moment when the Fiona going a rap full launched ahead of her round the Spit Light. A dense fog rolling up from the Narrows concealed their movements through the Man-o'-war Roads, but we made out the Fiona still leading round Roche's Point Light at 2h. 45m., with the Dione within a length of her : from this point to the eastern flag-mark the Fiona gradually shook off her determined and well handled little rival, leaving the Albertine well astern, and this boat was rounded in the following order :—Fiona, 3h. 7m. 40s.; Dione, 3h. 10m. 45s.; Albertine, 3h. 23m. 40s.

Shortly after rounding this mark the wind veered west with a rally, and jammed the vessels on a taut bowline for the Sovereigns Islands. This was just what the Fiona wanted, and although the little Dione stuck to her gallantly for some time, and the Albertine's power began to tell when she felt the strong breeze, still the Fiona began to move up wind in a style that showed she meant to have that cup—sink or swim. As they drew close to the Sovereigns Islands the Fiona had obtained such a lead that the Dione's helm was put up and she bore away for the harbour ; the Albertine however held on to the last, remembering the Fiona's many mishaps in carrying away gear and spars, but this voyage everything went through the sheeve sweetly, she had a child's caul or some equally potent charm in her joss house ; or perhaps what is more reasonable to suppose, previous disasters had engendered a corresponding precaution. She rounded the Islands at 6h. 5m., the Albertine at 6h. 35m.

With a roaring flood tide and leading wind the Scottish clipper now reeled off the knots as if she was under the influence of a screw propeller in addition to her canvas, fairly running away from the Albertine, which was also making a slashing struggle to bring the cutter to terms but without a shadow of chance, for everything was holding ship-shape and Bristol fashion, and neither rope nor spar had time to grin, for the Queenstown lassies had a hold of the Fiona's tow-line—coiling it down with a vengeance.

At 8h. 26m., the Fiona passed the flag-ship amidst loud cheering ; the Albertine arriving at 10 minutes past 9 o'clock.

We are much pleased in being enabled to record this satisfactory termination to the race for the Queen's Cup, as not only placing the Committee above suspicion of any partizanship, and above all the absurd charge of wishing to keep the Cup amongst their local vessels, but also allaying completely any lingering feeling of unpleasantness. The Royal

Western Club have always shewn a high feeling in the promotion of yachting interests, and all its friends, of which there are many, must rejoice in their display of determination to preserve that feeling intact.

### CLYDE YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THIS Club—like its elder Institution, the Royal Northern, exercises the privilege of holding its meetings in different localities every season. Hunter's Quay was the trysting place this year on Saturday, July 27th.

The course was from Commodore the Hon. G. F. Boyle's steam yacht Valetta, moored off the Quay to a flag-boat off Dunoon, thence round flag-boats moored off Ashton and Kilcreggan, and back to flag-ship, a distance of 10 miles, which was sailed over from one-and-a-half to three times, according to the classes competing.

The first match was for a purse of 30 sovereigns for vessels of from 20 to 40 tons,—three times round the above course.

For this only two vessels entered :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
705	Kilmeny .....	cutter	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
308	Denburn .....	cutter	31	S. King, Esq.	Fife

As these vessels, although from the hands of Fife, are rigged for quite different purposes, and adapted for entirely opposite conditions of weather, the contest for this prize was looked upon as settled before they started. At the Royal Northern Regatta the Denburn hit upon the heavy weather for which her small spars and limited canvas are peculiarty adapted, and accordingly when the Kilmeny was sorely pressed by her heavy spars and large sails in the broken water and strong squalls, she was enabled to go along merry as a Sandboy ; but here the case was different, the Kilmeny had her weather to a T, and showed her the way over the course as it was known she would do. They started at 11 o'clock, after the first round of the course during which the Denburn behaved very creditably under her shoal rig, if any doubt remained as to the result it was quickly solved, for Kilmeny was launching away from her more in sport than serious work ; we only wonder that men who have seen and sailed so many races, could be induced for a moment to countenance the notion of any other termination. They arrived at the flag-ship at the following times :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Kilmeny .....	3	19	0	Denburn .....	3	26	45

The second race was productive of much more interest, as no less than six little clippers, with but very little difference of tonnage, were entered :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1523	Swallow .....	cutter	18	R. Sharp, Esq.	Wanhill
	Water Witch.....	cutter	17	M. Lewis, Esq.	
1547	Torch.....	cutter	16	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
583	Glide .....	cutter	15	D. Fulton, Esq.	Fulton
1275	Rival .....	cutter	15	R. Tennant, Esq.	Fife
182	Carina.....	cutter	15	B. B. Bell, Esq.	Fife

This was a very nice and even entry, the vessels well matched, and much of success depending upon skill in seamanship; the appearance of the Rival—a new fifteen tonner by Fife gave additional zest to the contest, as the advent of a fresh craft always does. At 12h. 15m., the starting gun sent them away in beautiful style, all in a cluster, and many curious eyes watched eagerly to see which would issue the challenge, the little Torch being the expectation of all. However suspense was quickly over—for the new craft, the Rival, quickly went to the front closely waited upon by the Glide and Carina, and to the surprise of not a few the Swallow third, with the Torch, and Water Witch bringing up the fleet: on the first round the Rival and Glide held their lead well, with the Water Witch third; the Swallow taking the flag-boat from the Torch, owing to the latter being unable to weather it in the one tack, got the little clipper in hold, and well handled—never let her pass; going down to Dunoon in the second round the Water Witch made a bold push to wrest the second place from Glide, but at the height of the struggle her topmast went short off, and she was compelled to bear up. The Torch next made a rush to dispose of the Swallow, but she reckoned without her host, the bird of passage was not so easily frightened, and cleverly stopped the attempt; shortly after the Torch seemed all adrift, and it was not until the others reached and passed the flag-ship, that the word was passed “she had lost her boat and given up.” On the third round the Rival increased her lead on the Glide, the Swallow and Carina indulging in a match on their own account, and the four vessels completed the course in the following order and times :—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Rival .....	4	25	2	Swallow .....	4	33	30
Glide .....	4	30	0	Carina .....	4	34	38

The Rival's success was hailed with much enthusiasm, such as to encourage properly a beginner in the aquatic racing world.

A purse of 15 sovereigns brought out the following :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
	Hermit .....	cutter	8	C. C. Wylie, Esq.	
1348	Silvia .....	cutter	9	J. Eadie, jun., Esq.	Fife
1268	Ripple .....	cutter	9	J. M. Forrester, Esq.	Fife

The Silvia made a rush for the lead, but was speedily collared by the Ripple, which soon left her competitors far astern, making a hollow affair of it : their times at the flag-ship were —

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Ripple .....	3 57 52	Silvia .....	4 11 0

Hermit not timed.

A purse of 7 sovereigns was won easily by the Gipsy King, 4 tons, Mr. T. Bain, defeating the Brunette, 5 tons, and Sea-bird, 3 tons.

Several rowing matches, and races by local sailing boats, terminated a very agreeable meeting.

### ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE "Ancient Mariners" held their annual meeting on Thursday, July 18th, at the beautiful yachting station Queenstown. As has been the custom from time immemorial, the hardy hookers of the coast opened the aquatic festival with a race for 10 sovereigns, in which three fishing vessels from Rathcoursey contended. We have on more than one occasion during previous years striven to give our readers some faint notion of the lively nature of these matches, particularly when the chances of the elements throw the competitors within boathook, ballast, or stretcher range of each other, when the spirit of the erstwhile popular faction fights seems to animate the rival crews, and interchanges of civilities take place, that the description of a "mill" in the home district, as conveyed in the exquisite vernacular of the P. R. could alone do justice to ; but as we dare not attempt the domain of such classic literature, we shall merely say that broken heads, and ruby stained visages, crippled arms, and maimed fingers honorably attest that the winner's crew have done their duty, if not in sailing, at least in muscular exertion, for the honor of "Ould Ireland and the skhy over id," and Rathcoursey in particular. Upon this occasion the "William John" came in with blushing honors thick upon her, having given the Catherine and Mary an agreeable "taste of her quality."

The principal event of the regatta was the race for the prize of 75

sovereigns for first vessel and 25 sovereigns for second, open to all yachts over 40 tons ; time allowance for difference of tonnage half Ackers' scale. For this the following came to the starting buoys :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
739	Leah .....	yawl	97	J. W. Cannon, Esq.	Wanhill
481	Fiona .....	cutter	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	Fife
319	Dione .....	cutter	44	P. S. French, Esq.	Hatcher

Much disappointment was experienced at the paucity of this entry, but the fame of the Clyde clipper, at least we must presume so, has kept a number of the rovers from the waters of St. George's Channel this season.

The starting gun was fired at 12h. 20m. ; and they got away in excellent style, a strong west wind sending the Fiona launching to the front, and rattling them all down through the Man-o'-war Roads in gallant style, the Fiona and Dione with topmasts housed and double reefed mainsails, the yawl single reefed mainsail and mizen set. The Leah created the first sensation by making a slashing burst through the Dione's lee, and walking hand over hand up to the Fiona ; the audacity of such a movement on the part of a southern two-sticker had such an effect upon the pride of Fairlie, as to startle her into casting off the double row of reef knittles and expanding all her wings for flight, but notwithstanding the promptitude of the movement the Leah was not done with her yet, and carrying out the joke saucily as it had been begun, she actually raced beam and beam to windward of the northern wonder and took the lead, *Credat Judæus Apella!* The wind now increasing and the sea rousing up as it can do in Cork Bay, gave them a lively time of it over to the Poor Head flag-boat, which was rounded as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.		
Leah.....	1 7 0		Fiona .....	1 8 25		Dione.....	1 12 0

The wind after rounding, caught them a dead noser to the southern flag-boat, and the moment the Fiona got the Leah jammed upon a wind she gave a splendid lesson to those professors of yachting who will maintain that a two-sticker can be built and rigged to stand up to her course against the more concentrated effort of a cutter's canvas. The southern flag-boat was rounded thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.		
Fiona .....	1 56 0		Leah.....	2 0 0		Dione .....	2 4 0

Going for the western flag-boat it was still a dead turn up wind, and the Fiona was walking over the seas as if she rather liked a rough road

than otherwise, while the little Dione—lesson No. 2—began visibly to overhaul the Leah; the latter however proving herself an out and out fast vessel, and her day—strong wind and tumbling sea, which two of her requirements the Dione could have advantageously dispensed with upon this particular occasion, as the weight and power of her antagonists were awful odds against her. Round the western flag-boat the Fiona led them at a rattling pace, and on getting under the western land she worked the fresh squalls like a witch, an operation in which the Dione was by no means backward, as few know the mysteries of that coast more thoroughly than her owner; the Bar Rock buoy was reached and rounded at the following times:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fiona .....	2 47 20	Leah.....	2 57 15	Dione .....	3 0 25

Going out on the second round the rallies of wind from west and south of west came fast and furious, insomuch so that the Fiona with an eye to heavy work outside again tied up a double row of knittles, and the moment she reduced her canvas both Leah and Dione drew upon her in the reaching and running, so that the time at the eastern flag-boat for the last round stood thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fiona .....	3 35 0	Leah .....	3 39 0	Dione .....	3 48 25

But when she got them again jammed on a wind the same result was attained as on the first round, the Scottish clipper walking up wind like a spirit of phantom mould: during the beat to the western boat the Dione made astonishing work with the Leah, as will be seen from their times of rounding it:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fiona .....	4 41 0	Leah.....	4 50 0	Dione .....	4 50 10

Once round and with a leading wind out went the Fiona's reefs, up went a narrow-headed topsail, and although neither Leah nor Dione spared an inch of cloth they could set, she went away from them hand over hand and won a hard sailed match in workmanlike fashion, during which the Leah and Dione also behaved splendidly. The times at the flag-ship were:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fiona .....	5 34 28	Leah .....	5 46 35	Dione .....	5 49 42

Fiona received first prize, Leah second.

On Friday the 19th of July, the wind was much lighter, at times falling almost calm. A prize of £50 was offered for schooners and yawls, but the disagreeable words "no entry" sorely disappointed the sporting blue jackets assembled; nor was this disappointment at all lightened, when for the prizes of £75 to the first, and £20 to the second vessel, only the Fiona and Dione's names appeared as competitors; still



it was evident from the Dione's performance on previous occasions, that with the lighter wind, smooth water, and her allowance of time, and from the way it was anticipated her owner would handle her, joined to his thorough knowledge of the course, a good fight was looked forward to; but lo! when the time for starting arrived the Fiona was the only vessel to the fore, the Dione not coming to the buoys.

The only match therefore on this day was that between vessels under 20 tons, for a purse of 15 sovereigns for first yacht, and 5 sovereigns for second, and as the Derby is the race *par excellence* of the Downs at Epsom, so few but those interested care much for a minor event; but notwithstanding this a merry and well sailed match was won by the Calypso, 20 tons, Mr. E. T. Harvey, defeating the Erin, 15, Mr. G. Robinson, Laura, 11, Capt. Allan, and Esk, 10, Captain Beatty.

Some excellent rowing matches afforded the shore spectators much amusement, and concluded the meeting.

### PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

A match was sailed by the members on Saturday, July 6th, from Gravesend to Ramsgate, but by what process of reasoning it could be called an "Ocean Race," as we heard it described, we cannot determine; in the name of common sense don't let us make yachting ridiculous, by applying such a grandiloquent term to a few hours of a 50 mile coasting cruise. In a certain part of Her Majesty's dominions, a very moderate sized river flows through the principal city, a canal exists in the northern and southern suburbs, in passing along which the barges have to cross the aforesaid river; it is a favorite pastime for the irreverent school-lads to way-lay a canal boat after accomplishing this perilous bit of navigation and to ask "Captain what sort of weather had you outside?" We hope such an interrogatory may not be suggested by the "Ocean Race" to Ramsgate!

The principal prize for this match was a silver tankard presented by one of the members of the club, Mr. Hounsell, and a silver cup, and the following vessels were at their stations by day-break to do worthy battle therefor.

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1569	Vampire.....	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
498	Eva.....	cutter	22	Bulmer & Low, Esqs.	Wanhill
568	Gipsy.....	schooner	20	J. F. Delany, Esq.	Owner
1336	Satanella.....	cutter	15	Capt. P. Bennet	Aldous
12	Aerolite.....	cutter	8	Dowdall & Cooper, Esqs.	Aikenhead
285	Dagmar ..	cutter	6	A. Louch, Esq.	Duck

Amongst other rules which characterized this "sea-going" race was "that yachts should tow their own boats." Here we had a cutter of 6 tons pitted against one of 22, but by what rules of "Aerology," "Dynamics," "Hydro-Dynamics," or "Hydrostatics," a vessel of one-fourth the tonnage and power of another was to drag an equal weight at her tail (for we must infer that as the yachts were to be sailed in sea-going trim, their boats were to be suited to the category) we suppose must remain for the "elect" alone to understand, unless the nautical Solon who "laboured out" the brilliant notion comes to the rescue; perhaps the little Dagmar averages the description Pat Mahony gave of his mare, "she consales more bone and muscle unther a smaller shkin than any other baste in the univarse."

At 6h. 3m. a.m., the little fleet were started on their adventurous voyage in search of Ramsgate, the Commodore, Rear-Commodore, and a party of the members accompanying them in a small screw steamer.

The Dagmar showed her bone and muscle by cleverly getting under weigh, but so such a pretty toy ought, and with a nice air at W. by S. showed the fleet the way down Gravesend Reach, but the formidable Vampire the moment she got her balloon canvas to sleep, collared her and took the lead; the Eva taking second place with the Satanella third, and Aerolite fourth; the Satanella when she settled to her work began to overhaul the Eva, when the latter commenced that indiscreet game of "boring up;" (when will racing yachtsmen learn the utter uselessness of such tactics, knowing as they must that the crews of the vessels astern are enjoying a hearty laugh at such an exhibition of skill, and at the same time coming up with the tacticians hand over hand; as always has been the case under such circumstances,) the leading vessel increased her advantage considerably, whilst the Aerolite shot past the "sounding seekers" into second place, and eventually the Satanella worked her wicked will, and established herself beam and beam with the Eva: as they approached the Nore the Satanella and Eva collared the Aerolite, and the first-named shaking herself clear of both the latter began to move up to the Vampire in a very suspicious manner, and off the Nore Light-ship at 8h. 25m., was nearly abeam of her: at this part of the race the vessels looked each a picture, individually, with every stitch of available canvas aloft, and those who had not the legitimate article in the shape of those modern abominations "Spinnakers," making balloon jibs perform their questionable duties. The Vampire however went along at a rate that placed more water between her and her competitors than any of them at all fancied, and although the Satanella's crew exerted all their skill, they could not manage to bring her to any sort of

terms, and as all were looking out to avoid getting caught by the flood tide before clearing the North Foreland, every inch of cloth was packed on aloft that the ever fertile ingenuity of racing sailors could suggest. At the most critical period of this struggle the *Satanella's* spinnaker boom went crash, but it was speedily replaced, only however to sustain a repetition of the disaster, which forced her to take it in, and set a working jib in its place; shortly after the *Eva* appeared all confusion, and her boat casting off told the tale of "a man overboard," however he was quickly picked up, but the *Eva's* chance of escaping the tide, owing to this inevitable and proper delay, was reduced to *nil*, although she made a brave struggle for it afterwards. The *Vampire's* star was in the ascendant, she just hit the weak young flood round the point, and with a nice wind rattled into Ramsgate at 1 h. 30 m., winning the prize cleverly; the *Satanella*, not so fortunate, was caught by the full sweep of the boiling flood at the Foreland, through which she had to force her passage, and did not arrive until 3 h. 5 m., winning however the second prize.

The remaining vessels were not timed, but came in as follows, *Eva*, *Aerolite* *Dagmar*, and *Gipsy*. In the evening a numerous party assembled at the Royal Oak, (Club House, Hotel,) Ramsgate, when Commodore Long in his usual happy way, presented the prizes to Mr. Cuthbert and Captain Bennet; a most agreeable evening was passed, in the course of which it was resolved to hold a similar match during the season of 1868, and a valuable first prize was promised by an old member, in order to establish the race.

This race formed a most appropriate wind up to the Prince of Wales Club match sailing programme of the season.

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### PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THE first-class match of this Club took place on the 13th July, and the good fortune as to weather which has attended the members in all their races this year continuing, the contest was much more enlivening than those of the three previous days of the Royal Irish regatta, there being a steady and nice large topsail breeze blowing from the W.S.W. all the afternoon, though one tremendous shower of rain effectually saved the racers all trouble in wetting canvas. The race was for a prize of £35, with the usual scarf ring for the helmsman, and was confined to vessels of the Club exceeding 40 tons; but, as will be seen by the entries, many of a lesser tonnage took advantage of the rule allowing them to enter at any rate above their actual tonnage, and so became eligible to

contend. The morning seemed likely to be as sultry and calm as those of the previous days, but at eleven o'clock a nice light air of wind came from the southward, which gradually increased, and continued steady throughout the day, though the dark rolling clouds surely portended a thunder-storm 'ere long. At half-past eleven the following pretty little fleet mustered at the starting buoys :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons Rated	Owners	Builders
40	Amberwitch .....	yawl	41	J. McCurdy, Esq.	Wanhill
706	Kilmeny .....	cutter	41	D. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
319	Dione .....	cutter	45	Pascoe French, Esq.	Hatcher
397	Enid .....	cutter	56	F. Scovell, Esq.	Wanhill
1560	Torpid .....	cutter	41	Major Longfield	Day & Co.

The first gun was fired at 12h. 7m., and the second exactly five minutes afterwards, when the head sails rose like magic, and the race commenced in earnest. Torpid, from the lee berth, went at once to the front, followed by the Enid and Kilmeny, Dione, having fouled her spring, being a little behind, and Amberwitch, not seeming to start well, also lagging. All had balloon jibs except Dione, which carried a very large reaching jib and her balloon staysail, and did not, so far as we could see, shift this canvas all day. It had been agreed by mutual consent, and to avoid the disappointments of the previous day, that the yachts should go but once round the long course, and give and take but one-half the usual time allowance. All had balloon topsails, with jack-yards, and it being a nice reach to the North Bar (black) buoy, two miles and a-half N.E. by N.  $\frac{1}{4}$  N., they went at a tremendous pace over the young flood, just beginning to make. As they came out Enid went to the front, Kilmeny collaring her, but unable to go through her lee, and, of course, not allowed to go on her weather. The magnificent new cutter Oimara, 165 tons, came in as they went out, on her voyage from the Clyde to Spithead. Wind getting more aft as they neared the mark, Kilmeny and Enid shifted their balloon jibs and set working foresails for the beat to the Kish light-ship, seven miles S.E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  E., wind getting up. They rounded the buoy—Enid, 1st.; Kilmeny, 2nd.; Dione, 3rd.; Torpid, 4th.; Amberwitch, 5th.; and lay S.E. by E., looking well up for their mark; but the wind lightened in a very heavy shower of rain, and then came ahead. All tacked to starboard except the Amberwitch, who held her reach on towards Howth. Dione after a time went about and weathered the Enid, and Torpid did the same to Kilmeny, but very close, the latter having to shake up for her, being on

the wrong tack. Enid and Kilmeny soon afterwards tacked to port, an example followed by Dione, while Torpid held her reach towards Dalkey, and Amberwitch continued to reach on under the Baily light-house. At a quarter-past two o'clock the wind shifted, and the centre trio lay clean full for the light-ship, Dione first by three-quarters of a mile, Kilmeny second, Enid nearly abreast on her weather beam. Nice breeze, and all going four or five knots. Air warm and pleasant.

At this time the extra race of the same Club for vessels not exceeding 25 tons, prize £15 and scarf ring, which had been delayed by a most tremendous thunder shower, was started to go once round the short course, and came out as follows :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1265	Ripple.....	cutter	12	G. Brett, Esq.	Fulton
23	Alexandra.....	cutter	15	A. Bald, Esq.	Mill, I. Co.
1693	Wave Crest.....	cutter	25	H. Crawford, Esq.	Fulton
790	Luna.....	cutter	25	C. Putland, Esq.	Marshall
1390	Siren.....	cutter	19	D. Corbett, Esq.	Fife
1547	Torch.....	cutter	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife

They made the best of their way to the North Bar buoy, from whence they were to round the North and South buoys of the Burford bank, and return to harbour, the Ripple already looking like repeating her victory at the R. I. Y. C., when she won the prize in her class, but was disqualified for fouling a mark-boat. Torpid tacked at 2h. 30m., but her long stretch to the southward had done her no good, and she seemed to go heavily, which those on board attributed to the rain setting up the lanyards of her rigging too taut. She was now nearly three miles astern, and gave up before reaching the Kish. Dione rounded first, Kilmeny and Enid alongside each other. After rounding Kilmeny set her balloon jib, and while doing so Enid went into the second place. The wind soon after got fair for home, seven miles W. by N.  $\frac{1}{2}$  N., and Kilmeny again shifted her jib, Enid carrying on her balloon. The wind was now W.N.W., and the yachts took a tack to the northward, Kilmeny shifting her balloon topsail for a square-headed one. All tacked to port about 3h. 30m., and soon after fell in with the small ones off the South Burford buoy, Luna leading, Wave Crest second, Ripple third, Torch fourth, Siren fifth, Alexandra sixth. The wind again freed a bit, and they came in at a rattling pace, most again setting balloon or very large reaching jibs, and going like steamboats in the nice breeze, smooth water, and bright sun. The race was now soon

over, Dione rounding the flag-ship, (the cutter Foam,) a gallant winner in her class thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Dione .....	3 52 5	Bmid .....	3 57 0	Kilmeny .....	4 2 5
Amberwitch and Terpid not timed.					

In the extra match, which was started at 1h. 45m., the Ripple led out, all being under balloon canvas, and she was first to round the North Bar buoy, closely followed by the Wave Crest and Luna, the others in a rack. The course then lay for the North Burford buoy, which was rounded by the Luna about thirty seconds before the Wave Crest, who was ten seconds before the Ripple. They then lay for the South Burford buoy, the breeze freshening. The buoy was rounded by the Wave Crest thirty seconds ahead of Ripple, the Luna only two minutes astern. After this the course was home for the harbour again, and round the flag-ship, and thus came in almost with their larger sisters, and so rapidly that the men in the flag-ship had hard work to load and fire, while the guns resembled a review in the Phoenix, the reports were heard so close on one another. The little Ripple, who came in without a top-sail, even with half time (4m. 52½s.), repeated her victory over the 25-tonners, and the times were taken thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Luna .....	4 3 10	Ripple .....	4 6 10	Siren .....	4 9 5
Wave Crest ....	4 4 45	Torch .....	4 8 6		
Alexandra not timed.					

Thus ended a most agreeable day, and a great contrast to the tedium of its predecessors ; while the Club were greatly pleased to see one prize go to Cork and the other to Belfast, its members being always anxious to see strangers come among them. It now musters 125 members and a fleet of sixty-two yachts, and may fairly anticipate a prosperous season for 1868, assisted as it will be by a goodly balance at its banker's, after paying all expenses and prizes of this year.

### ROYAL SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

WE are rejoiced to see that this club is again giving symptoms of vitality and although various rumours have been from time to time bandied about as to its being on its last legs, the committee are shaking off their supineness and mean to put the brave old craft in commission again.

That Southampton should have its Royal Club, and is well able to support it, cannot be questioned; but it must be managed by a committee, composed of such men as will put their shoulders to the wheel, and throw their energies into the working departments, going with the

age and adopting such revised rules and regulations as will, by showing they have the interests of yachting at heart, secure the confidence and support of yacht-owners and yachtsmen.

We regret the existence of the fact, but it cannot be ignored, that a yacht club cannot be supported by yachtsmen, if the adjunct of a palatial club-house is considered necessary to impart that amount of dignity and importance, local and otherwise, that appears to be regarded as the great desideratum; to do this effectually therefore a certain amount of what is known as the "shore element" must be imparted, and this is the dangerous shoal that lurks ahead,—a standing menace—to many if not all of our yachting institutions. None have suffered more under similar circumstances than the Royal Southern, their once splendid club-house knows them no more, they are content now to abide more humbly in the accommodation afforded by a respectable "hostelry," but like wise men and resolute they have set about "re-arranging their house;" we heartily wish them that success, which an unswerving determination to carry out the objects for which the club has been established, will assuredly enable them to achieve; adhering to this, 'ere long we shall see the Royal Southern burgee more firmly established than ever, and floating proudly in Southampton waters as in its palmiest days. The committee however made a slight error at the outset of their reformed career, and we trust that next season no such awkward hitch may suggest the probability that their movements are not commensurate with those of other clubs; once a programme is published let it be strictly adhered to; expediency is a ruinous policy; no matter what interests it may be supposed to serve, it will certainly not serve that club that permits it to sway its councils; let everything be fair and above board, like Cæsar's wife—above suspicion, and a brilliant future is all before the Royal Southern yet.

We would impress upon the committee the fact, let it be disagreeable or otherwise, that our racing yachtsmen of to day, are not what they were some years ago; they make our regattas what they are in these modern times; once upon a time indeed committees were looked up to with a species of awe and admiration, and their dictates obeyed with a blind devotion quite elevating to those arrogating it; but let a committee now-a-days travel one iota out of what a yachtsman thinks their duty and consideration of his interests, and that of the noble sport which he claims as peculiarly his own, and they will see little more of his craft or himself on that station; moreover there is a "brotherhood of the wave," sympathy strongly prevalent just now, an *esprit-de-corps*, that touch one, and the shaft evokes defiance from the fleet; and though the hand-

somest and most valuable prizes that ever adorned a plate locker may be in question, if the saucy silken fighting flags but sniff a taint upon the summer gale, no starting buoys for them, no display of gallant seamanship to witch the peerless eyes of beauty, and if a regatta turn out without entries for a single prize, the feelings resultant are of that class denominated "excessively small indeed."

The principal event on Saturday, July 27th, was a very handsome piece of plate, value 100 sovereigns, presented by Commodore the Earl of Cardigan, and open to vessels of any rig or tonnage, belonging to Royal Clubs, and over 50 tons, time allowance, a quarter-of-a-minute per ton; cutters to set only fore and aft canvas, and not to boom out, but schooners, and we presume yawls, to set what canvas they pleased; course from the town pier down Southampton water, round the buoys of the Bramble and back; then over the same route again, distance forty miles. We shall make no further observations upon these conditions; practical yachtsmen are quite capable of judging for themselves, but we do hope the Royal Southern sailing committee will accept the hints here given in a most friendly spirit, and with a sincere desire for the welfare of a club, that should take a very high stand and play no secondary part in the aquatic circles of southern waters. For this prize the following vessels came to the starting buoys:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Bullheads
1648	Volante .....	cutter	60	H. C. Maudslay, Esq.	Harvey
481	Fiona .....	cutter	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	Fife
1592	Vanguard .....	cutter	90	Captain Hughes	Ratsey

With the wind light at N.W., and the tail of the ebb-tide, they got away at 11 o'clock, making a very notable display of balloon canvas, the Fiona as is her habit running to the front, with Volante and Vanguard side by side close upon her, but the prospect of wind was very indifferent indeed—the rays of the sun at thousand-furnace power licking up every "cat's-paw" that ventured to show itself: off Netley a small rally of wind crept out from northward, which Vanguard and Volante to windward seized hold of and ran beam and beam with Fiona to Calshot, here the breeze began veering and hauling from north to west and back again, and 'twas nothing but gybe and gybe-ho—"shifty come changee" as often as you please, during which agreeable tactics the Vanguard launched ahead and took the N.E. Bramble Buoy at 12h. 20m., the Volante drew out second at 12h. 20m. 10s., and the Fiona passed it at 12h. 20m. 50s., pretty close order so far. Going for the East Bramble



buoy the wind narrowed on them, and came out pretty steady, so that plain canvas became necessary and they rounded the East buoy at 12h. 30m., from this they had a busy and short board to windward for the W. buoy, the Fiona eating Volante out of her berth, and walking up hand over hand with Vanguard, the latter however held her own well to the buoy which was weathered by her at 12h. 44m. 0s., by the Fiona 12h. 44m. 10s., and the Volante at 12h. 44m. 50s. At dead low water they weathered the N.W. buoy, the Vanguard still leading; they then stood a long leg for the Southampton shore, but the wind was making a regular "Cyclone" bend of it, the Vanguard and Volante getting it near the vortex and consequently lying well up the river, whilst the Fiona was headed off on the verge, and as if the fates were still further against her, her pilot had just guaged his mark to a nicety for going about, but her skipper seizing the opportunity for a "nip up" all round in stays, stood in too far when the word was given, and she plumped ashore hard and fast on little Greenwich patch: here was the devil to pay and no pitch hot, but fortunately the young flood was making, and after the taste of Southampton mud for nearly ten minutes she wore round and got free; by this time however the Vanguard and Volante were well up the river, the former with a slashing lead, although the wind had been baffling about in the most capricious of mid-summer fitfulness; under the western shore the Fiona at length managed to bag a whole rally of weather, and managed to collar the Volante, but too late to man-handle the Vanguard; the adage of the cup and the lip was verified here, for a regular "hurrah's nest" of craft beleaguered the town pier, through which the Fiona had cautiously to work her way, while the Volante, slipping in and out like a greased gimlet through a pine plank, shot inside of her and cleverly took the flag-ship, the times being in the first round:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vanguard .....	2 56 0	Volante .....	3 6 0	Fiona .....	3 6 8

On the run down again for the Brambles the same variableness of wind prevailed, it was just the day when the vessel that succeeded in getting the lead had the chances—ten to one in her favor, and accordingly both Vanguard and Volante improved every inch of water, and left the Scottish flyer such a distance astern as quite astonished the "profession;" off Hythe a nor'-wester freshened up for a brief space, and the Fiona began to "slide," but just as she was on the point of collaring the Volante, the wind hauled up north and began to coquette away east and away went Volante once more for the West Bramble, which was rounded by Vanguard at 4h. 28m. 10s., Volante 4h. 37m. 10s., and Fiona 4h. 41m.

15s. Another struggle to windward eventuated in the *Fiona* at last collaring *Volante*, but the *Vanguard* had all her sailing tackle working sweetly through the sheaves with a decidedly winning "cheep," and she was down right well handled, as indeed were the others also, and the flag-ship was reached at the following times.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.		
Vanguard .....	5 55 30		Fiona .....	6 9 0		Volante .....	6 14 30

From start to finish there was no mistake about the *Vanguard*, she had pinned the *Fiona* in narrow waters with baffling winds, and just under such circumstances as she herself could display a real turn of speed, and extreme handiness in working; added to her previous performances it establishes her reputation as a dangerous antagonist over any course; and more particularly where shifty winds, short tacks, and a suspicion of soundings call for the beauties of a handy as well as a swift boat.

The club prizes of 40 sovereigns to the first, and 10 sovereigns to the second vessel, for yachts under 50 tons, over the same course brought out the following:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1887.*

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
946	<i>Niobe</i> .....	cutter	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
1426	<i>Sphinx</i> .....	cutter	48	J. E. Earle, Esq.	Maudslay
1542	<i>Thought</i> .....	cutter	27	G. Wells, Esq.	Hatcher
1093	<i>Phantom</i> .....	cutter	27	F. Rosamon, Esq.	Finney

The *Vindex* was also entered but her owner not considering her equal to the allowance of time, half minute, she had to make to the smaller vessels, embracing amongst the most formidable light weights of the day, declined to start.

At 11h. 30m. they got away, the *Niobe* working the variable winds and conditions of tide, we have already described, well; and the gallant old *Phantom*, a precious relic of former days, going along in a style that most effectually mystified the learned and modern improvements, for most assuredly she is still as able to take her part as ever, and her age is—num—we forgot that ladies are rather touchy on that question; however the advocates of modern improvements may chuckle now and then as their favorites come to the fore; occasionally an ancient lassie creeps up at the finish, and to the question—"how now about your new-fangled flyers?" the only answer we get is an evasive "these are exceptions," or "it is difficult sometimes to know what salt water likes!" Our own impression is that in such of these old ladies as do touch up the young ones occasionally of late, the proper centres harmonize by accident more

than design, which coupled with tolerable lines, carry out the theory of modern construction, and which it is just probable may not be always accomplished even in these latter days. Be this as it may however, the *Phantom* signalized herself by defeating such a clipper as the *Niobe* on time, and took the first prize, as their arrival at the flag-ship confirms:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Niobe</i> .....	7 59 0	<i>Phantom</i> .....	8 0 20

A prize of 25 sovereigns for vessels not exceeding 15 tons brought out the *Folly*, 12 tons, Mr. W. Parry, and *Quiver*, 12 tons, Captain Chamberlayne; as these two little clippers, and their pedigrees and performances are as well known to our yachtsmen as Bembridge ledge, we need only mention their names to ensure the conception of a slashing race; but as the weather did not quite justify such a description, we will briefly say that this time the *Folly* triumphed, their times at the flag-ship being:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Folly</i> .....	4 30 0	<i>Quiver</i> .....	4 56 5

### ROYAL YORKSHIRE YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THIS regatta commenced on Wednesday, the 17th July, at Hull. The day opened gloomily with occasional showers of rain, and blowing a gale of wind from the westward, with heavy squalls. The prizes to be run for were a 60-guinea silver punch bowl, on an ebony stand, for the first yacht and a 20-guinea claret jug for the second, if four started. The entries comprised:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1629	<i>Vindex</i> .....	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Hatcher
85	<i>Avoset</i> .....	yawl	89	Sir H. H. Bacon, Bart., &c.	Wanhill
804	<i>Mabella</i> .....	cutter	28	Edwin Davis, Esq.	Marshall
1489	<i>Surf</i> .....	cutter	54	J. Tempest, Esq.	Fife
1307	<i>Sapphire</i> .....	cutter	28	A. Bannister, Esq., v.c.	
381	<i>Elida</i> .....	cutter	30	G. N. Duck, Esq.	Fife
	<i>Nettie</i> .....	cutter	18	J. G. Kirsten, Esq.	

Unfortunately in towing out of dock *Surf* in a heavy dive sprung her bowsprit, while *Mabella*, with her bowsprit also sprung during the previous day's racing at Grimsby was through some mismanagement not towed up into position. *Sapphire* with her stern-head badly split was also unable to start; and the *Nettie*, a centre-board boat, which the gale blowing drove away from her moorings nearly to Paull, and owing

to these accidents the starters were confined to the remaining three. Before the start too Ellida dragged her anchor and had to be towed up again, but during the tide and force of wind she again drove, which gave her the advantage of the start. The gun fired at 10h. 58m. when Vindex was the first to show her muslin, Ellida not setting her mainsail until fairly round. Avoset seemed rather short-handed and took it rather leisurely and like the others started under second jib fore-sail and single reefed mainsail, not setting her mizen all the day. All three topmasts were down, although Avoset might from her power have carried a small top-sail from the start, and her not doing so doubtless cost her the race. The wind was right aft, Avoset and Vindex carrying their booms over the port quarter, Ellida hers to starboard, both the cutters had balloon fore-sails set. At the start one of Ellida's men was badly hurt but refused to be put ashore. This vessel had two more of her crew hurt during the race. Shortly before reaching the Hebbles Ellida jibed, being still just ahead of Vindex, Avoset some distance astern, and in spite of the strong breeze apparently going very sluggishly compared to what was expected of her. Off Killingholme however she appeared to have got enough in the constant squalls as all three smoked along in fine style, burying the lee sides of their decks under water, and defying the best efforts of the powerful committee steamer Liverpool to keep up with them. Here Avoset got her topmast on end and endeavoured to set a jib-header but something getting foul she hauled it down again and did not set it until past the upper Burcom buoy when she began to overhaul the others. Just above Grimsby, Vindex who had hitherto been carefully "blanketed," by Ellida, managed to slip through her lee after a good deal of jockeying of which the yawl took advantage to get on even terms with them. Ellida now sent up her topmast and set the top-sail, Vindex shaking a reef out and then following suit. Avoset was now taking a decided lead but not to the extent that from her size might have been expected, while Vindex was slowly leaving the little one. The run to the Bull was done in these relative positions, all three topmasts being struck before rounding, which was done as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Avoset.....	12 36 45	Vindex.....	12 37 51	Ellida .....	12 39 22

On luffing round, the yachts close-hauled on the starboard tack for the south shore, the weight of the sea telling greatly in favor of the large one and against the smallest, the intervals between the three widening. Vindex and Ellida both hauled down a reef and were then nearly smothered in the beat against the heavy sea. After going about, Avoset and Vindex stood on the port tack right across to the north side of the

river, and worked up along it in a slacker ebb than Ellida, who finding the sea too much for her on the lee side of the river, worked along the Barcom sand, against rather more tide but in smoother water. The big yawl went away splendidly, standing up well to her canvas and shipping little heavier than spray, while the Vindex laying over, the green seas glancing along the lee side of her deck, was a picture worthy of a painter, as she showed her iron weather side half way to the keel, her beautiful mainsail standing like a sheet of steel, the perfection of sailmaking and proper stretching with scarce a quiver in the after leach; her knife-like bow dividing the seas, and her powerful lines passing them aft without any perceptible disturbance, in strong contrast to the old fashioned Trinity House yacht Dream, a yawl of some 120 tons, cruising in company, who upright as a church was piling a mountain of water under her bows. Ellida's mainsail was on the contrary no credit to her maker, as even in the run down it would not stand, and as she buried in the broken water it flapped away worse than ever. Avoset's jib was nearly as bad, but her other sails stood beautifully. From Killingholme upwards the two cutters appeared rather to gain on her, they getting the earliest of the flood with them, and it now began to appear doubtful whether she would save her time on Vindex. After a succession of short tacks from Paull home, the winning flag-boat was rounded thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Avoset .....	8	10	24	Vindex .....	3	19	18	Ellida .....	3	24	20

After deducting one-eighth of the yawl's tonnage for difference of rig, the Vindex won by time 6m. 36s., Avoset beating Ellida by 2m. 56s. Vice Commodore Bannister then presented the prize to A. Duncan, Esq., in a suitable manner, and shortly after the Vindex sailed for Havre, for the forthcoming regatta there.

Thursday morning the second day of the regatta again broke cold and gloomily with a light rain, the sky betokened a squally and boisterous day, such a one as to put the powers of the amateur crews fully to the test. The large yachts Avoset and Surf perhaps wisely declined starting in such weather, unless allowed a liberal proportion of their regular hands, which was not acceded to by the committee. The rain caused a slacker attendance than usual on board the committee steamer, although just before the start it cleared up, and only rained lightly at intervals throughout the day. The prizes to be contended for were a 25-guinea claret jug of silver richly gilt, (a very beautiful prize) for the first boat, and a silver cigar case value 5 guineas for the second; all the vessels to be entirely manned by gentlemen amateurs, a pilot

allowed each vessel, not to interfere in any way in her working. The yachts to be handicapped by a committee, consisting of Mr. R. Garthorne, and Mr. C. G. Rust, the honorary Secretary of the Club, the handicap to be delivered sealed to each, and not to be opened until after the start. The following came to the post :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Handicap Allowance
381	Ellida .....	cutter	30	G. N. Duck, Esq.	0 minutes
683	Ivy .....	cutter	18	Capt. Cator, R.N.	15 "
	Nettie .....	cutter	13	J. G. Kirsten, Esq.	22 "

When the vessels were handicapped just previous to the start, and for a short time after the wind was moderate from the southward with smooth water, but as the weather turned out afterwards the respective allowances might have been increased. When the gun fired Nettie who was allowed the use of her centre-board was first away, under lower canvas and jib-headed topsail. Ellida was next off under the same sail getting off very smartly, and Ivy making but an indifferent start for her size was last setting a square-headed topsail. Off the Hebbles light-ship Ellida collared Nettie and took the lead, Ivy some minutes astern. Hence to Killingholme was a succession of short tacks, Ellida improving her lead, while Nettie both going well and looking well up to windward had to douse her topsail, when she was passed by Ivy. Here the squalls began to strike very heavily, and Ivy who had sprung her bowsprit at Grimsby regatta reefed it and took in her topsail, housing her topmast shortly after. When abreast of the upper Burcom, Ellida hauled down her topsail and down mast, also shifting to her third jib ; the sea was now getting up, and these various jobs were done so smartly that no one would have suspected the vessels were handled by amateurs entirely. The yachts continued their reach to the Bull Float with a fast increasing sea and wind, all of them hauling down their first reefs before luffing round which was done :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Ellida .....	12 51 10	Ivy .....	1 1 20	Nettie .....	1 26 30

Nettie considerably astern and apparently in some trouble, all three on rounding hauled close up for the south shore, Ellida taking a much stronger lead in the heavy and broken sea now running, and all of them drenching their crews through and through as they plunged into it. Power here told strongly against the smaller boats, rendering the race nearly a certainty for Ellida, as throughout the beat up she continued to improve her position, losing sight of her competitors amongst the

many vessels in the river. Off Killingholme she close reefed her bowsprit and took a second reef in her mainsail, and so beat up to Hull a winner by 12m. 55s., after allowing her time to Ivy who took the second prize. The finish was thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Ellida .....	3	46	10	Ivy .....	4	14	5
Nettle not timed.							

The crew of the Ellida consisted of the following gentlemen, G. N. Duck, Esq., the owner, Capt. the Hon. C. J. Shore, Messrs. W. R. Garthorne, H. W. R. Smith, B. Jacques, Norton, T. Backhouse, C. Sanderson, T. J. Dossor, J. L. Fearne, F. Masterman, E. C. Twiss, and E. Henshall. The crew of the Ivy consisted of Capt. Cator, R.N., the owner, Messrs. W. Davidson, R. E. Garrett, P. Mercer, and three sons of the owner. The day was one to fully test the skill and powers of the crews, and all of them deserve credit for the way they did their work in such weather.

### GREAT GRIMSBY REGATTA.

THIS regatta took place on Tuesday, July 16th, when the prizes to be contended for were of the following value, £60 for yachts of 30 tons and upwards, and £30 for those under 30 tons. Considerable disappointment was felt that the Phryne reported to have been on her way from the Thames did not turn up, as the race between her, the Surf, and the Vindex, was from their ancient rivalry, and the three not having met during the last two or three years, looked forward to with great interest. The weather was strong with half a gale from the westward. The usual but unscientific Humber scale of half-a-minute per ton time allowance. For the large class race the entries were :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1489	Surf .....	yawl	54	J. Jempest, Esq.	Fife
85	Avocet .....	cutter	87	Sir H. H. Bacon, Bart.	Wanhill
1629	Vindex .....	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill. In. Co.
381	Ellida .....	cutter	30	G. N. Duck, Esq.	Fife
THE SMALL CLASS.					
3	Active .....	cutter	12	Capt. R. Atthill	Talbot
683	Ivy .....	cutter	18	Capt. Cator, R.N.	Marshall
804	Mabella .....	cutter	28	E. Davis, Esq.	Marshall
1307	Sapphire .....	cutter	28	A. Bannister, Esq.	

In the first class Vindex drew the weather or inshore berth, and

Ellida the leewardmost. Avoset declining to start, her owner considering the course too short to allow the time to the smaller yachts, although the weather being just suitable for her size, and she only sailing as 76 tons, with a tedious beat up against tide she would probably have been very near winning even over the 25 mile course. The smaller yachts started at the same time, and over the same course as the large ones, but from a line a couple of hundred yards above the larger ones. The Active was the only one of the fleet with a topmast on end. The starting gun fired at 10h. 50m., when the yachts were round at once, gybing before setting their mainsails. All started under second jibs, double reefed mainsails and reefed foresails, except Vindex which set a balloon foresail. Owing to the gale now blowing and Vindex's well known power in lumpy water, she was at once made a strong favorite. Ellida was first under canvas and luffed up into the weathermost position, across the bows of the other two, Vindex trying in vain to get past her, while Surf keeping a straight course for her mark took a good lead. For some three miles Ellida held Vindex under her lee, when at last the latter succeeded in getting through it. Ellida then set a balloon foresail. These relative positions were held and the Newsand light four miles outside the Humber was rounded :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Surf .....	11 56 35	Mabella .....	12 7 15
Vindex .....	11 57 40	Active .....	12 8 20
Ellida .....	11 58 14	Sapphire .....	12 8 28
Ivy .....	12 6 28		

The last vessel having on the previous evening split her stem-head badly had only entered for the sake of sport. The sea outside the Humber was so heavy that the large committee steamer Liverpool, did not venture outside, but lay to inside the Bull light. The next point to be passed was No. 1 buoy, about a mile and-a-half to the north of the Newsand, for which all the yachts hauled up, bringing the wind abeam and getting plenty of sea. The buoy was stayed round in the same order :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Surf .....	12 5 54	Ellida .....	12 8 47
Vindex .....	12 7 2	Ivy .....	12 18 14

With the wind well forward all now rattled away for the Newsand, on their return the three leading vessels passing it as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Surf .....	12 17 33	Vindex .....	12 18 14	Ellida .....	12 20 11

The latter vessel staying round it and standing on the port tack towards the Binks, to take advantage of the earliest of the flood, while the other seven all continued their reach to the southward to get under the



lee of the Sandhaile, all of them feeling the full weight of the sea. Ivy sprung her bowsprit and hove-to to reef, when she was passed by Mabella, while Active going very well carried away her bowsprit and was put out of the race. Vindex now seemed in her element and was fast weathering on Surf, whose fine lines and short floor did not seem to agree with the broken water, Vindex soon wresting the lead from her. Ellida from her position got the heaviest sea, drenching her crew, and having to keep her cockpit clear with a bucket. In one heavy dive she burst her foretack, the sail running up the stay and giving her crew a job to secure it again. After a long board all went about, and on passing Spurn Point on opposite tacks Surf just weathered Ellida, Vindex being well to windward. Ellida now got well under the Sandhaile in comparatively smoother water and shook out her second reef. She had now every prospect of being well within her time of Vindex, when with a crash down came her mainsail on deck, the hook of the throat halliard block having broken short off. However determined to die hard, her crew went to work with a will and passed a lashing round the block, and in little more than fifteen minutes had the sail up again, and lashed the gaff to the masthead. Vindex and Surf had now a strong lead, the former improving her position greatly, the Surf having apparently no chance with her in such weather, while Ellida bringing up the flood was fast gaining on both; the smaller class (Mabella leading) being a long way astern. Vindex off the Ness buoy shook out her double reef seemingly afraid of Ellida, whose cup of misfortune was not yet however full as her mainsail again came down, the lashing having carried away. However she soon got a tackle up and re-set the sail. The yachts luffed round the winning flag-boat thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Vindex .....	1	50	12	Ellida .....	2	3	20	Sapphire .....	2	29	15
Surf .....	1	54	20	Mabella .....	2	19	45	Ivy .....	2	37	23

Active not timed.

Vindex beating Ellida by 5m. 48s., and Ellida saving her time on Surf for second honours by 2m. 20s., in spite of her misfortunes which doubtless lost her the prize. Mabella winning the £30 prize easily in her class. The Avocet a noble looking vessel was cruising about inside the river under her headsails and mizen, a show of canvas apparently calculated not to interfere with the digestive organs of the party on board her.

## PROPOSED UNIFORM CODE OF BUOYAGE.

*(With plate.)*

It is with much pleasure that we return to this subject, as promised in our July number, and the more so as we are enabled through the kindness of Captain E. J. Bedford, R.N., the originator of the proposed code, to present our readers with a lithographed plan explanatory of the system. It will be observed at the outset that the utmost simplicity is aimed at, consonant with complete effectiveness, and we must say we think achieved. The three colours—Red, Black, and White constitute the fundamental principle, and their relative arrangement on the buoys indicate its detail. It is not proposed by Captain Bedford to alter the form of any existing buoys, thus obviating the creation of a very important item of expense, and utilising present material; all necessary to be done is the application of the three colours according to the details which we shall now point out to our readers; and which occasional reference to the plan will render clearly intelligible. A plain Red buoy, as No. 1, indicates the boundary of the *right hand shore* of the main Channel of approach to any port or harbour, and is to be kept on the *starboard* hand going in; reference to the plan will show the shore on the right hand side buoyed all along with plain Red No. 1 buoys. A plain Black buoy, as No. 2, indicates the boundary of the *left hand shore*, and is to be kept on the *port hand* going in—*vide* left shore in plan—marked with plain Black No. 2 buoys. Now comes the *first combination* of these two colours, which is done by painting the buoy in *vertical stripes Red and Black*, as No 3; this indicates the lower or seaward-most point of connected dangers, and also the division of a Channel into two arms; this may be passed on either hand in the direction of the Channel, and on reference to plan No. 3, will be found marking the southern-most point of the right hand shore, and whichever hand it is desirable to keep it on, it will be observed that the succeeding buoys met with, either Red No. 1, or Black No. 2, show the position of the mainland. The *second combination* is also *Black and Red*, but in this instance it is done by painting the buoy in alternate squares, as No. 4, or as it is technically called—"Black and Red chequered." A buoy painted thus marks isolated dangers, as a Rock, which it denotes on the plan at No. 4, and this buoy may be passed on *either hand*. Such a buoy is always placed to seaward of the danger it marks.

The *third combination* is *Red and White* in squares or chequers as No. 5; a buoy painted thus marks the *port edge* of large central

dangers, as a sand-bank—reef of rocks, &c., and must be kept on the *starboard hand* going in, it is shown on the plan at No. 5, on the *port edges* of the *Pharos Isle*, the *Grey Rock*, the *Cockle Spit*, and the *Cockle Bank*.

The *fourth combination* is *Black and White* in squares or chequers, as No. 6 ; a buoy painted thus marks the *starboard edge* of large central dangers, as a sand bank, reef of rocks, &c.,—and must be kept on the *port hand* ; it is shown upon the plan at No. 6, on the *starboard edges* of the *Pharos Isle*, the *Grey Rock*, the *Cockle Spit*, and the *Cockle Bank*. Be it here observed—that a glance at the plan will show that a passage should never be attempted between the buoys 5 and 6, *unless they have upon them Perches* as shown on the Red and White chequered buoy on the *port edge* of the *Cockle Bank*, and the Black and White chequered buoy on the *starboard edge* of the *Cockle Spit*, these perches denote a *turning point* or *elbow*, and on the plan show that leaving the Black and White chequered buoy of the *Cockle Spit* on the *port hand*, you steer for the Red and White chequered buoy of the *Cockle Bank*, leaving it on the *starboard hand*, and thus pass between the buoys in the diagonal Channel between the Spit and the Bank.

The *fifth combination* is Black, White, and Red, in *horizontal bands*, or zones, as buoy No. 7. A buoy painted thus denotes the *upper* or *landward end* of large central dangers, as reefs of rocks, shoals, sand-banks, and may be passed on either side as No. 3 buoy, the Red and White, and Black and White chequered buoys pointing out the lateral extent of the dangers ; it is shown in the plan at No. 7—the *Pharos Isle*, and the upper extremity of the *Cockle Bank*. The *sixth combination* is also Black, White, and Red, but in this case arranged in *vertical stripes*, as buoy No. 8. A buoy painted thus denotes the *lower* or *seaward-most end* of large central dangers, as before enumerated, and may be passed on either hand, the same remarks as to the chequered buoys, and also as to passing between these striped buoys, unless with perches upon them, applying. It is shown on the plan at No. 8, the *Pharos Isle*, and at the tail of the *Cockle Spit*.

The *seventh combination* is horizontal zones or bands, which indicate the *Fairway Channel*; thus—Black and White horizontal belts—Port Fairway ; Black and Red—Centre Fairway ; and Red and White—Starboard Fairway ; these buoys have in addition the word *Fairway* painted upon them. There is only one shown on the plan at No. 9—denoting the Starboard Fairway Channel, and the *perch* on No. 3 buoy may here be noticed as indicating the *turning point*, or *elbow*—to steer

for the Fairway buoy No. 9—coming from seaward. The usual Green buoy is retained to indicate a sunken vessel, with the word "Wreck" painted upon it and may be passed on either hand: it is shown on plan at No. 10 inside of the Grey Rock.

Beacons and Perches indicating low water points, or central isolated dangers, are to be painted similarly to the buoys, and passed in accordance with their colours; one is shown in the plan—No. 11 to the southward of the outlying reef on the port shore of the Channel entrance. We have thus the two primary colours Red and Black, with seven combinations including the neutral White, constituting this exceedingly simple, comprehensive, and effective system, and we cannot too highly compliment Captain Bedford on his masterly and seamanlike arrangement.

As applied to individual ports and harbours it is to our mind perfection; but Captain Bedford goes further than this, he proposes to divide the coasts of the United Kingdom into centres, thus—England into three divisions—1, having the Mersey for its centre—embracing from the Mull of Galloway to St. David's Head. 2, having the Severn for its centre—embracing from St. David's Head to the Land's End; and 3, having the Thames for its centre, embracing from the Land's End to St. Abb's Head. Scotland into 2 Divisions—West—having the Clyde for its centre—embracing from Cape Wrath to the Mull of Galloway, and East—having the Forth for its centre, embracing from Cape Wrath to St. Abb's Head. Ireland into 2 divisions—West, having Galway for its centre, and East, having Dublin for its centre, and embracing on both sides from Rathlin Island to Cape Clear. The primary characteristics of Captain Bedford's system have been adopted by the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses in Scotland since 1857, and also in several other localities on the British Coast; it has also been adopted along the shores of the United States since 1851, and partially on the continental seaboard.

The session of parliament having now terminated, many of our distinguished yachtsmen will have ample opportunities of practically considering this important subject during their cruises, and acquiring local information as to the benefits likely to result from its universal adoption; we cannot too strongly impress upon them the necessity that exists for an international arrangement, more especially where the safety and welfare of such great maritime interests as this country possesses are involved, and where every additional security to navigation ensures the safety and promotion of these interests. We confidently look forward to the introduction of the subject in the ensuing session, with a view to the

# SENTOH IN ILLUSTRATION OF THE SCHEME.

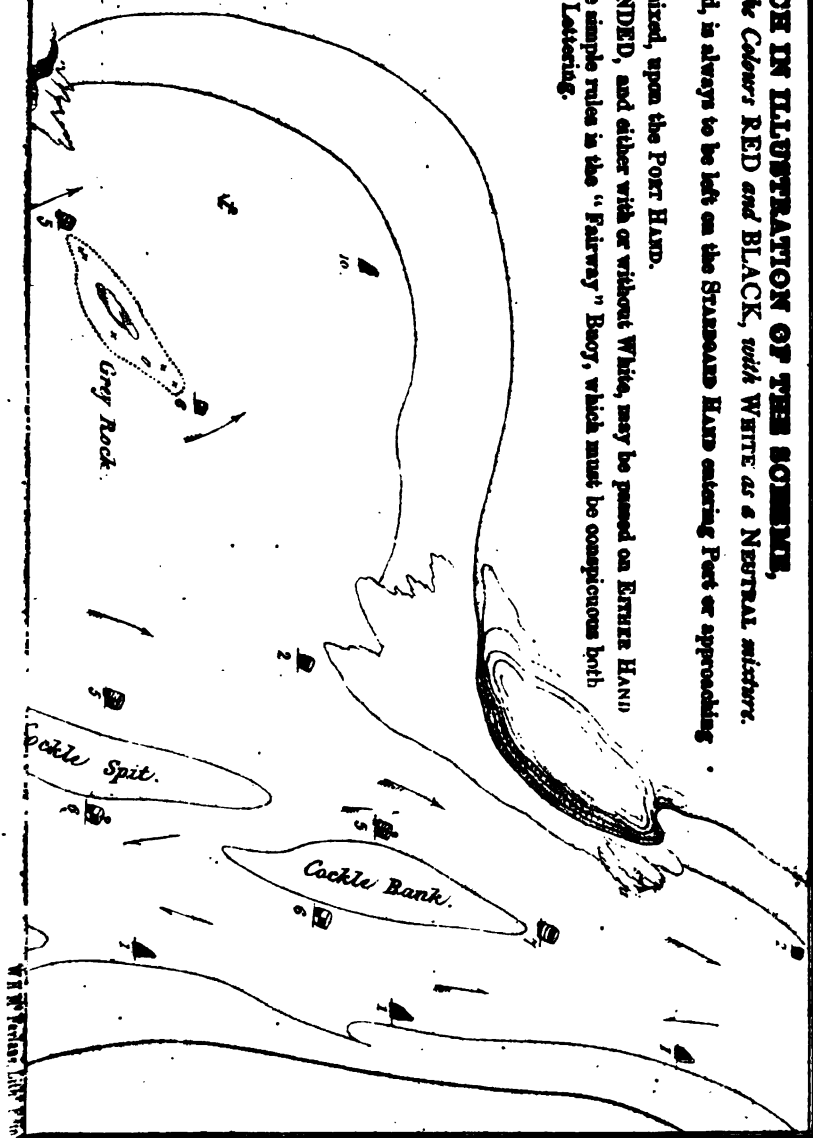
*Which is founded on the Colours RED and BLACK, with WHITE as a NEUTRAL mixture.*

RED, either whole or mixed, is always to be left on the STARSBOARD HAND entering Port or approaching a centre.

BLACK, either whole or mixed, upon the PORT HAND.

The two COLOURS BLENDED, and either with or without White, may be passed on EITHER HAND

The only exception to these simple rules is the "Fairway" Bay, which must be conspicuous both in Shape, Colour, and Lettering.



7.	Black, White, and Red, Horizontal	Bounding Upper End of Large Central Dangers	Pass on either hand as 3.	Never pass between 7 and 8 except when either has a Perch.
8.	Black, White, and Red, Vertical	Bounding Lower End of Large Central Dangers	Pass on either hand as 3.	
9.	In Belts of Colour, with the word "Fairway" on it	Fairways . . . . .	Pass on either hand.	1. Black and White—Port Fairway. 2. Black and Red—Centre Fairway. 3. Red and White—Starboard Fairway.
10.	Green, with the word "Wreck" on it	Sunken Wreck . . . . .	Pass on either hand.	Dark Green Buoys might be substituted for Black ones, and would then better assimilate with Green Lights.†
11.	Beacons and Perches	On Low Water Points, and Central Dangers	Pass according to Colour.	

NOTES.—Buoys can be further distinguished by the Name or Initials of the Channel or Danger, and Number, commencing from Seaward.

Beacons are either of Stone, Iron, or Wood, and when in lieu of Buoys, are subject to the same Rules. Perches are Masts with Balls, or other Devices.

This arrangement is founded upon the plan introduced by the present Rear-Admiral Denham for Buoying the Port of Liverpool in 1833. Its primary characteristics have been adopted by the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses in Scotland since 1857, and over several localities of the British Coast, also along the shores of the United States since 1851, and other Continental Seabords.

It would be desirable to note the District Centres in the Sailing Directions, and the General Charts of the Coast referred to.

\* *Vide* Code of Fog Signals, and of Buoy and Tide Signals, by ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM, F.R.S.S.A.

† Suggested by Captain G. A. BENFORD, R.N.

establishment of a commission for its settlement with other governments. We have several distinguished yachtsmen in both Lords and Commons capable of ably dealing with the matter; in the upper house—the Royal Yacht Squadron and other clubs can furnish forth many advocates of such a measure, and with regard to the lower house, if we may take the liberty of suggesting a member specially fitted in every possible way to handle such a subject, we would mention the name of Mr. S. R. Graves, the member for Liverpool, and Commodore of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club. No more fitting opportunity can occur for rendering his name imperishable in maritime annals, than that of being the promoter of such a universal system as the excellent one arranged by Captain Bedford.—It would be a crowning event in the annals of yachting, were such an international benefit established through the exertions of its members.

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### ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.

THE Solent is again regaining its sway, which for some years back has been seriously threatened by the magnetic attractions which seemed to draw such a fleet of racing yachts season after season up St. George's Channel; and to the Clyde; but somehow last season the spell seemed to have been broken, and this year Cowes has been itself again, the Squadron drawing to its regatta "everything," that is "something" afloat in the yachting world: indeed yachtsmen seem to have made their arrangements with this object in view for the season, as the Irish Channel Regattas have missed many a well-known craft from the trying places, and the Clyde champions fain to meet the southern clippers, have gallantly and boldly invaded the southern waters, seeking opponents worthy to do battle with a spirit of knight-errantry worthy of the hardy Clydesmen; the Thames too has furnished a formidable contingent, and altogether nautical affairs at the Wight for 1867, has the veritable aspect of the days of yore, when the name of "Cowes," was synonymous with racing, yacht racing, and nothing but yacht racing. Our friends up the other Channels will have to brighten up some fresh idea for next year, else our rovers will fix their racing performances for Cowes, Ryde, Southsea, and Southampton, and vote others a bore save for just to have a look at what the natives are doing. The Squadron meeting commenced on Tuesday, August the 6th, and for some time previously vessels flying burgees of all Clubs, and from every station of any note in the United Kingdom might be observed either at anchor or cruising about Cowes Roads. The programme offered to racing yachtsmen this year appears to have given general

satisfaction, and the result has been an assemblage of vessels such as never been excelled in those waters, if ever equalled.

The great event of Tuesday the first day was the race by the schooners of the Squadron for Her Majesty's Cup—value 100 guineas. For this the following fine vessels came to the start :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
316	Diadem .....	schooner	126	F. Sloane Stanley, Esq.	Wanhill
360	Egeria .....	schooner	161	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
32	Aline .....	schooner	216	C. Thellusson, Esq.	Camper
539	Gelert .....	schooner	168	Col. Loyd	Ratsey
650	Intrepid .....	schooner	75	Count de Monceau	Ratsey
1026	Pantomime .....	schooner	140	Col. Markham	Ratsey

The Nyanza, 214 tons, Commodore the Earl of Wilton, and Albertine, Earl of Londesborough, were also entered but did not start. The weather was anything but desirable for the spectators, alternating in heavy rain, sun-bursts, heavy squalls and showers, but of course as to the yachtmen so long as there was any wind to hull the canvas to sleep, and keep the ship moving it was all the same to them wet or dry, although perhaps the latter might have the preference did choice rule.—The course was the new Queen's course, starting abreast of the Club-house, proceeding to the eastward, leaving all buoys, save the Middle and Stourbridge on the port hand, round the Warner Light-ship, back to the southward of the Brambles, round a mark-boat off Lepe, and back to Cowes Roads, passing between the Club flag-staff and a flag-ship moored abreast the Castle. Twice round, about 52 miles.

The following was the time allowance made according to the Royal Yacht Squadron scale ; Aline allowed Gelert 6m. 8s., Egeria 8m. 38s., Pantomime 12m. 7s., Diadem 13m. 18s., Intrepid 28m. 17s.; Gelert allowed Egeria 2m. 30s., Pantomime 5m. 59s., Diadem 7m. 10s., Intrepid 22m. 39s. ; Egeria allowed Pantomime 3m. 29s., Diadem 4m. 40s., Intrepid 29m. 9s. ; Pantomime allowed Diadem 1m. 11s., Intrepid 16m. 40s.; Diadem allowed Intrepid 15m. 29s.

At 10h. 45m., they were started, with a light S.W. wind, a deluge of rain, and a run to the Warner Light, together with the first of flood in their favor, and every stitch of canvas that circumstances of weather warranted given to the breeze. The Egeria was uncommonly quickly handled and launched out from her fleet at once with the lead ; when they had settled to their work the Aline went into second place, Diadem third, Gelert fourth, Pantomime fifth, and Intrepid sixth. Off the Noman the Gelert made a dash through the Diadem's lee into third



place, and shortly after the Pantomime went out on Diadem's weather quarter, collared and passed her into fourth place, in which order they reached the Warner Light-ship which was rounded at the following times:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Egeria .....	11	47	0	Gelert .....	11	51	0	Diadem .....	11	52	40
Aline .....	11	47	55	Pantomime ...	11	52	0	Intrepid .....	11	54	0

The Egeria rather astonished every one by the clever style in which she still retained her lead, and it was evidently to be, do, or die, between her and the Aline; they made a long board of it to the westward on port tack; it was a beautiful struggle between Egeria and Aline turning to windward along the northern shore, the Egeria still bravely holding her own against her renowned antagonist and fighting every inch of water gallantly; rain and sun-bursts again alternated but at length we saw them going for Lepe flag-boat, which was rounded by the Egeria half-a-minute ahead of Aline, with the Gelert five minutes astern third; the moment they got before the wind the Aline began to man-handle Egeria, but still she could not be caught, and they passed the flag-ship for the first round at the following times:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Egeria .....	1	57	30	Gelert .....	2	5	10	Intrepid .....	2	21	0
Aline .....	1	57	35	Pantomime .....	2	5	20	Diadem .....	2	26	0

On the second run down to the Warner the Aline at length brought the saucy and well-handled Egeria to terms off Ryde; and they rounded the Warner in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Aline .....	3	9	0	Gelert .....	3	17	0
Egeria .....	3	11	20	Pantomime .....	3	18	0

On the turn to windward (the westward) for the last time, the Aline and Egeria were at it hard and fast, but the latter did not seem to stand up to her canvas this match as she did last season; off the Noman a ripping nor'-wester came tearing right down upon them, and for a moment the Egeria appeared disposed to turn "turtle," for certainly she seemed half smothered in foam and spray over her deck, and her head sheets all "a-flowing;" however she had a crew that knew how to lift her along, and she was soon to rights, but that unlucky nor'-wester sealed her fate; the Aline whilst the Egeria was in trouble was turning up wind at a splitting pace, the harder it blew, and the more wicked the squalls the better she seemed to like it, and the Lepe boat was weathered as follows:

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Aline .....	4	57	0	Gelert ..	5	17	0
Egeria .....	5	14	0	Pantomime .....	5	21	15

Diadem bore up, and Intrepid not timed.—It was now all over but

shouting, for once before the wind Aline began to pile up the cloth in square-sail and top-sail fashion, bursting through the ebb-tide for the flag-ship at a rare pace, and the struggle terminated as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Aline .....	5 40 30	Gelert ... ..	5 53 33	Intrepid .....	6 12 58
Egeria .....	5 50 41	Pantomime.....	5 54 7		

There can be no doubt but for the Egeria being caught so heavily by the squall off the Noman, that she would have won this race, she exhibited a turn of speed upon all points of sailing, that stamps her as an A1 craft, where sailing has to be done, and we need hardly say she met in the Aline an antagonist it takes no small amount of water-splitting and canvas-coaxing to get a-weather of when a flag looms in the horizon.

On Wednesday, August 7th, the club prizes for cutters of all clubs were sailed for; these consisted of 70 sovereigns for the first, 20 sovereigns for the second, and 10 sovereigns for the third vessel; tonnage not less than 30 or more than 100 tons. Queen's course, Squadron scale of time allowance, and Royal Thames measurement.

The following noble fleet of clippers took their stations:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
319	Dione .....	cutter	44	P. S. French, Esq.	Hatcher
851	Menai .....	cutter	79	W. F. Stutfield, Esq.	Ratsey
1069	Phryne .....	cutter	55	T. Groves, jun., Esq.	Hatcher
1425	Sphinx .....	cutter	48	J. S. Earle, Esq.	Maudalay
481	Fiona .....	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
1629	Vindex .....	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill I. Wks.
1592	Vanguard .....	cutter	60	Capt. Hughes	Ratsey
1648	Volante .....	cutter	59	H. C. Maudalay, Esq.	Harvey
630	Hirondelle .....	cutter	68	Lord Lennox	Washill

At 11h. 40m. they started, the rain as on the previous day stuck to its mark, and rattling squalls occasionally gave them some smart work, varied with patches of sunshine and light airs. On the run down to the Warner the Phryne, Vanguard, and Fiona went to the front, with the Sphinx next; the Volante passed the Hirondelle, and the Menai collared and passed the Dione, the light-ship being gybed round at the following times:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Phryne .....	12 39 5	Hirondelle.....	12 43 0	Volante.....	12 43 30
Vanguard.....	12 40 15	Dione.....	12 44 45	Menai .....	12 44 30
Sphinx.....	12 41 40	Fiona.....	12 41 0	Vindex .....	12 46 50

On the turn to windward (the westward) the Phryne's crew committed an error that soon altered her position, by carrying too large a topsail on a wind, the Fiona, Menai, Hirondelle, and Dione worked the

Island shore well aboard, whilst the Vanguard with topmast down, and everything that could drag useless wind carefully tended to, was clawing away to windward gallantly. The Vindex, Volante, Phryne, and Sphinx made long boards to the northward, but the wind held true, and they did not get the "slant" they went to seek; the Lepe was rounded in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Vanguard .....	3	7	0	Dione .....	3	14	0	Volante .....	3	18	0
Fiona .....	3	8	0	Menai .....	3	15	0	Phryne .....	3	20	0
Hirondelle .....	3	13	0	Vindex .....	3	17	0	Sphinx .....	3	21	0

On the second run to the eastward the wind freshened up very strong and a tough struggle took place between Vanguard and Fiona, the wind veering south-west, a little bit of blanketting work was tried on, during which the rock astern walked up handsomely on their leaders, the Menai passing the Dione, and closing with the Hirondelle, which latter was fighting her fathoms bravely. The Warner was gybed round the second time in the following order, time being taken for the first four vessels only:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Vanguard .....	4	0	15	Hirondelle .....	4	6	0
Fiona .....	4	0	50	Menai .....	4	7	50

The race now assumed proportions that rather puzzled the gentlemen who fancied they knew the winner that was to be! here was the Vanguard holding her own off the wind and on, with the flying Fiona, and two very handy craft quite convenient to take advantage of any mishap to either; the Vanguard as on the first turn to windward gave not a chance away and made every thing snug, going along under her lower plain canvas, whilst the Fiona set a jib-headed topsail, an example followed by the others. A very pretty battle was fought between Vanguard and Fiona, the latter fancying she could overpower her in a strong breeze, but the Vanguard gave a taste of sailing the Clydesmen wont be likely to forget in a hurry; do what the Fiona's crew would, they could not manage to take her to windward of Vanguard, and Lepe mark was weathered for the last time in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Vanguard .....	5	33	35	Menai ..	5	37	0	Volante .....	5	44	0
Fiona .....	5	34	15	Dione .....	5	42	0	Vindex ..	5	47	10
Hirondelle .....	5	35	35								

It was not likely that as the Fiona had not even established a lead on Vanguard up to this point, that she would do it in the run home, so every pencil was at work figuring away the allowance of time to the light weights astern, but the only one that looked at all troublesome was the Dione, and she was making uncommonly free with the minutes

and seconds, however the Vanguard started her topmast on end, and increased her lead slightly, and a fine race was terminated at the flag-ship in the following times :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vanguard .....	5 54 40	Menai .....	5 59 15	Vindex .....	6 11 9
Fiona .....	5 55 20	Dione ....	6 4 40		
Hirondelle.....	5 56 40	Volante .....	6 7 45		

And now the tale of old "Chronos" was quietly told ; the Vanguard of course took the first, and bravely and well won it was, as any cup she ever sailed for; the Dione rewarded her gallant owner's careful handling by cleverly coming in for the second prize ; and the Hirondelle was awarded the third prize.

The following were the allowances of time :—Fiona allowed Hirondelle 3m. 24s., Vanguard 6m. 31s., Volante 6m. 56s., Phryne 8m. 40s., Vindex 13m. 38s., Dione 14m. 11s. Hirondelle allowed Vanguard 2m. 7s., Volante 3m. 32s., Phryne 5m. 16s., Sphinx 8m. 38s., Vindex 10m. 14s., Dione 10m. 47s. Vanguard allowed Volante 0m. 25s., Phryne 2m. 9s., Sphinx 5m. 31s., Vindex 7m. 7s., Dione 7m. 40s.

On Thursday, August 8th, was the first really yacht racing day the Squadron had, fine clear sunshine, slashing breeze from start to finish and plenty of it. For the Marquis of Conyngham's schooner prize of 100 guineas the following vessels started :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders.
169	Cambria.....	schooner	117	G. Ashbury, Esq.	Inman
539	Gelert .....	schooner	163	Col. Loyd	Ratsey
1026	Pantomime.....	schooner	140	Col. Markham	Ratsey
360	Egeria .....	schooner	161	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill

At 10 o'clock they got away to a fine sou'-wester; contrary to expectation the Egeria made a bad start of it whatever was the matter with her or her crew, and the Cambria went away with the lead, the Pantomime in second berth—with Gelert third ; with wind and tide the passage to the Warner was like a good launch, smooth and pleasant; and very quickly the Egeria got her travelling gear in order, and the Pantomime and Gelert likewise taking the hint, the three successively colored and ran past the Cambria, the Egeria then tackled the Gelert and disposed of her, but could not bring the Pantomime to terms before the Warner was reached, which they rounded at the following times :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Pantomime .....	10 49 0	Gelert .....	10 50 30
Egeria .....	10 50 0	Cambria .....	10 53 0

On the turn to windward the Pantomime held her own bravely and increased on Egeria, while the Gelert boldly challenged the latter, sailing her beam and beam; the Pantomime was the first to weather Lepe, and on the second run down to the eastward they experienced some very heavy squalls, the Pantomime still slashing ahead, and the Warner Light-ship was gybed round the second time as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Pantomime .....	2 5 30	Egeria .....	2 7 20	Gelert .....	2 9 0

On the last turn to windward there was a grand set-to between the Pantomime and Egeria, but unfortunately the Egeria got hampered with a crowd of vessels in Cowes Roads, and just when on the point of collaring Pantomime, the latter again cleverly gave her the slip, and was never after caught, although the Egeria made a fine struggle: the flag-ship was reached in the following order :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Pantomime .....	4 25 0	Egeria .....	4 26 25	Gelert .....	4 27 30

The Cambria was completely overpowered by her more able antagonists, although she was well and gamely sailed during a weary stern chase.

The Pantomime was loudly cheered on her well won victory.

On Friday, August 9th, Earl Vane's prize of 50 sovereigns to the first vessel, with 30 sovereigns to the second, and 15 sovereigns to the third, brought the following splendid fleet of cutters to the starting buoys :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
481	Fiona .....	cutter	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	Fife
1630	Vindex .....	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Harvey
1425	Sphinx .....	cutter	48	J. S. Earle, Esq.	Maudslayi
1069	Phryne .....	cutter	55	T. Groves, jun., Esq.	Hatcher
630	Hirondelle .....	cutter	68	Lord Lennox	Wanhill
1592	Vanguard .....	cutter	60	Capt. Hughes	Ratsey
319	Dione .....	cutter	44	P. S. French, Esq.	Hatcher
851	Menai .....	cutter	79	W. F. Stutfield, Esq.	Ratsey

At 10h. 5m. the signal to get under weigh was promptly answered, and with a fine westerly breeze the Phryne led the fleet to the eastward at a slashing pace, with the Fiona hanging close to her: immediately after the latter tried to force a passage to windward of Phryne, but she was all alive in a moment, and bored her antagonist in to the Island shore, whilst in the meantime the Dione, Hirondelle, Vanguard, and Menai were making good work broad on their lee, with the Vindex and Sphinx bringing up the rear; at length the Fiona gave up the useless

game of trying to weather on such a wary antagonist as the Phryne, and both bore away for the Warner ; in the meantime the Menai had passed the Vanguard and Hironnelle, and they all gybed round the light-ship in the following order :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Phryne .....	11	12	30	Dione .....	11	13	12	Vanguard .....	11	16	9
Fiona .....	11	12	45	Menai .....	11	13	45	Rest not timed.			

The moment they became close hauled the Fiona and Vanguard tackled each other like a pair of game cocks, and went away to windward of the remainder in a most remarkable manner. It was quite evident from the way the Fiona looked up in the wind, that her sailing master had her all in hand, and that she was full of sailing ; from this point she took the lead and the first round of the course finished at the following times :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Fiona .....	1	40	22	Dione .....	1	57	34	Sphinx .....	2	1	0
Vanguard .....	1	46	27	Vindex .....	1	58	34	Phryne .....	2	6	40
Menai .....	1	55	52	Hironnelle .....	1	59	52				

There was no further change of interest, and the race was concluded at the flag-ship by the four leading vessels at the following times :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Fiona .....	4	46	5	Menai .....	5	2	34
Vanguard .....	4	53	45	Dione .....	5	12	5

The Fiona, Vanguard, and Dione were declared the winners.

The Hironnelle, Sphinx, Vindex, and Phryne finished in the order of their names.

On Saturday, August 10th, the Tradesmen's splendid cup value £100 was logged to come off, and it having been thrown open to all comers above 30 tons, an entry of eighteen vessels of various rigs was effected. Some previous days had been windy and wet, but this broke with a lovely summer sky, which eventuated in a scorching hot sun, that eat up what little motive power did occasionally give life to the vessels engaged. The Annual Ball having taken place the previous evening, Old Æolus perhaps, considerably put forth such light balmy puffs as would be congenial to the fair sex, yet notwithstanding, the following yachts started at ten o'clock, a.m.—Aline, Condor, Pantomime, Amulet, Volante, Sphinx, Vanguard, Egeria, Lufra, Fiona, and Menai.

There was a slight south-west wind, with a two hours ebb to the westward, and the start being to the eastward it was very slow work, the several crews used every exertion, by piling on all legitimate canvas allowed, but fate was against them, and after many hours struggle it was considered impossible to finish the match in time (nine p.m.) according to the Squadron's rules, they were signalled to return to their moorings.

On Monday, August 12th, the committee directed the Tradesmen's Cup to be re-sailed for, in conjunction with that given by the noble commodore,

(Earl Wilton) of the value of 100 guineas. The entries were the same or nearly so, as those on Saturday, but only the following started:—

*Numbered in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners.	Builders
360	Egeria.....	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
1648	Volante .....	cutter	59	H. C. Maudslay, Esq.	Harvey
789	Lufra .....	yawl	193	Earl of Stafford	Ratsey
1026	Pantomime.....	schooner	132	Col. Markham	Ratsey
630	Hirondelle .....	cutter	68	Lord H. Lennox	Wanhill

This was a handicap race, the Lufra allowed Egeria and Pantomime 25m., Hirondelle 33m., and Volante 37m.; Pantomime and Egeria allowed Hirondelle 8m., Volante 12m., Hirondelle allowed Volante 4m. The course was from Cowes Castle to the westward, round the light-vessel on the Shambles, and back round the east end of the Isle of Wight to Cowes Castle, passing outside of all buoys and marks on shoals extending from the Island shore, and leaving the Shambles light-vessel on the port hand, distance about 130 miles.

The start was appointed for 3h. p.m., but was delayed 17m. The schooners allowed square-sails, the cutters only fore and aft sails, no doubt this "put the stopper," on some of the other cutters which were entered. The flood was running to the eastward, and although the larger craft showed great smartness in setting sails, the Volante had the lead, but it was needless to suppose she could retain it against such powerful rivals. The Lufra hugged the Island shore, which course Volante also took, with Egeria in attendance. Pantomime kept well to the westward, making good tracks. The Egeria now thought it time to wake up, shaking her feathers she dashed to the fore, and at the Needles was leading Lufra and Pantomime, the two cutters being all astern. On getting outside the Island the wind still continued south-east, and without any change they dashed along towards the Shambles, in a beautiful moonlight, rounding the light-ship thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Egeria .....	8 58 0	Lufra .....	9 7 0	Pantomime.....	9 10 0

The cutters not in sight, the three above named, held their reach to the southward on the port tack, and standing well off to sea. Pantomime, however, made but a short board off the land, soon tacking and reaching in to the northward, and going about off St. Alban's Head. The wind now veered southerly, Egeria and Lufra by this turn up being miles to windward of Pantomime, and making a good lay for St. Catherine's. Pantomime again tacked to the southward, and on the next board towards the land made Christchurch Head, not having sighted any of the competing vessels after rounding the light-ship, but soon after made a sail to the westward of St. Catherine's, and which proved to be Volante. Lufra, and Egeria were now, by the wind southing, and the cast made seaward, leading by a long distance; Pantomime, Volante, and Hirondelle turning up along the back of the island against a strong head sea. Pantomime having made out Hirondelle

when in Freshwater Bay. The last board to windward was made by Pantomime from off Dunnose, and soon after squaresail and other light canvas was set, the wind being now fresh S.E. Lufra passed the Nab 23m. in advance of Egeria, and Hirondelle on running in lost her topmast through the backstay tackle giving out. The remainder of the match was plain sailing, Lufra running through the Roads at a tremendous pace, and appearing all over a winner; Egeria, however, just managed to save her long time allowance, the following being the times of arrival off the Castle on Tuesday morning :—

	h. m. a.		h. m. a.
Lufra .....	8 32 27	Pantomime .....	10 20 0
Egeria .....	8 55 39	Volante .....	10 31 0

Egeria thus saved her time with 1m. 47s. to spare, taking Lord Wilton's Cup, value 100 guineas, and Lufra the Town Cup, value £100. An excellent *finale* to the best and most liberal regatta ever held under the auspices of the Royal Yacht Squadron

### STONEHOUSE REGATTA.

Much anxiety was depicted in the countenances of those who are fond of seeing good sailing matches, by the pretty toys of our pleasure navy—on the eve prior to the 28th July, as to the state of the weather, likely to be met on that eventful day, as the reminiscences of the previous year's untoward weather would take possession of the mind—however on the present occasion the wind, the weather, and a good programme made all parties happy and joyous. An excellent Committee produced such good arrangements as conduced greatly to the success of the regatta.

The first match commenced for a prize of the value of £15, for yachts not exceeding 14 tons, with half-a-minute per ton allowance, this brought to the start, the following:—Buccaneer, 12 tons, Capt. H. E. Bayly; Stella, 14, tons, Mr. W. H. Lean; and Ida, Mr. R. Hoeking.

The course was from the Committee boat moored in Firestone Bay, round the "red buoy" off the Hoe, thence to a boat moored at the East Tinker, to a mark-boat off Penlee Point, and from thence to the Committee boat—to be traversed three times, making a distance of about thirty miles.

As the hour of starting approached the several crews were ready, balliards in hand, to spread the snowy wings to a fine breeze from N.W., and the moment the signal was given all was bustle and excitement, up flew the canvas, and away dashed the pirate ship as if in pursuit of a poor merchantman whose cargo she determined to confiscate, whilst Stella and Ida followed in her track—but sadly to the discomfiture of the Stella, she had scarcely got underway than she sustained some injury to her jib, which the Ida took some advantage of by leaving her in the rear, however the crew setting to "with a will" so far repaired the damage that a fresh breeze brought her up to the Ida hand over hand, and when nearing the Breakwater was dis-



posed to part company with her rival, but having hugged the shore too closely she struck twice, and sustained so much damage as to force her crew to fly to the pumps. The *Buccaneer* also met with a mishap, that of carrying away her bobstay, but she being well ahead, repaired the injury, and the first round was finished thus:—*Buccaneer*, 1h. 38m., 30s.; *Ida*, 1h. 49m. 40s.; and *Stella*, 1h. 49m. 10s.

The second round was commenced by all three, the *Stella* pluckily resolving not to give in; but the bravest must at times be defeated, and the water still continuing to gain, notwithstanding all the efforts of her crew to keep her afloat, it was at last prudently determined to run her ashore in Sutton Pool, where on examination it was ascertained that her keel was much injured and her after planks started. The other two vessels continued their course, the *Ida* sailing a forlorn stern chase, and the second round was finished thus:—*Buccaneer*, 2h. 56m. 20s.; *Ida*, 3h. 4m. 20s.; here the race might be considered lost by the latter vessel, although she determined to contest the third round, which ended in her being so much further in the rear that she was not timed, but the *Buccaneer* was at 4h. 15m. 55s.

The *Buccaneer* by her numerous victories has gained such a notoriety amongst the "light weights" that she is rather a formidable opponent, and we should much like to see her again contesting the championship with Capt. Whitbread's *Queen*.

This match was followed by one for £10 by yachts not exceeding 8 tons, when the following contested:—*Swallow*, Mr. J. M. Donne; *Glance*, Mr. C. O. Clarke; *Vespa*, Mr. W. Clark, *Mystery*, Mr. J. Sadler; *Dream*, Mr. T. Ryder; and *Nelly*, Mr. T. Restarick. The result of the race was:—*Vespa*, 3h. 31m. 45s.; *Glance*, 3h. 37m. 30s.; *Mystery*, 3h. 46m. 0s.

There were two matches for mosquito fleets of pleasure boats, for prizes of 8 sovs. and 4 sovs. respectively, and for which there were a large number of entries. The result of the first match was, *Alladin*, R. Davis, 1st; *Frolic*, W. H. Halse, 2nd; *Lucy*, H. Cochrane, 3rd; and that of the second match, *Scylla*, Hyllier, 1st; *Aclite*, J. Roskrige, 2nd; *Chanticleer*, W. Lethwaite, 3rd; and *Maria*, R. Ayre, 4th.

Much interest was excited in the match for watermen's sailing boats, the prize being 4 sovs., divided into three sums, and there were no less than seven competitors. The stiff-built and well-managed boats excited great admiration as their expansive sails were spread before the breeze. After a hardly-fought struggle, in which the manœuvring abilities of the coxswains were put to the test, the race ended as follows:—*Fairy Queen*, T. Hyne, 1st; *Lily of Devon*, J. Penny, 2nd; *Volunteer*, W. Eagles, 3rd.

These were followed by rowing matches in which Men-o'-war'smen, landsmen, and even the fair sex took a spell. The whole affair being a complete success, and was greatly enjoyed by thousands of sight seekers.

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## GREAT YARMOUTH REGATTA.

THE morn of Tuesday, July 30th, broke with every sign of an unfavourable day for the thousands who were sure to congregate on the beach and jettys to view the annual marine sports of the yachts, beach yawls, gigs, and other craft which usually muster in "full fig" on these occasions. The old town in spite of the rain was—all alive as the hour of commencing business drew near, excursion trains and other vehicles brought in a large number of visitors, who were well rewarded by an excellent day's sport.

The Committee consisting of Messrs. J. Clowes, J. S. Cobb, Petta, F. Harmer, and J. H. Bly, (Hon. Secretary,) all used their best exertions to give general satisfaction. The course was as usual a triangle, which from its formation gave every one on the piers and beach an excellent view of the different matches.

The first yacht race was for a purse of 25 sovs. for the first vessel, and 5 sovs. for the second, with an allowance of half-a-minute per ton for difference of tonnage. Three vessels entered but only the following two started:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
1326	Satanella .....	cutter	15	Capt. P Bennet	Aldous
420	Eva .....	cutter	20	E. S. Bulmer, & W. Low	Wanhill

The other entry was the Red Rover, but she did not take part in the movement altho' cruising about. Probably Mr. Nightingale considered that the two former having come so far to support the regatta, it would not be correct to oppose them, if so it much redounds to his honour, as it is well known that the Red Rover possesses great power of speed, and might have added another trophy to her present numerous list.

The start took place at 12h. 55m., with a light N.W. wind, and a strong ebb-tide running, they consequently made but slow progress until they rounded the south flag-boat, and stood for the north-east, when the breeze having slightly freshened the Satanella with the lead, was gradually drawn on by the Eva, but still unable to reach her. They started under lower sails only, but during the race the Eva hoisted a topsail, whilst Satanella was content with booming out her foresail. For the want of wind it was rather a tame affair, yet both vessels showed good handling and judgment. The three rounds were completed as follows:—

	FIRST ROUND	SECOND ROUND.	THIRD ROUND.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Satanella .....	1 23 15	2 6 20	2 45 45
Eva .....	1 25 15	2 8 8	2 49 30

The Satanella thus winning the prize by 3m. 45s., independent of time allowance.

A match for a purse of 12 sovs. for local yachts, under 12 tons, brought the following to the start:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners	Builders
397	Enchantress .....	cutter	10	H. Barber, Esq.	N. & S Chub
1645	Vixen .....	cutter	10	P. S. Millard, Esq.	"
126	Belvidere .....	cutter	9	H. Teasdel, Esq.	"

The start took place at 1h. 18m., the Enchantress leading with the Belvidere in the second place. This match was divested of interest by the Belvidere coming to grief early in the race, the contest between the other two yachts being almost a certainty for the Enchantress. While reaching in on the first triangle for the centre flag-boat they encountered a freshet of wind, as much as they could comfortably do with, the little crafts plunging their heads in the seas, which loaded their decks and flung heavy showers of spray into their cauvas. At this juncture three of the Belvidere's shrouds gave way, and the damage being too great to repair on the instant her fore-sail was at once sent down, and her head canted round to the north, leaving the race to be finished by the other two boats. The Enchantress rapidly walked away from her remaining competitor who had not a chance throughout. The Enchantress proved herself a splendidly going boat, and the way in which she was handled elicited general admiration. It will be seen on a comparison of the time with that of the winner in the first-class yacht match that she completed the two rounds within a minute and a quarter of the Satanela, beating her with the time allowance for difference of tonnage. Enchantress' time at finish 2h. 48m. 45s.

The schooner match for 10 sovs. for first vessel, and 5 sovs. for second, time half-a-minute per ton for difference, was contested only by the following :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons.	Owners	Builders
1328	Scandal .....	schooner	15	E. Fitzgerald, Esq.	Halliday
60	Ariel .....	schooner	12	T. M. Read, Esq.	

The start was at 1h. 56m., the Ariel going off with the lead, an advantage she slightly increased, but at no time during the first half of the round were there more than a few seconds between them. On completing the first triangle, however, the Scandal not making sufficient allowance for the tide on the next tack, was compelled to go astern of a lugger at anchor in the Roads, by which she was thrown considerably out of her course, and the tide setting her still further in she lost still more way, though in coming home she partially picked it up, and was only half-a-minute behind at the close of the first round. In the second round she could reduce the lead by only ten seconds, the Ariel winning by twenty seconds, independent of the time allowance.

	FIRST ROUND.	SECOND ROUND.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Ariel .....	2 43 0	3 26 30
Scandal .....	2 44 30	3 26 50

During the progress of the foregoing, matches were sailed by that useful class of yawls, which are well known on the eastern coast, and are ready in all weathers, manned by hardy and daring crews, to do battle with the roaring seas, to rescue or aid the helpless seamen in peril. The boats at Yarmouth have been greatly improved during the last 30 or 40 years, and when underway are much admired for their symmetry and easy management.

The first yawl match was for a prize of 15 sovs. for first boat, second 10 sovs., and third 5 sovs., not less than 45 feet in length.—Time, quarter of a-minute to a foot.

The Glance, 47 feet, Star of the East, 51 feet, and Eclipse, 55 feet, started at one o'clock, amid the shouts and cheers of their several partizans, Glance was off first, followed by Star of the East, Eclipse lagging a length or so in the rear. When well underway the Glance rapidly increased the distance between her and the second boat, the second boat doing the same for the third. On the south side of the triangle about a dozen lengths separated each, and in that order they rounded the south-east flag-boat; but in completing the first triangle Star of the East hung in-stays and was in consequence passed by Eclipse, and a very pretty contest ensued between them for the second place, both being almost bow and bow. The Star of the East, however, regained her position when before the wind, and passed the pier half-a-minute ahead, maintaining her advantage to the close, notwithstanding a desperate effort made by Eclipse in the next round to overhaul her. Time as under.

	FIRST ROUND.	SECOND ROUND.	THIRD ROUND.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Glance ... ..	1 39 0	2 17 10	2 58 30
Star of the East .....	1 42 15	2 23 20	3 4 46
Eclipse .....	1 42 45	2 20 25	3 5 30

Another match by yawls not exceeding 45 feet; first prize 12 sovs, second 5 sovs, third 3 sovs.,—time as above. The following started at 1h. 46m:—Violet, 41 feet, Volunteer, 39 feet, and Flying Fish, 43 feet.

The Violet took the lead, with the Volunteer in her wake, the Flying Fish bringing up the rear. This order was maintained throughout, the first yawl gradually increasing her lead each round, and the last falling further astern. Time:—

	FIRST ROUND.	SECOND ROUND.	THIRD ROUND.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Violet .....	2 24 20	3 7 30	3 47 10
Volunteer .....	2 26 20	3 9 0	3 50 15
Flying Fish .....	2 27 30	3 13 0	not timed

Several rowing matches were contested for prizes amounting in the aggregate to £40, duck hunts, &c., completed a grand day's sport.

**TEMPLE YACHT CLUB.**—The second match of the season was sailed on Monday, August 5th. Course from Charlton to Lower Buoy, Greenhithe, and back. The following started:—Little Vixen, 4 tons, Mr. Hatcham; Ripple, 3 tons, Mr. Porter; Little Tartar, 8 tons, Mr. Pyatt.

The gun for stations was fired at 9h. 30m. am., and a capital start at 10h. 5m., wind fresh from W., topsails at once set, wind falling light off North Woolwich. At this point the Little Vixen held a clear lead, Ripple second. Time round distance buoy: Little Vixen, 12h. 30m.; Ripple, 12h. 53m.; Little Tartar, 1h. 38m. On the return, wind fresh and shift, the boats preserved the same order, and rounded the winning buoy Little Vixen, 2h. 25m. Ripple, 3h. 4m.; Little Tartar, 4h. 46m. 0s. The match was accompanied by the Teaser (cutter). Mr. Phillips, bearing flag of Commodore Hildersley, by whom the prizes, two pieces of plate were in the evening presented to the winners. The monthly meeting of the Club was held on Wednesday, August 7th. Commodore Hildersley, chair; Rear-Commodore Antill, vice-chair.

**OULTON BROAD REGATTA.**—This regatta took place on Monday, June 10th. In the first match the prize was a purse of £8, with the entrances for the second yacht; the conditions further provided that the yachts should be cutter rigged (decked,) and of 11 tons and under, the following competed:—Vixen, 9 tons, Mr. P. S. Millard; Fleetwing, 9 tons, Mr. J. R. Asker; Fleur de Lys, 6 tons, Mr. Gandy; and Phantom, 7 tons, Mr. Woodthorpe. The course was four times round the Broad, a distance of eight miles in all, the Fleur de Lys won, completing the course in 1h. 20m., the Fleetwing came in second, the Vixen which held a pretty good place, carried away her bobstay towards the close of the second round. The second match was between the small craft of the Suffolk Model Yacht Club, the first prize being £4, and the second the entrances; the following entered:—Foam, Mr. C. Harvey; Rosalind, Mr. J. Hogg; Paragon, Mr. C. Page; Reindeer, Mr. H. Reynolds; Volunteer, Mr. D. Fuller; Enfield, Mr. H. A. Mills; and Queen of the Waveney, Mr. Kemp, which latter took and maintained the lead, and won, Rosalind second, Volunteer third, and the Paragon fourth. Mr. W. Everitt acted as umpire.

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### Editor's Locker.

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#### ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

*Yacht Amber Witch, Rothersey, August 19th, 1867.*

**SIR.**—Will you kindly permit me to correct a slight error that I find in your last publication, which has just reached me here—respecting the match between Glance and Amber Witch at the above regatta. Glance it is stated was some 7 minutes ahead of Amber Witch, when the former lost her topmast

at the Bell Beacon. Amber Witch's bowsprit allow me to state was almost over Glance's quarter, about 13 or 14 seconds previous to her topmast going, and Amber Witch had borne away to go if possible through Glance's lee, as it was quite clear she would not be allowed to go on her weather—it is quite true that Glance had got about 7 minutes lead at the N.W. Beacon, all of which Amber Witch had reached on her by the time both vessels were at Bell Beacon, and during which Glance had *not* lost her topmast, and I may add that a great portion of this 7 minutes lead was gained by Glance in refusing to go about or give way when beating down, although on the *port* tack, which I must confess with every respect for her owner I do not look on as fair sailing, irrespective of what others may think of it, and I may add that had I not been near the man at the helm I fear the result of Glance's experiment would have been disastrous to her if not to both vessels, and I fear also to the lives of those in her. I think that any owner of a yacht should make it a *sine qua non* with his captain and pilot in a race to obey strictly the rules laid down for fair sailing, without which regattas must descend into a pastime not to be joined in by gentlemen.

I would not trespass upon your valuable pages but that the impression would be made by the report of this race, that but for the accident to Glance's topmast Amber Witch would have been nowhere! She has sailed against Glance three times this season, and on every one of these occasions Glance lost the golden opportunity she had of distinguishing herself at the expense of Amber Witch's reputation, as on each occasion Amber Witch rendered a good account of her antagonist.

Personally I care very little for any account of a race that may be published in which I take a part, altho' I must say they are invariably most faithfully reported in your columns, for which yachtsmen ought to be much indebted to you; but I think it but justice to the builder of Amber Witch, Mr. Wanhill—to set this matter right between her and Glance.

I am Sir, &c.,  
JOHN MCCURDY.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

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### REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

Sept 7.—Clyde Yacht Club—Closing cruise at Rothesay.

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### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to express our thanks to those who have voluntarily forwarded notes of the different regattas, and which shall receive insertion in our next.

*Received*—THE PARIS EXHIBITION, the YACHTING CHRONOGRAM, and several other articles of interest, but too late this month for more than this brief notice.

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HUNT & Co., Printers, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road, NW.

# HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

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OCTOBER 1st, 1867.

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## THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1867.

SHALL we begin with our taking a return ticket, *viâ* Newhaven and Dieppe, at Cooke's in Fleet Street; talk of the numerous enquiries there made, by those venturing abroad for the first time; and wonder how all the loss of time, cost of advertisements, &c., can be re-couped at the prices charged? Shall we venture on the incidents of the journey, the starting from London Bridge at 4 p.m., the reaching Newhaven at 6, and the embarkation there in the twin screw "*Honfleur*." How we went below to refresh ourselves. Our difficulty in finding a seat. "That place is taken sir," says a venerable lady. "The whole of it?" ask we "Yes, my husband is going to sleep there, that is his pillow," laying her hand on his port-manteau, "and his feet will be there," pointing to the place; but expostulate we, "The gentleman is scarcely going to lie down at once, and we want some tea?" "Then go over there," orders she, pointing to the other table, which seemed quite full, "they'll make room for you." "This way sir, this way!" and amidst a chorus of voices, we take the seat made for us. "Try some beef with your ham, you'll find it an improvement," called from the further end of the table he, for whom the Commandante had so sturdily retained a berth: bread was passed us by one pretty girl, milk by another, and having been well refreshed, "*au sein de sa famille*," we again mount the deck; and find the boat has left the long canal-like Newhaven, with its equivocal casemates, and the land-slip fortifications west of it, behind. Eastward, Seaford Cliff, and the town on the flat land at the back of it, are receding, and Bluff Beachy Head soon opens out behind. The white cliffs gradually fade in haze astern of us: and an odour

of tobacco is borne on the breeze; whilst under us, already the boat is beginning to plunge and be lively.

The bald-headed old fellow, who hacked the ham with a small table knife, turns out to be a Swiss, who can scarcely speak a word of English. He comments on the plum-coloured knickerbockers, grey worsted stockings, highlows, and brigand hat of a stalwart young Anglo-Saxon; and says how strange it is, that the English, who are so mawkishly particular about dress at home; should pay such a bad compliment to the natives of the countries they visit, as to go there dressed like apes.

"I assure you monsieur," said he, "in our mountains I have seen English gentlemen in suits of that form, entirely white, and made of Lyons silk: others too with just such culottes, and nothing else but a sash and red shirt." The old fellow spoke of the vast sums spent by England on its iron clads, which he thought in bad weather, "*feraient une visite aux poissons*;" and on the ridiculous rivalry between gun and armour plate makers; "which," said he, "will all end as it has with Milan, and other armour smiths."

The shades of evening meanwhile close around us, and the vessel rolls and plunges in the wildest manner.

The interesting Swiss governess from the *Pays de l'Aud*, who goes home once a year, but now returns unexpectedly; resolutely takes a fresh grip of an awning stanchion, and holds her own through the night, spite of surge, spray, or the luggage flying from side to side. Figures are seen sliding hither and thither in the gloom. The captain hoists the foresail to steady the ship, which rolls to and fro through an arc of over 90°. Strange noises are heard around. Wan figures stumble up the cabin stairs, and clutching frantically at any body, or thing, to save a fall; hint shudderingly at "such sights below!" then hurry to leeward, where they lean over, and writhe, rumble and retch; as a melancholy laugh is raised, by some wag asking, "if this forms a part of the picturesque route through Normandy, referred to in Cooke's advertisement?" Sprays now fly on board from all quarters; the screws vibrate, the stanchions groan, shudder, and all but shriek! shocks and jarring noises come from the engine room; and ever and anon a kind of crash, leads one to imagine that every joint in the machinery is being shaken into dislocation. "Ease her!" shouts the captain; who has kept his place on the bridge through the night; and then we lay-to, till the light on Dieppe Pier tells us there is water enough; when in we go, and land about 2h. 45m. a.m.

We hurry to the nearest hotel, take a cup of coffee, and having left word to be called at six, turn in, and sleep till awakened in the morning; when having got our luggage from the Douane, we hurry to the station;



and at first find a difficulty in getting a seat; till on enquiry at a window, our friend the Commandante tells us, there is just room for one: "Put your portmanteau under the seat there," said she, pointing out the place, and we found ourselves seated amidst as fine an English party, as one could wish to see. They were all going to Cooke's Anglo-American Hotel. The old gentleman and the Commandante had travelled all over Europe, and America together; they had no children of their own, and these were their nieces whom they were giving a treat to. As we wound through the pretty scenery between Dieppe and Rouen, the Commandante kept her weather eye open; she loved nature, she said, and always doted on looking at it. Her husband from time to time dozed, he didn't care about poplars, they were "useless, hideous, ugly, unsightly, &c." The girls too were all more or less asleep, their arms twined round each others' necks; and as the sunbeams fell on their lovely faces, their short upper lips slightly curled, and shewing rows of pearls; their rosy nostrils slightly distended; and a blush of health mantling their cheeks, as the scented airs of Normandy wantoned with the tresses of their rich chestnut hair, they were studies for a Canova.

About one o'clock we reach Paris, take up our old quarters in the Rue Richelieu, freshen ourselves up after the voyage, and breakfast at the Palais Royal. We ask a fierce looking gendarme we see at the adjoining table, shredding the parsley and herbs of his *salade à la Romaine*, and strewing them over its surface; preparatory to applying the salt, the pepper, the vinegar and the oil; his cocked hat, sword and baldrick lying the while, on the chair at his side,—if he can tell us at what hour the Exposition closes? He replies that he is a stranger; having been telegraphed for in connection with the review of the Imperial Guard, just being held in the *Place du Carrousel*. We see them as we pass along the Rue de Rivoli, and cross the square of the Louvre; when descending to the pontoon, below the Pont Royal, we embark in a "vapeur omnibus," and puff down the river to the Champ de Mars. Asking for a weekly ticket at the bureau in l'avenue de la Bourdonnaye, we find a *carte de visite* is indispensable; and accordingly adjourn to the Photographie Jalabert over the way. A weazened little man, like a Polish refugee, dressed in tight check trousers with long straps, and a jockey cut coat; and having long Bonaparte moustaches and imperial; dreams at us through his spectacles; and between the puffs of his cigarette, takes four francs for the photograph, and six for the weekly ticket; and with his chemically stained fingers then enters the particulars in two cheque books, whence he tears, and hands us, the two receipts.

Another Jalabertois plants us in a chair, and after the usual mysteries,

ushers us first down from this platform; then through a court and door; and away up, up, a winding staircase, to the very roof of the lofty house; where, on the leads, we find three or four slatternly youths, with discoloured fingers, and long dishevelled hair, shuffling about in slippers; and as they print off the *cartes*, fastening them face downwards, six or seven side by side, in square frames; which, shutting up the backs, they toss along the leads to lie, till the pictures become fixed.

After waiting for two hours in company with a young Abbé from Châlons sur Saône; who is evidently under the impression that the Catholic priesthood, whose incomes are for the most part about £30 a year, are far more hard working; and more frequently seen at the death bed, during cholera and other epidemics; than are the better paid English clergy; we receive a *carte* each, descend, and crossing the avenue, enter the office opposite; where passing the *carte*, and the photographer's receipt, through a pigeon hole to a clerk in spectacles; he hands the *carte* to one, of two other individuals, dining at a table in the corner. A slip of green paper with the bearer's name and autograph, certain official notations, &c., and authority for him to enter the park, palace, and gardens; at all hours, and by any gate; and to visit the special exhibitions, and the agricultural show at Billancourt, on an island down the Seine; is pasted on the back, and half way up the front, where the upper corners of the green are cut off at an angle of 45°. We now stroll through the grounds. What a scene of enchantment! Here, where a few short months since stood naught save a sandy plain, now flourish turf and trees. Swallows, amidst the hum of motley thousands dight in garb of every clime, circle in the spray of splashing fountains. Tall light-houses, destined hereafter to scare the mariner from some lone rock buffeted by the waves, and startled by the scream of the wild sea-mew; now rear their gaunt forms from factitious islet, shadowing pools ruffled only by the ripples of the graceful swan. A melancholy, broad brimmed, picturesque Mexican, lazily paces besides Xochicalco, whose mural hieroglyphics suggest Egypt or Assyria; and make one dream of a submerged Atlantis; and whose sacrificial stone, &c., recall Madoc, and Cortez, and the terrors of the "noche triste."

On one side a Moorish temple, with strange musicians seated cross-legged on a bench, tum, tum, scrape, scrape, and twang twanging, whilst whining their monotonous dirge; on another a *café de la brasserie Bavaroise*, on whose stage figure voluptuous girls, whose songs and dances suggest Indian Nautch girls, or Russian Zigani.

Here, an Arab tent, the dingy, brown striped covering of camels' hair, stretched shapelessly along, and pegged to the ground. There, an

Ostiak's, the tops of the dozen or more long pine poles laid round together, and the bottoms, spread at a diameter of six or so feet, covered in with skins, rudely painted with grotesque figures. At the side of an Alhambra-like temple we find a stable of Arab horses, carefully tended by a native groom; and in front see the pantomime of a black faced, red fez'd, gold embroidered, inlaid pistoled, crooked sabred Mameluke on guard, who beckons for a broom, and gives a stroke or two to the carpet laid for the Pasha of Egypt and the Emperor, at this moment approaching: how hollow is ceremony! the two strokes raise the dust instead of removing it, and the broom is tossed back amidst titters, to the Frenchman who had such difficulty in understanding what the Mameluke wanted.

"*Regardez ce chien d'Anglais.—Chut, il peut vous comprendre!*" turning, we see a couple of blouses smoking their pipes, and on their way to their dinner, indulging in comparisons as to the varied lots of mankind. Shall we refresh ourselves with a tumbler of amber-coloured Russian tea sweetened with sugar, and flavored with a slice of lemon, brought us by a white clad Muscovite? or shall we wait for German beer at the Baden Restaurant opposite, where we can admire the three lovely creatures in picturesque shirts and corsets of red, white, blue, and yellow, and casting Spiers and Pond's pert damsels into the shade?

How beautiful that Russian cottage looks, it is yet merely built of peeled trees, morticed into each other, and squared inside by strokes of the axe; the interior contains not only the usual fittings and utensils, but serves also for an exhibition of native products. An ancient and fish-like smell pervades the place, "*quelle odeur!*" says a fat *mère de famille* waddling down the stairs. "*Oui, c'est une odeur tout à fait caractéristique,*" replies her spouse!

We have passed Japanese thatched, hedged, and bamboosed cottages; Chinese houses, theatres and tea gardens; catacombs, dungeons and châteaux. We have passed through Yankee, Canadian, and other carriage, and sledge sheds; through Russian stables, Swiss galleries, and fishing tackle exhibitions. We are startled at the squalling of a sten-torian Thérèse, in a central café, and hurry off for relief to the gardens. There, the velvet-like turf, the green houses, the trees and shrubs, the artificial water, and the flowers, recruit our jaded senses. We descend into the winding gallery of the aquarium; let others mount its zig-zag paths, and bask amidst the water plants at the summit. See that huge loach, five feet in length of rotten, stump-looking material: just signifying existence by a scarcely perceptible respiration; will it die of disgust? Not so the carp from Fontainebleau, there they are, like a flock of flamingoes, dozens of rows of them; their noses all close to

the glass, and their mouths opening and shutting as they look at the spectators, and wonder at not getting their wonted crumbs. There are glass tanks of fish in the Concours d'Horticulture too; as well as splendid ferns, cycades, and palms; and aviaries of chattering, gaudy colored birds. What an ingenious plan that glass shade inverted over a table, up through which passes a glass tube, with another platform and piece of carrion under it, is for catching blow flies! see how they lie about dead in it by thousands,—who pities the lingering death of those still vainly buzzing about within it?

Let us look at the strip of gardens behind, where the fruit trees are trained in such extraordinary forms; in diagonal or parallel lines, and in lines at angles to each other; in pyramids, in circles, and in all conceivable shapes; and then let us seat ourselves at the café in front, and hear the choice morceaux, played by the military band in the pavillion before us. What moustaches French women do sometimes have! And what toilettes too! those Vandyked dresses of pea-green, or amber! those rattling bugles! those antique chevelures, with the gold and other bands! those tiny caps, and strings behind the ears! those hessian boots! and those tall heels half way under the foot! those sun shades! Well! well! there is nothing new under the sun! so let us stroll forth again, there are costumes enough here in all conscience! Arabic, Egyptian, Hungarian, Hindoo, Parsee, Spanish, Chinese, Japanese, Swiss, German, Mexican; not to speak of bare footed friars', and every kind of garb ecclesiastick! What a nice plan that appareil pulvérisateur is, for watering shrubs and grass plots—a tripod, up whose pole extends the hose to a perforated disc, from which the water is ejected in the finest conceivable spray, falling equally all around like summer rain. Now we come to bombs, guns, and drums; guarded by stalwart warriors of their respective countries. Camp equipages, ovens, &c., all around us—by-the-bye talking of guns remind us of a notice stuck over some strange American ones we saw, with barrels merely an inch or two in diameter, and chambers of over a foot; it was "Hands off!" how suggestive! how polite, and indicative of Yankee character. The Frenchman merely says "*On est prié de ne toucher pas!*" how effeminate in comparison!! We have passed the machinery that grinds corn, mixes flour, and makes bread and a thousand and one other things; admired the Dardanelles scent shop, and the (pseudo?) Greek damsel, who mostly presents her back to the public, to show the splendid loose hair reaching her slippered heels; and go through the tunnel to the Quay. The French annexe, among others, has a splendid marine engine, shaft, propeller and all, for the Freydländ; and on the wall is the plan of a

line of battle ship, showing the position and stowage of everything. Men are on the look out, the officer of the watch is on the bridge, men are at the wheel, the captain is sitting at his table in the cabin, the surgeon is in the dispensary, the purser's steward is in his store-room, the stokers are stoking the fires, the engineer is at his post, and so on, the whole making the profile extremely interesting. The Navigations de plaisance shed, gives us models of centre-board boats; skiffs with oars arranged for being worked by cranks, while the rower is seated facing the bow; seats of iron work, like those of the Paris chairs, shaped like music-stool tops, both light and soft, being fastened to the thwarts. The Sylvia is a pretty model of a cutter; and the little varnished Dutch schuyt, trim as a new fiddle,—with her long tapering mast, small crooked gaff, long boom, broad rudder, and two lee boards triced up like the wings of a swan, make one long to take a sail in her: the engravings of yachts however, are very stiff and inferior.

There are other marine annexes; and the English one, besides Penn's splendid engines, gives us a fine set of block models of all classes of ships in our navy, together with models of anchors, signal lights, boat lowering apparatus, &c., &c., and a very tasteless, unintellectually disposed arrangement, of the products of our victualling establishments. On a pontoon in the river are numerous specimens of English boats; and on the river, are steam launches, French, Italian, Dutch, and English pleasure boats, and an Egyptian fishing boat; her long taper and bending yard stretching aloft far beyond her stern, and her nets triced up, as if to dry. While on board, and on the Pacha's yacht near her, lounge about, or sit squatted on the deck, Moors, Arabs, and Negroes, in fez or turban, and in garments of every hue.

Through the small glasses in the side of the gasometer-shaped reservoir we see divers *au système* Rouquayrol — Denayrouze walking about the bottom with their knapsack of air, or cutting capers on the surface, prior to having the sinking weights put on their shoulders; the assistant having to tug at the cord, to make the tadpolish, froggy looking diver end his uncouth gambols. We have had enough for the day, so we *re-enter* a steamer and puff away up the river, dine at the Palais Royal, and hearing a subterranean drumming, descend to the Café des Avengles. There we find ourselves in a low ill ventilated chamber, a kind of stage at the further end, behind which are dim arches, leading to still gloomier caverns. A hideous object, dressed somewhat after the fashion of those feather bedizened savages, we occasionally see before a tobacconist's shop, is thundering away on a series of drums; whose sound he from time to time modulates with his fingers, to harmonize with the music of six blind

men, ranged in a row along the arches on his right. What a melancholy spectacle! what a variety of passions, and sufferings, seem to have left their stamp on the sightless features before us! Was blindness the heritage of that massive intellectual head, which seems reflecting in sullen silence, on memories of other days? The withered little fiddler, whose garrulous tongue first turns to one, and then to another, is evidently of a sociable turn, though now condemned to eternal loneliness. Those other features suggest dire deeds! the din confounds us! let us quit these Mysteries of Paris, and invoking nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, let us prepare ourselves for the fag of to-morrow.

H. N. P. W.

(To be continued.)

### ROYAL WELSH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE 20th anniversary of the above aquatic meeting took place on Tuesday, the 6th August, under such favourable circumstances, as must have amply compensated the indefatigable Vice-Commodore for all the trouble he takes to ensure success. The attendance of yachts from various parts was sufficient to enliven the harbour as well as to command entries to contend for the different prizes and afford good sport.

Off the Club-house we noticed at anchor the screw yacht *Nora Creina*, the schooners *Rowena* and *Saraband*; the yawl *Amber Witch*, and the cutters *Glance*, *Bijou*, *Kittiwake*, *Kilmeny*, *Alexandra*, *Secret*, *Anemone*, *Magnet*, &c.

The previous day had been very wild and stormy, giving the *Kilmeny* a rough passage of it across the Channel, and the *Amber Witch* a still rougher night of it in Carnarvon bay. The 6th however broke most fair and promising, with a bright sun and fresh westerly breeze that must have gladdened the hearts of the different owners of the racing craft.

The first race on the card was for the R. W. Y. C. Cup, value 25 guineas, for which the following vessels took up their stations:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
47	<i>Anemone</i> .....	cutter	18	T. Turner, Esq.	Robinson
132	<i>Bijou</i> .....	cutter	11	D. Kane, Esq.	Wanhill
712	<i>Kittiwake</i> .....	cutter	20	Capt. Iremonger	Owner
23	<i>Alexandra</i> .....	cutter	15	A. Bald, Esq.	Mill In. C.

The course was from the flag-ship *Nora Creina*, round a flag-boat off the black chequer buoy on the bar, thence returning past flag-ship to a flag-boat off *Plas Brereton* back to the Bar and finish inside *Nora Creina*.

On the firing of the second gun they all got well off on the port tack, with the exception of the *Anemone*, which made a very bad start of it and lost some two or three minutes by her mismanagement. Whole mainsails and jib-headed topsails were the order of the day, and the fresh sea breeze caused them all to heel well over as they sprung from their moorings. It was a dead beat against wind and tide to the first flag-boat, which rendered the getting over the ground a matter of no little difficulty, while in the short tacks necessary to keep in the eddy it was a service of no little danger to avoid a collision; one nearly taking place between the *Kittiwake* and *Alexandra*, the former on the port tack close in shore, unavoidably putting the latter about on the starboard tack when just at her adversary's heels; a collision only being avoided by the owner of the *Alexandra* promptly going about.

After various alterations of positions, by first one vessel obtaining the lead, which was soon wrested from her by another, the *Anemone* eventually settled down into the first place, which none of the others could deprive her of. The course was just to *Anemone's* liking, and she had a great advantage in the short tacks in the eddy, where it was impossible for the others to get into full speed before it was "bout ship again," making fine lines of no avail; besides which the *Anemone* is no mean adversary, as her performances under the old name of *Whim* can testify, and being shorter than the others she was about in half the time that they took to perform the same evolution, and thus gained sundry seconds every one of the numerous tacks that they had to take before gaining the bar. The flag-boat off the bar was rounded thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Anemone</i> .....	1 54 30	<i>Bijou</i> .....	2 5 40
<i>Kittiwake</i> .....	1 58 30	<i>Alexandra</i> ....	2 7 30

It was now a dead run before the wind, and square-headers were promptly hoisted, *Kittiwake* fast overhauling *Anemone*, *Alexandra* paying the same compliment to *Bijou*, when unfortunately the *Alexandra* carried away the jaws of her gaff while gybing off the Club-house, and was consequently obliged to give up the contest, the *Bijou* almost immediately afterwards following her example. The flag-boat off *Plas Brereton* was rounded by *Kittiwake* and *Anemone* neck and neck, when both endeavoured to get in their topsails, as the wind had now increased considerably; this however was not an easy matter in such a breeze,

and with the tacks on the wrong side of the mainsail, and both vessels very nearly carried away their topmasts ; on the next tack however both sails were secured on deck, topmasts were housed, and every preparation made for a dead "noser" against the freshening breeze. The Anemone again took the lead in the short tacks, and, like the Syren in some of the western matches, showed that there is an amount of "go" in some of the old ones, which circumstances will bring out, and which will yet cause trouble to the more modern craft. Off the bar the wind against the tide caused a nasty broken sea, and both vessels had as much wind as they could manage, and at times more sea than they very well knew what to do with ; the bar flag-boat being rounded Anemone, 3h. 45m. 0s., Kittiwake, 3h. 46m. 30s. Topmasts were now sent up and topsails hoisted with a will, but the Kittiwake, seeming resolved never to suffer defeat in her own water, collared the Anemone half way between the bar and Belan, a most excellent race finishing thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Kittiwake .....	4 22 0	Anemone .....	4 26 10

Kittiwake adding another to her list of prizes.

In the mean time the large class yachts had taken up their stations to contend over the same course for the 50-guinea cup. The entries were numerous, but Secret and Amber Witch declined to start, leaving the race to :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
574	Glance .....	cutter	35	A. Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
705	Kilmeny .....	cutter	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
1324	Saraband .....	schooner	13	H. M. Scott, Esq.	Curphy

In such a breeze the little schooner had of course no chance, the race being confined in reality to a match between the two cutters. A very good start was effected at 1h. 15m., with a fresh gaff-topsail breeze and a slacker tide than the smaller vessels had been obliged to contend with ; immediately after letting go Kilmeny weathered Glance and Saraband and went into first place, every one expecting an exciting match between these cutters which have so often contended with such varied success ; unfortunately however before they had got half way to Belan the Kilmeny carried away her throat halliard block, letting the mainsail down sundry feet, and notwithstanding the smartness with which the damage was repaired, the Glance of course got a commanding lead, and in spite of some good sailing on the part of Kilmeny she



retained the position that accident had given her, the flag-boat off the bar being rounded :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Glance .....	2	4	0	Kilmeny .....	2	10	0

Saraband, while endeavouring to shirk the tide, managed to find a resting place for her keel near the entrance to the Voryd, and when got off returned to her anchorage.

Glance and Kilmeny now came before the breeze at railroad speed, the former having hoisted her square-headed topsail, resolving evidently to throw away no chance in the contest, the latter unaccountably keeping up her jib-headed topsail, thereby losing another minute in the run to Plas Brereton flag-boat which was rounded thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Glance .....	2	44	0	Kilmeny .....	2	51	5

They now commenced the beat down, Glance striking topmast and taking a reef down, Kilmeny with struck topmast and whole mainsail; and though it seemed rather a bad case, still there were many miles to get over yet, and the known quickness of the Kilmeny in stays gave hopes to her friends that she might yet get on nearer terms with the Glance, when the outhaul of her mainsail gave way and again brought her under repairs; and by the time they were completed the Glance was miles away, so that her helm was put up and she gave up the contest. The Glance now had it all to herself, so taking in another reef to prepare for the broken water on the bar, past which the little ones had gone *through*, we will not say *over*, with whole mainsails, she went quietly on her way. Glance coming in to win at 4h. 12m. 0s.

The amateur prize of £30, was won by the Carnarvon crew after a spirited contest, beating two picked crews from Liverpool and Chester.

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## ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

FROM Marathon to Waterloo, is said to be an easy transition; we must suppose the premonition of this age of steam must have influenced the lively idea, physically as well as metaphorically; so from Cowes to Ryde we claim an equal facility of transporting our readers, with rather a shorter lapse of time and infinitely less mental or bodily exertion; there upon Monday, the 12th of August, gathered our poor hard-worked, half-famished brethren of the wave, to resuscitate exhausted nature with a mouthful or two of "callipash" and "callipee," a modest slice of Forest meat, a slight infusion of "Pouilly" or "Barsac," followed in natural course by "Cumières" and Chateau-grillé," perhaps by "Roussillon" and

"Grenache"; and a few such mild adjuncts to the normal pharmacopoeia so well understood by the clever steward of that wonderful house that "Jack" built, not adjacent to the Cumbræes, (bless the mark) but to as nearly as wonderful a phenomenon—high the pier of Ryde. So around the festive board, and with right royal hospitality, did the gallant Victorians welcomet heir yachtsmen visitors, and very becomingly opened their meeting of 1867. The feast of reason and the flow of soul seemd however to have been attuned to the occasion, based upon the good old maxim of "mirth and wisdom," (limited liability the prosy-practical might say) for on Tuesday morning the 13th few laggards were reported, and everybody appeared as full of sailing as a Portuguese man-o'-war.

The first match was between schooners and yawls for a prize of 75 sovereigns, the Victoria course, time allowance, half Ackers' scale, and yawls to carry a penalty of a quarter of their tonnage. For this the following fine fleet came to the starting buoys:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1739	Witchcraft .....	schooner	223	T. Broadwood, Esq.	S. White
32	Aline .....	schooner	216	C. Thellusson, Esq.	Camper
586	Gloriana .....	schooner	133	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	Ratsey
1783	Zouave .....	schooner	105	T. B. Hoare, Esq.	Inman
765	Load Star .....	yawl	64	C. F. Allison, Esq.	Aldous

They had a fresh south-easter and lee tide, giving them a tidy turn to windward for the Nab, and not much choice about an easy way of getting there, as both weather and water were prettily averaged. At 10h. 30m., the signal gun sent mooring bridles and springs by the run; the Aline, Witchcraft, and Gloriana made a dash together, the latter vessel leading her rivals, with the Witchcraft second; a few short boards were made by the Ryde Sands, where Aline was uncommonly near establishing a freehold long enough to return a member for the "Solent Sea." The Witchcraft immediately altered her tactics and stood away for Southsea a long board on the starboard tack, a movement the eagle-eyed skippers of the Aline and Gloriana approved so highly of, that they hit her track to a nicety: and when the three tacked off *the* "beach" the Aline had made such play that her master took her to the front on the port tack in gallant style, with the Gloriana second, and Witchcraft third, and the Zouave and Load Star doing their "goodest" against any amount of tons of odds. From this point in the beat out we presume the vessels maintained the same relative positions, and as a most provoking haze, or as the briny "Corkagians" term it "a say turn" con-

cealed them from view, but at noon a brilliant patch of white was seen bursting through the mist, and out launched the Aline from the bosom of the ocean cloud, in all the majesty of spotless canvas and snowy duck towering high in air, and swollen forth by the strong leading wind, like the plumage of some giant swan revelling in his pride; at an interval of some five minutes she was succeeded by the Gloriana, also *en grande tenue*, and then the Witchcraft, followed at a considerable distance by the Load Star and Zouave, whose respective chances were strongest at the weakest point, which latter—not even a binocular of forty-eye power could determine.

No incident provocative of physical or mental excitement marked their track for the West Middle buoy, in fact matters seemed so conclusively arranged that an old salt in our vicinity shut up his old fashioned “three-footer” with so much more vigour than prudence, that he missed our favorite corn with the field lense by one of those chances prosy people are prone to designate as a miracle, but which a little vulgar biscuit nibbler of a swab-squeezing son of sea *chef's* aunt, insisted was a “fluke;” whatever that may mean? However as we happen to know a “head-rail” from a “handspic,” even in the twilight, it struck us that when they hauled their wind round the buoy of the East Middle, that 'ere excitable old salt might miss his glass, and come borrowing ours, so we put on a full head of steam and made tracks for the innermost end of the course. Sure enough a “muzzler” they did meet, but with the advantage of a weather tide; the Aline went to wind splendidly, the gap she left between her and her nearest rival, the Gloriana, putting to the blush all our experience of judging distances, and a fine, although not very exciting, race was finished at the flag-ship in the following order and times:—

	h m. s.		h m. s.
Aline .....	2 11 12	Witchcraft .....	2 31 33
Gloriana ....	2 20 22	Load Star .....	2 59 55

The Gloriana was declared the winner on her allowance of time.

The second race was for cutters, a prize of 75 sovereigns, over the same course, and half Ackers' time allowance.

For this the following vessels flew their fighting flags:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
236	Condor .....	cutter	133	W. Ewing, Esq.	Steele & Co.
481	Fiona .....	cutter	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	Fife
1425	Sphinx .....	cutter	47	J. S. Earle, Esq.	Maudslay
965	Olmar .....	cutter	165	C. J. Tennent, Esq.	Steele & Co.
861	Menai .....	cutter	79	W. F. Stutfield, Esq.	Ratsey

"Plucky little Sphinx!" was the general exclamation, as the brave little clipper took her station, a David against a battalion of Goliaths.

At 11 o'clock they were off like a gun flash; the wary Fiona mindful of the shadow that might be cast by the giant walls of canvas that towered on either side, launched away with a clear lead, everything snug aloft for the turn to wind, and looking all over fit to sail for a man's life—or for that matter a woman's either, seeing as how if womanhood suffrage becomes the rule, the "superior moiety" question is of no further value. The Condor followed second under a square-headed gaff-topsail, and the saucy little Sphinx established herself to windward—a stormy petrel to a Cape albatross—on the weather bow of the huge Oimara, with the Menai bringing up the rear; soon however the Oimara shook off her little pilot fish, and then it became evident that the struggle would be a wicked one between the three Scottish lassies, the "braes o' Fairlie" against the "auld port of Glasgie," and the "deil dang the lugs o' thim an did'na wish 'em well!" The haze which hid the schooner race was equally relentless to the "lonely stickers," but when they made their re-appearance from the Nab the Oimara was rattling the knots off as a conjurer throws ribbons to the wind, but in dangerous—aye too dangerous proximity to the great cutter was the "flying fawn o' Fairlie."

"Gev me my pincil!"

Bluff Wull cried,

As he rose up spry and early;

"And I'll build a ship—

Shall be Scotland's pride.

And we'll ca' her the Fawn o' Fairlie!"

And verily "Bluff Wull o' that ilk!" carried out his dream, for well may Scotland be proud of the bonny ship that grew on that fine summer's morn in the fertile brain of the "cunning Man o' Fairlie."

On the turn back to windward to Ryde, as might be expected, the weight and power of the Condor overpowered the Fiona for place, but notwithstanding the power and weight—neither of her giant antagonists could shake off the renowned flyer, have it she would—tack for tack, and fathom for fathom; and every inch of water between the West Middle and the Pier of Ryde was sailed with a seamanship and daring, and a jealous care, that to a thorough sailor's eye was really a treat,—a treat which is seldom witnessed—a reminiscence of the good old sailing days; and a slashing match was finished at the flag-ship in the following times, the Fiona proving the victor.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Oimara .....	2	28	15	Fiona .....	2	34	33	Sphinx .....	2	54	54
Condor .....	2	31	35	Menai .....	2	48	52				

On Wednesday, August 14th, the second day's sport commenced with the race for the Town Cup, a very beautiful prize of the value of 100 sovereigns, subscribed for by the townspeople of Ryde, and supplied from the *atelier* of a native silversmith—Mr. Barnard; it is a copy of an antique Grecian vase, beautifully executed in oxydized silver and gilt relief, the subjects of ornamentation being descriptive of the exploits of Greek galleys in combat and in fleet. Mr. Barnard was honoured by Her Majesty's inspection of this beautiful specimen of his skill, and complimented on his taste and handicraft; it is indeed a prize creditable to all concerned.

The following vessels came to the starting buoys:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders.
1648	Volante .....	cutter	59	H. C. Maudslay, Esq.	Harvey
820	Marina .....	cutter	65	J. C. Morice, Esq.	Ratsey
1739	Witchcraft .....	schooner	223	T. Broadwood, Esq.	S. White
236	Condor .....	cutter	133	W. Ewing, Esq.	Steele & Co
481	Fiona .....	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
32	Aline .....	schooner	216	C. Thellusson, Esq.	Camper
1425	Sphinx .....	cutter	47	J. S. Erle, Esq.	Maudslay
586	Gloriana .....	schooner	133	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	Ratsey
1783	Zouave .....	schooner	105	T. R. Hoare, Esq.	Inman
965	Olmara .....	cutter	165	C. J. Tennent, Esq.	Steele & Co
360	Egeria .....	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
851	Menai .....	cutter	79	W. F. Statfield, Esq.	Ratsey
17	Albertine .....	schooner	155	Capt Phibbs,	Inman

At 10h. 40m., the signal for starting was made,—easy to make was that signal—but not so easily obeyed—for the motive power was of the scantiest description; and from deck to truck, each ship was covered with an amount of canvas and duck that betokened unlimited wardrobes.

The little Sphinx—fleet of keel and light of heel took the lead to the eastward with a faint nor'-west air, this however soon degenerated into a calm, and it became evident that to comply with the regulation of finishing the match an hour after sundown, another day should be selected, so that without tiring our readers by a description of unavailing manœuvres we shall dismiss the day's attempt at sailing by saying that so far as any contest went, the Aline led, with the Fiona and Sphinx too close to permit of her final triumph; it became a drifting match, and was appointed to be sailed over again on the following Monday.

On Thursday, August 15th, the race was for a piece of plate value 100 sovereigns, presented by Vice-Commodore the Marquis of Exeter—with 25 sovereigns in specie; and for the second vessel of a different rig to the winner, a prize of 65 sovereigns presented by Mr.

Thomas Broadwood. This match was confined to vessels belonging to the Club, which were to be sailed in sea-going trim, with two days' provisions on board, water tanks full, boats, anchors, &c., all in active sea service order. Ackers' scale of time, allowance to be made at starting, and course from Ryde Pier round east buoy of the Middle, and Bullock Patch Red Buoy, to the eastward, or the reverse, twice round.

The following vessels started at the times placed opposite their names respectively :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons.	Owners	h. m. s.
1089	Prima Donna .....	schooner	35	Capt. Anderson	8 3 0
1026	Pantomime .....	schooner	140	Col. Markham	8 14 0
360	Egeria .....	schooner	153	J. Mulholland, Esq.	8 16 55
1648	Volante .....	cutter	52	H. C. Maudslay, Esq.	8 18 40
820	Marina .....	cutter	85	J. C. Morice, Esq.	8 21 45
1739	Witchcraft .....	schooner	223	T. Broadwood, Esq.	8 23 33
32	Aline .....	schooner	216	C. Thellusson, Esq.	8 23 50
481	Fiona .....	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	8 27 35
851	Menai .....	cutter	79	W. F. Stutfield, Esq.	8 28 0
236	Condor .....	cutter	133	W. Ewing, Esq.	8 40 35

With a very light S.S.W. wind the fleet proceeded to the Nab, led to the Bullock Shoal by the little Prima Donna, after which, the Pantomime, Egeria, Aline, Volante, and Fiona took up the sailing in the order of their names ; on completing the first round of the course the following were the times :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Pantomime .....	11 5 10	Fiona .....	11 21 0	Condor .....	11 27 5
Aline .....	11 5 40	Witchcraft .....	11 28 2	Prima Donna ..	11 28 20
Egeria .....	11 9 4	Menai .....	11 25 28	Marina .....	11 38 8
Volante .....	11 11 20				

On the second round the Aline went to the front, and the Witchcraft mastering the Volante and Fiona went into fourth place ; after this there was no further change or incident calling for remark, and they finished at the flag-ship in the following order :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Aline ..	1 20 0	Witchcraft .....	1 50 7	Condor .....	2 5 4
Pantomime .....	1 24 36	Volante .....	1 51 23	Menai .....	2 6 44
Egeria .....	1 34 33	Fiona .....	1 58 45		

Marina and Prima Donna not timed.

The Aline was declared the winner of the Marquis of Exeter's beautiful prize, and the gallantly sailed Volante was named the successful recipient of Mr. Broadwood's handsome vase, but a protest was made against her, by Mr. Boutcher of the Fiona, on the ground that she had

passed on the wrong side of the Noman fort : the committee went carefully into the matter, and their decision awarded the prize to the Fiona according to the strict letter of the law : it was a very hard case on the poor Volante as she had not a chart of the course, upon which the track past the Noman was distinctly marked ; but rules are rules, and although much sympathy was expressed on behalf of Mr. Maudslay, yet we feel assured no one would more cordially uphold them than himself : if he had not the solid reward of winning, he at least had the credit.

On Friday, the grand race of the meeting for Commodore Thelluson's cup—value 100 sovereigns, round the Island, took place. The following vessels started :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders
1739	Witchcraft .....	schooner	223	T. Broadwood, Esq.	S. White
360	Egeria .....	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
1783	Zouave .....	schooner	105	T. R. Hoare, Esq.	Inman
820	Marina .....	cutter	65	J. C. Morice, Esq.	Ratsey
236	Condor .....	cutter	133	W. Ewing, Esq.	Steele & Co.
1026	Pantomime .....	schooner	132	Col. Markham,	Ratsey
1362	Selene.....	schooner	275	D. Richardson, Esq.	Steele & Co.
851	Menai.....	cutter	79	W. Stutfield, Esq.	Ratsey

The morning looked very wild, with rallies of rain, and fierce squalls of nor'-west wind, so that although there were 14 vessels entered, the above eight alone displayed their fighting flags. Amidst heavy rain and a wild wind, the starting gun was fired at 9h. a.m., and away went the fleet to the westward, working the Island shore well aboard in the following order :—Witchcraft 1st., Egeria 2nd., Condor 3rd. ; and then came Pantomime, Menai, Marina, Selene, and Zouave. Shortly after the Condor eat the leaders out of the wind, seeing which the Witchcraft and Selene made a long board over to the mainland on the port tack, probably hoping for a slice of northerly wind ; but apparently the cutters had their time of it cut out to the Needles, albeit the Pantomime and Egeria stuck to them with a cleverness and pertinacity deserving of all praise : however when the Needles point was weathered a change came o'er the spirit of their dreams, and then the two-stickers brought their redoubted antagonist more to terms, once they were enabled to bring their balloon canvas into operation. Going down the back of the Island, after a fierce struggle the Egeria mastered the Condor and took the lead, the Selene in third place, then Pantomime, Menai, and Witchcraft ; off Ventuor there was a considerable jump of sea, caused by the strong N.W. wind against the tide, and the vessels had a "*mauvais quarte d'heure*" of it indeed ; in fact sea-going trim

was a subject just at that moment that might have tested the astuteness of the smartest sailing committee of all the royal clubs, without giving the members thereof much trouble in racking their memories for precedents. In gybing to the eastward of Ventnor the Egeria neglected to clew up her main-gaff topsail and the weight of wind proved too much; away went her main-topmast just when she wanted every thing to "stand and grin"; the Witchcraft next made her *debut* in "Queer Street," but with more crippling results—as her mainsail came down by the run; the others profiting by these examples handled their clew lines warily, and got over their moment of delicious agony with only a heavy thud and a surge to starboard; but the Egeria soon had her mishap to rights, not giving the Condor a chance to collar her; off Bembridge the latter came to grief, and the Selene at once tackled the crippled Egeria, but never an inch did the cleverly sailed southern clipper yield to her powerful Scottish antagonist: now came the grand struggle of the day, and going through Spithead on a long reach on the port tack, the Selene sailed all she knew but could make no impression on Egeria; on the contrary the latter eat her still more out of the wind, and when they went about to look at Ryde, it was evident at half a glance that barring another mishap, nothing afloat that day would touch the Egeria; eventually the flag-ship was reached at the following times; the Egeria going in in splendid style a gallant winner.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Egeria .....	4 17 18	Pantomime .....	4 38 34	Marina .....	5 2 45
Selene .....	4 27 40	Menai .....	4 46 5		

Condor and Witchcraft disabled.

On Monday, August 19th, the postponed race for the Ryde Town Cup was sailed, but of the eleven entries only five came to the starting buoys, viz:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners.	Builders
1739	Witchcraft .....	schooner	223	T. Broadwood, Esq.	S. White
33	Aline .....	schooner	216	O. Thellusson, Esq.	Camper
360	Egeria .....	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
1783	Zouave .....	schooner	105	T. R. Hoare, Esq.	Inman
1648	Volante .....	cutter	59	H. C. Maudslay, Esq.	Harvey

The start was effected at 10h. 35m., with a nice wholesail breeze at S.E.

To sum up this race, it was remarkable as being a day of vicissitude for the schooners, the Aline was meant to win if man's skill and perseverance could get a clipper along, even fighting against formidable



antagonists of her own class, to say nothing of such a flying light weight cutter as the *Volante*; it was her last race as the property of Commodore Thellusson, and she was to consummate her triumphs in Town Cups—by a blaze of glory; true she did finish in a blaze of glory, and perhaps never was a race sailed under such terms of awful grandeur, and with such extraordinary alterations of weather—now a flat calm, then a gentle breeze, and culminating in a thunder storm of awful magnificence. The *Volante* went away as she pleased from the schooners in the early part of the match, but when the strong wind and storm came on the *Aline* and *Egeria* made tremendous sailing, and at one time in a lull of calm the *Aline* seemed to have the prize within her grasp, but with a pluck and determination that was fittingly rewarded, the *Volante* fought every inch of water through the ensuing storm, and the flag-ship was finally reached at the following times p.m. :—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
<i>Volante</i> .....	9	49	0	<i>Egeria</i> .....	10	27	0
<i>Aline</i> .....	10	3	0	<i>Witchcraft</i> .....	12	56	0

*Zouave* not timed.

This victory of the *Volante's* will be long remembered, as perhaps never 43 nautic miles saw such changes and chances of weather and tactics.

The meeting of 1867 closed with a feeling of very great satisfaction and pleasure, and thanks to the Committee and Secretary of the Royal Victoria Club for their excellent management and courteous attention to all engaged.

### ROYAL ALBERT YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

On Tuesday, August 6th, the racing season of this Club commenced with a race between cutters of and under 15 tons, for a Cup value 20 guineas, twice over the Albert course, with a time allowance of half-a-minute for difference of tonnage.

The following vessels started :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners	Builders
510	<i>Folly</i> .....	cutter	12	W. L. Parry, Esq.	Payne
1206	<i>Queen</i> .....	cutter	15	Capt. Whitbread	Hatcher
1237	<i>Quiver</i> .....	cutter	12	Capt. Chamberlayne	Owner

The gun sent them away sharp at 11h. 30m.; there was a varying wind at W.N.W. to W.S.W., freshening up in rain squalls at times,

alternating with calms and light winds. On the run down to the Warner light-ship the Queen obtained a slight lead, but after hauling their wind for the beat to the west buoy of the Middle, the Folly took the lead from the Queen, which was shortly after also passed by the Quiver; this order was maintained back to the flag-ship which they passed for the first time in the following order:—

h. m. s. | h. m. s. | h. m. s.  
Folly ..... 2 22 15 | Quiver ..... 2 23 45 | Queen ..... 2 29 0

Going for the Warner the second time the wind veered to W.S.W. and brought them more on a bowline; during the second round the Folly had first to succumb to the Quiver and eventually to the Queen, and a very cleverly sailed match was finished at the flag-ship in the following order and times:—

h. m. s. | h. m. s. | h. m. s.  
Quiver ..... 5 1 28 | Queen ..... 5 2 20 | Folly ..... 5 3 16

The second race was for a handsome Cup value 20 sovereigns, presented by Vice-Commodore Conway Gordon, for vessels belonging to the Club under 30 tons, over the same course.

For this the following vessels came to the buoys:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons.	Owners	Builders.
315	Dewdrop .....	yawl	14	J. & E. Laphorne, Esqrs.	Wanhill
370	Gipsy .....	cutter	15	T. Fuller, Esq.	Stow
1479	Stormfinch .....	cutter	10	H. Dashwood, Esq.	Owner
	Dora .....	cutter	8	— Nicholson, Esq.	

At 12h. 5m. 0s., they got well away, the Gipsy leading with the Dewdrop second; they continued in the same respective positions during the remainder of the struggle, which terminated in the following order and times:—

h. m. s. | h. m. s. | h. m. s.  
Gipsy ..... 5 44 20 | Dewdrop ..... 5 54 40 | Dora ..... 6 4 6

On August 7th, the second day, the first match was for cutters of and over 40 tons,  $\frac{1}{2}$  Ackers' scale up to 100 tons, and 12 seconds per ton above that, the Albert course three times round. The following vessels started:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
965	Oimara .....	cutter	165	C. J. Tennent, Esq.	Steele & Co.
481	Fiona .....	cutter	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	Fife
1425	Sphinx .....	cutter	47	J. S. Earle, Esq.	Maudslay
1648	Volante .....	cutter	60	H. C. Maudslay, Esq.	Harvey

At 11h. 30m. the starting gun was fired ; there was a nice fresh breeze at W.S.W., the Fiona at once took the lead, with Sphinx second, Oimara third, and Volante fourth, the Fiona was collared by the Oimara after the first rounding of the Warner, but the Fairlie witch stuck to her in the most resolute manner, as did the Volante to the Sphinx, and the first round was accomplished at the following times :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Oimara .....	12 56 35	Sphinx .....	1 5 39
Fiona .....	1 0 5	Volante .....	1 7 50

Here the Volants seeing the pace the big one's were forcing, bore up and retired from the struggle, but the little Sphinx stuck to her work gamely, looking out for the chances of squalls and light winds. On the second round the wind fell lighter, and although the Oimara had obtained a commanding lead, yet the Fiona and Sphinx's chances, from their allowance of time, began to look brighter : the second round was completed at the following times :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Oimara .....	2 16 26	Fiona .....	2 24 23	Sphinx .....	2 36 55

It looked uncommonly like the Oimara's cup, but the Fiona was bent on work, and at it they went wickedly on the last round : still the Oimara kept a tremendous lead, but the Fiona was working every inch of water steadily and carefully—not leaving a second of her time allowance to chance ; on the run home from the westward the pace was wonderful, the Fiona evidently launching out for the cup ;—and the brave little Sphinx made a noble battle against such powerful antagonists in the strong wind ; the excitement was intense as they approached the flag-ship, and from the Spit Buoy the Fiona did a little bit of “ carrying on ” not at all suitable to the systems of nervous amateurs ; it was a splendid struggle and the Fiona got within her time. They passed the flag-ship in the following order :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Oimara .....	3 43 0	Fiona .....	3 55 30	Sphinx .....	4 15 15

The Fiona was declared the winner.

The second race was for cutters under 40 tons, for a cup value 30 sovereigns, course round the Nab and West buoy of the Middle twice.

For this the following renowned trio displayed their well worn and time honored battle flags.

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders.
1063	Phantom .....	cutter	25	F. Rosoman, Esq.	Pinney
1542	Thought .....	cutter	27	G. Wells, Esq.	Hatcher
1589	Vampire .....	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher

They were started at 12h. 10m., the Thought launching away with the lead, the Phantom close abeam, and the Vampire ready for either's mishaps: the first performance which rewarded the eager spectator was the Thought putting a determined stopper on the Phantom's passing her to windward, when as usual they worked up from their course, until the sight of the Vampire launching straight away for the Nab, brought them to their senses, and away they dashed in hot pursuit, the Thought rounding the Nab first: on hauling round the ship when they settled to their work the veteran Phantom would not be denied, but boldly challenged and took the lead; from this point perhaps a more desperately sailed match has been seldom witnessed, the Vampire holding her own well with her more powerful rivals; but the heroine of so many fights—the invincible Phantom seemed in her glory with such foes; and the more wild the wind, and wicked the sea, the better these three butterfly clippers and their crews seemed to like it; a magnificent struggle was finished at the flag-ship in the following order and times—the Phantom with difficulty gaining a glorious victory thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Phantom .....	5 20 26	Thought .....	5 24 14	Vampire .....	5 24 22

The meeting was brought to a conclusion on Saturday by a Corinthian match for the ladies' prize of a Cup value 25 sovereigns.

The following vessels started:—Gipsy, Dewdrop, and Algerine, 10 tons, F. Rosoman, Esq.

The Algerine unfortunately went ashore on Ryde Sand during the first round of the course, leaving the struggle between the Gipsy and Dewdrop—which eventuated in the former winning her second Cup at this meeting in gallant style.

The times at the flag-ship were thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Gipsy .....	4 51 0	Dewdrop .....	5 5 45

### CLYDE YACHT CLUB CORINTHIAN MATCH.

THIS sailing match for yachts of all classes belonging to the Club, came off on Saturday, August 24th, at Largs. The yachts were steered by members, with a limited number of paid hands on board, according to tonnage, and were handicapped by a special committee appointed for the purpose. The prize was a purse of 20 sovereigns, with a second prize of 5 sovereigns to the second boat, presented by the Rear-Commodore.

The following were the entries and time allowance to each yacht:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Time Allowed
705	Kilmeny .....	cutter	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	0 minutes
8	Aglaia.....	schooner	44	F. Powell, Esq.	10 "
240	Coolan.....	cutter	37	W. Collins, Esq.	12 "
582	Glide.....	cutter	15	D. Fulton, Esq.	13 "
1523	Swallow.....	cutter	18	R. Sharp, Esq.	14 "
182	Carina .....	cutter	15	B. B. Bell, Esq.	15 "
1268	Ripple .....	cutter	9	J. M. Forrester, Esq.	22 "
724	Lady Alice .....	cutter	9	N. Boyd, Esq.	22 "
1384	Silvia .....	cutter	9	J. Eadie, jun., Esq.	25 "
1048	Pet .....	cutter	7	J. D. Bell, Esq.	26 "
	Gipsy King .....	cutter	4	T. Bain, jun., Esq.	26 "

The allowance was calculated for a course of 30 miles, with moderate weather ; but as the wind freshened considerably during the day, the allowance was in favor of the larger vessels. The Hon. G. F. Boyle, Commodore of the Club, was in attendance at Largs, with the screw steamer Valetta to start the match, and there was a large number of yachts to see the start, including the Marina, Persis, Madcap, Fiery Cross, Aurora, Lesbia, Denburn, Maria, Rival, Boreas, Osprey, Water Witch, &c.

The Glide and Lady Alice did not get across from Belfast in time for the start, and the Carina and Pet failed to put in an appearance, but the seven others made a fine even start between the Commodore and Largs pier about 12 o'clock—the course being round Skelmorlie and Toward buoys—thence round the Great Cumbrae, and round Skelmorlie buoy to Rothesay Bay, where the Valetta, after following the race all day, took up her position off the pier to time the yachts as they came in. In the run down to Skelmorlie, the Aglaia took the lead with the Kilmeny close at hand to leeward, the Ripple well in front next the Largs shore, and the Coolan, Swallow, Silvia, and Gipsy King a short bit astern in the order named. The Aglaia got first round both Skelmorlie and Toward buoys, the Kilmeny about a minute astern, and the Coolan two minutes behind Kilmeny. There was now a long beat up to the Tan buoy, and the Kilmeny soon showed her qualities in going to windward, and got round the buoy 11 minutes before the Aglaia, the latter keeping second place against the cutter Coolan in the beating down, and getting round 6 minutes before her. The breeze having freshened considerably the smaller yachts were soon beat out of time—the Swallow only working up as far as the Tan buoy, which was rounded as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Kilmeny .....	2 51 0	Aglaia.....	3 2 0	Coolan .....	3 6 30

Kilmeny had thus one minute to spare to Aglaia, and Coolan out of her time from Aglaia four and a-half minutes.

In the run through Fairlie Roads down to Skelmorlie, little difference could be noticed in the relative position of the three yachts, but the Kilmeny had drawn slightly ahead, and at the Skelmorlie buoy had nearly three minutes to spare. In reaching into Rothesay Bay the wind freshened almost to a squall, which brought up the Aglaia so smartly on Kilmeny that she recovered her time, and gained the race by 37 seconds. The Kilmeny getting the second prize. The time at the finish was as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Kilmeny .....	4 44 40	Aglaia .....	4 54 3	Coolan .....	5 3 35

During the progress of the above race the Fiery Cross, Persia, and Madcap had a spin together which was highly interesting. The Persis appeared to be ripe for the contest, and to use a turf expression "made all the running," and it was generally regretted that they were not included in the competition of the Corinthian match.

### TORBAY ROYAL REGATTA.

THIS annual aquatic *fete* was celebrated on Friday, August 23rd, there were a few yachts present, among which we noticed the St. Ursula, Gloriana, and Columbine at anchor, with the racing cutters, Vanguard, Vindex, Sphinx, Surf, and Phantom. At an early hour in the morning the committee met to enter the names of yachts in the various classes, a few yachtsmen attended but did not seem disposed to enter their vessels. The Surf we believe did not intend racing, but the Vindex and Sphinx it was expected would as they had their mainsails up, as well as Vanguard. Their owners, however, we presume, voted it as decidedly Vanguard's weather, and declined to start, the sequel showing correct judgment on their parts.

The course laid out was from the slip-rope off Torr Abbey Sands to a mark-boat at Goodrington; thence to another under the hospital, near Berry Head, and then to a boat anchored mid-bay, returning to Paignton, and thence round the twin-screw steamer Wolverine, which had been kindly placed at the disposal of the committee by her owner, Major Brandram. This course was about eleven miles, which was traversed three times.

The first race was for a prize of 40 sovereigns, which was open to cutters and yawls not exceeding 80 tons, half Ackers' scale. For this

three should have started, but rather than disappoint the numerous assemblage of sight-seers the committee allowed the following to start:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1592	Vanguard .....	cutter	60	Capt. Hughes	Ratsey
1093	Phantom .....	cutter	26	F. Rosoman, Esq.	Pinney

These vessels took up their positions soon after one o'clock, mainsails only hoisted. The starting gun was fired at 1h. 29m., wind S.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E., fresh. The Vanguard was the weathermost boat, and soon had her head sails run up. The Phantom, however, was the first to show that she felt the breeze, and stood down for the Paignton mark-boat, whilst the other was slowly canting round, but as soon as the latter's topsail was set, she quickly slipped through the water, and was not long before she passed the Phantom. Still, the Phantom held on, and maintained a very excellent place as second, and making an allowance for tonnage, had at the end of the first round an advantage of more than four minutes over the Vanguard. In the second round, however, the Vanguard greatly improved her position, and gained seven minutes over the time allowance. In the third round, she was nearly becalmed off Paignton, and the Phantom came up hand over hand, bringing the breeze with her. Just then the Vanguard caught the wind and came on at a smart rate, leaving the Phantom floating almost helplessly in a sea as smooth as glass. On came the Vanguard, her light sails boomed out to catch the fickle breeze, and rounded the committee-boat half-an-hour before her competitor, thus winning the prize; an event signalized by much hearty cheering ashore and afloat, and the firing of cannon:—

	FIRST ROUND.	SECOND ROUND.	THIRD ROUND.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Vanguard.....	3 8 55	4 41 43	6 59 0
Phantom .....	3 14 9	5 0 5	7 35 12

The next was a prize of 21 sovereigns, for yachts of any rig, not exceeding sixteen tons; first vessel to receive £14; the second £7; time race, three-quarters-of-a-minute per ton, two rounds only. For this were entered,—Quiver, 12 tons, Captain Chamberlayne; Flying Fish, 12 tons, Mr. W. Harvey; Folly, 12 tons, Mr. W. L. Parry; and Buccaneer, 12 tons, Captain Bayly.

This was a very interesting and well-contested race; the boats took up their positions in the order above named, the first being the weathermost boat. The start was effected at 12h. 8m. 30s., and it was a stirring spectacle to see them get underweigh. They went away





Matches were also sailed for various amounts by fishing boats, pleasure boats sailed by amateurs, &c., and these were followed by numerous rowing races, which as usual created much excitement among the local population.

Everything passed off very amicably, and the committee received the thanks of the yacht owners for their exertions and willingness to promote sport.

### ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB, (E.) REGATTA.

**AUGUST 20th.**—The good old port of Plymouth was "all alive oh"! The morn was fine, the weather clear and bright, and a strong breeze from the S.W.; everything seemed propitious towards a good and glorious inauguration of the new Club-house on the Hoe, by this its first regatta since the building has been completed. It was the intention of the Committee to open with the Cup so generously given by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, but the only yacht that entered was Mr. Parry's Folly. Previous to the appointed hour for commencement of racing Mr. Rosoman, offered to sail his yacht the Phantom, if the Committee agreed, as she was one ton over the stipulated tonnage (25) which the conditions stated. This was not acceded to as the latter was more than double the tonnage of Folly.

The sports began by a contest for 65 sovs., open to cutters and yawls; that is to say 50 sovs. for first boat, and 15 sovs., for second, all vessels to be above 20 tons. Time half-a-minute per ton up to 50 tons, one-quarter-of-a-minute up to 100 tons, and one-eighth-of-a-minute above. The following came to the moorings :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1897.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
965	Oimara .....	cutter	165	C. J. Tennent, Esq.	Steele & Co.
1425	Sphinx .....	cutter	47	J. S. Earle, Esq.	Maudslay
1592	Vanguard .....	cutter	60	Capt. Hughes	Ratsey

Oimara allowed Sphinx 22m. 7s., and Vanguard 18m. 7s.—Vindex and Lufra entered but did not appear at the moorings. The course was through the western Channel of the Breakwater, to a mark-boat off Penlee Point, thence to another mark-boat moored off the Mewstone, leaving both on the port hand, returning through the eastern Channel of the Breakwater, rounding the Cobbler buoy, and back to committee vessel, three times round.

The yachts started at 11h. 28m., the Sphinx had the weather berth,

and she went off with the lead followed by Vanguard, both being quickly covered by mainsail, foresail, and jib, having topmast housed; Oimara was slow in getting away, but she was from her size able to hoist a top-sail, which with her huge mainsail, made her look truly formidable; she dashed along at a prodigious rate, giving strong suspicions that she meant winning the first prize, meantime the others were not idle. The Sphinx was the first to go about closely pressed by the "Scotch giant," whilst the Vanguard held on. Reaching out to the Breakwater Vanguard was overhauled by her powerful opponent, and Sphinx also shared the same fate, outside they plunged into a very boisterous sea, which little Sphinx admirably combatted, whilst Vanguard appeared uneasy in her position. Oimara on the contrary was perfectly content, and having rounded the Penlee mark-boat a few minutes ahead of Sphinx, which had Vanguard close at her heels, they rattled along at good speed to the Mewstone mark-boat, from whence they had a long reach to the Cobbler. The Sphinx had the misfortune to carry away her bobstay, but as her bowsprit stood the shock she kept second place. The Oimara hoisted a balloon jib, which she boomed out. When they got inside the Breakwater up went Sphinx and Vanguard's square-headed topsails, and Vanguard shot slightly ahead of the little one, but did not retain it as the round was finished thus:—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Oimara .....	1	3	0	Sphinx .....	1	13	18	Vanguard .....	1	14	30

The Oimara of course had the prize safe barring accident, and she continued her race *without* shaking out a reef (as the others did), on the contrary she finished the race with the reef in, and, on approaching the Breakwater (working out) in the third round she hauled down her jib-headed topsail, and housed her topmast. After rounding the western mark-boat she fidded her topmast again but did not set the sail, until she had gybed round the eastern mark-boat. Her topsail stood well when the tack was to windward; but not *vice-versa*: she gained more in the third round than in the other two rounds. In the last round the Vanguard weathered Sphinx in beating out, but in the run from the western mark-boat to the eastern mark-boat, Sphinx set her jib-headed topsail, and altho' the Vanguard followed suit, ran by her, but not away from her, the remainder of the sail being a bow and quarter run the whole way home. The race was finished thus:—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Oimara .....	4	7	0	Sphinx .....	4	41	50	Vanguard .....	4	42	0

Oimara received first prize and Sphinx second. Had the cruise been only twice round Oimara would not been the winner, as she was only 20m. 6s., ahead at that crisis.

The next match was between yachts not exceeding 8 tons, for a Cup presented by the town, value 10 sovs., with 5 sova. for second boat.—Time half-a-minute.

The following entered :—Glance, Mr. C. O. Clark, 7 tons ; Blanche, Capt. Millett, 8 tons ; Vespa, Mr. W. Clarke, 8 tons ; Mystery, Mr. J. Sadler, 4 tons ; Armada, Mr. R. A. Daniell, 8 tons. Had there been a light wind the course for these yachts would have been around the Breakwater. In the preliminary cruise the Armada, although carrying only three sails, shipped a sea, and it was thought advisable not to allow the course to extend beyond the Sound. The Glance started merrily with the lead, followed by Armada second, but having hoisted a balloon jib, which retarded her instead of assisting, she had to give way to Vespa and Mystery, which positions they maintained to the finish. The Armada gave up in the second round in consequence of shipping some heavy seas.

Several other prizes were given to Watermen's sailing boats, rowing matches, &c.

On August 21st, (the second day,) the grand event of the regatta, Her Majesty's Cup, value 100 guineas was contested for, and a large entry was expected but from various causes only the following came to their moorings :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Builders.
965	Oimara .....	cutter	165	C. J. Tennent, Esq.	Steele & Co.
1592	Vanguard .....	cutter	60	Capt. Hughes	Ratsey
789	Lufra .....	yawl	193	Lord Stafford	Ratsey
1425	Sphinx .....	cutter	47	J. S. Earle, Esq.	Maudslay

The course was through the eastern Channel of the Breakwater, round a mark-boat moored off the Mewstone, thence to another mark-boat moored off Penlee Point, leaving both on the starboard hand, returning through the western Channel, rounding the Cobbler buoy, leaving it on the port hand, thence round the Melampus buoy for two rounds, unfortunately for the Vanguard the instructions were misconstrued and eventually lost her the race.

The start took place about noon, when the Vanguard went off with a slight lead, followed by Lufra, Sphinx and Oimara third and fourth. As they drew near the east-end of the Breakwater, Lufra crept up to Vanguard, and tried to pass on the weather hand, but this piece of kindness was too much for Vanguard, which she politely declined. The Sphinx and Oimara had a little by-play between them, which the latter ended by leaving her little friend alone, and went in search of the

leaders ; coming up with Lufra she tried to pass but failed in the attempt, until they had rounded the Mewstone, when standing for the western buoy the Oimara passed the Lufra, and when rounding the mark-boat off Penlee Point was only five seconds behind Vanguard. The general orders now were "pile up the canvas!" Vanguard hoisted and boomed out a balloon jib, Oimara a balloon foresail, Lufra a square-sail, and Sphinx a "spinnaker." On their route for the Cobbler some sharp practice took place between Vanguard and Oimara, which latter was near sweeping the decks of the former, but being hailed by the Vanguard's crew the bold Scot luffed up so as to clear her lesser rival, and the Cobbler was rounded thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Oimara .....	1 48 35	Lufra .....	1 52 33
Vanguard .....	1 49 20	Sphinx .....	1 54 24

They then proceeded to the Committee boat, where they went about and bore away for the eastern mark. The Oimara made a board to weather the Melampus buoy, leaving it on the *port* hand, and it was here the Vanguard made her first mistake as she left the buoy on the *starboard* hand ; up flew the "protests," from the other vessels which were acknowledged by the Committee unnoticed by Vanguard's crew. No change of positions occurred, and the Cobbler was rounded a second time thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Oimara ... ..	3 30 10	Lufra .....	3 38 45
Vanguard .....	3 36 35	Sphinx .....	3 44 40

In passing the Melampus buoy the Vanguard repeated her former error, whilst the others pursued the proper course ; she also had the mishap to carry away her bobstay, which altho' soon repaired most certainly hindered her speed for the time. The only change in the positions was attempted by Lufra which ran up close to Vanguard but did not pass her, and the match was finished thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Oimara .....	5 9 10	Lufra .....	5 24 6
Vanguard .....	5 21 10	Sphinx .....	5 32 38

The Vanguard thus had plenty of time to spare over her allowance from Oimara, but on the Committee investigating the protest they found the Vanguard disqualified in consequence of her leaving the Melampus on the wrong hand. This was very vexatious as it appeared, Captain Hughes misunderstood the orders issued.

The Prince of Wales Cup which was offered for competition on the first day, now met with better entries, and it was arranged that it should be given as a first prize and the tradesmen's plate as a second prize. The following entered :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yacht	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1063	Phantom .....	cutter	26	F. Rosoman, Esq.	Pinney
	Ida .....	cutter	11	R. Hocking, Esq.	
510	Folly .....	cutter	12	W. L. Parry, Esq.	Payne Trinnick
1263	Ringdove .....	cutter	23	G. F. Seymour, Esq.	
	Stella .....	cutetr	14	W. Lean, Esq.	

They started about one o'clock, over a course out to the east end of the Breakwater, round a mark-boat off the Mewstone, thence round a mark-boat off Penlee Point, twice round about 36 miles.

When the gun fired Ringdove was not ready, as it was understood it would be 2 p.m. before they started, however Mr. Seymour, soon had all ready and in about 10 minutes followed. The Ida and Folly sailed away together, Stella and Phantom following some distance behind. After passing the Breakwater, the Phantom soon overhauled the other boats and took up the lead. Ida then settled down second, and the Folly laid third. In the second round the Ringdove overhauled and passed the Folly and Ida. The Phantom, however, continued to increase her lead. The race between the smaller yachts grew exciting. The three boats sailed almost on a level for some distance, but the Folly ultimately drew ahead of Stella, took a second position, and the Ida fell into the rear, and in this position they finished the race. The Phantom was declared the winner of the Prince of Wales' Cup, value £25, and the Folly of the piece of plate.

Next match, a Cup presented by the R.W.Y.C., value £10, with £5, added as a second prize. Open to yachts of 8 tons and under. Time, half-a-minute per ton. The entries were—Glance, Mr. C. O. Clarke, 7 tons; Armada, Mr. R. A. Daniell, 8 tons; Brunette, 8 tons, Mr. S. R. Windham; Vespa, 8 tons, Mr. W. Clarke; Gem, 5 tons, Mr. J. J. Lander. The latter soon gave up after starting.

They started about 2h. 12m., the race was watched with interest, for it was generally believed that Glance, a winning boat on the previous day, would not sail so well in a light as in a heavy wind. Armada, Vespa, and Glance went away together. The Armada shot ahead, and the Vespa held a second position. The Glance was subsequently overhauled and passed by the Brunette. In the second round the Vespa challenged the Armada for the first position, and the Armada had some difficulty in keeping her lead. The Brunette and Glance kept pretty well together. In the last round the Armada came up to the Cobbler buoy at the same time as a trawler who would not give way, and she

got entangled, so carried away the jaws of her gaff, and she was compelled to give up. Vespera was then enabled to win easily, Brunette was second.

Matches between trawlers, rowing boats &c., completed an excellent regatta.

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### BRAY REGATTA.

It was rather a troublesome affair this season, as on the day first appointed July 15th, the weather was so bad that it would have been a folly, if nothing worse, to have attempted to race. It was therefore postponed till August 3rd, and on that day a number of yachts assembled to take part in the several contests ; but it is unnecessary to enter into the manoeuvres of those that started for the two principal events, as they were not concluded for want of wind. The small yachts were more successful for a prize of 5 sovs., the Myrrha, beat Torment and six others.

The concluding sailing match was for 5 sovs., by pleasure boats belonging to gentlemen residing at Bray. The little Dorrit won the prize, beating five others.

The amusements of the day were carried out by rowing matches.

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*August 9th.*—The regatta was successfully brought to a conclusion, but the dreadful railway accident which occurred on that morning threw a gloom over the proceedings, and marred the pleasures of an excellent yachting day.

The first race was for the Prince Alfred Yacht Club prize of 35 sovs. value, and a scarf ring for helmsman. For this the Amber Witch, yawl, 37 tons, J. McCurdy, Esq., and Aquiline, schooner, 33 tons, H. J. Dudgeon, Esq., started. The former allowed the latter 33 seconds.

The gun fired at 11h. 5m., when the schooner got off quickly to windward of the yawl, just shaving the flag-ship as she passed. Both were under low canvas, there being a strong breeze at S.W. The schooner, after gybing, set her main-topsail and squaresail, and the yawl her second working topsail, both reaching for the Kish, with the wind a point or two abaft the beam, and freshening as the yachts got seaward.

At 11h. 20m. the yawl had come up on the schooner, and they sailed abreast for some time, the latter being to windward and at noon the yawl obtained the lead. The schooner then sent up her fore-topsail, but not so quickly as she did her main, and the two went at a fearful

bat for the light-ship, the schooner spurling up occasionally on the yawl, as she got the first of the gusts, and it was rounded by Amber Witch at 12h. 9m. 30m., Aquiline, 12h. 11m. 15s. Before reaching the ship the schooner doused her fore-topsail, and got in her square-sail, and the yawl sent down her topsail and set a smaller one preparatory to coming on the wind, and both close hauled on port tack and stood for the Bailey Light, the yawl weathering on the schooner and dropping her very fast; after tack and tack up the bay to weather the South Burford buoy the yawl was half-a-mile to windward of the schooner. At one o'clock a heavy shower caught them both and in a trice the lofty muslin was got on deck and stowed away, but not a bit too soon, as the squall came on as hard they could sup it for several minutes, during which the schooner, who had carried away one of the hooks of her flying jib-boom shrouds, luffed up, while the yawl shifted her jib for a smaller one to save her boom from going, but kept sailing for her mark, the flag-boat of Shanganagh, which was passed by Amber Witch about 20 minutes ahead of the schooner. The former set her topsail for the run to the light-ship again, but it looking still dirty to windward, with the prospect of a repetition of the dose of the previous round, the yawl before she came to the Kish sent down topsail, housed topmast, and made all snug for the beat up the bay to weather the South Burford buoy. The light-ship was then passed for the second time by Amber Witch at 3h. 8m., Aquiline 3h. 23m. The former stood on her tack for about 10 minutes, then tacked to port, the schooner following, and after turning to windward up to the buoy again, the yawl had weathered on the schooner a couple of miles at least. A long leg and a short one brought the boats round the Shanganagh flag-boat, during which Amber Witch still got away from the schooner, coming in a winner at 4h. 49m. 40s., about 36m. ahead, after a capital day's sailing.

At 12h. 5m., the following cutters started for the prizes of pieces of plate value £30 and £20, respectively :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tonnage	Owners	Builders.
705	Kilmeny .....	cutter	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
790	Luna .....	cutter	25	C. Putland, Esq.	Fife
1693	Wavcrest .....	cutter	25	H. Crawford, Esq.	Fulton
1809	Sappho .....	cutter	16	Capt. Rose	White

All were under reefed mainsails with topsails over them, and balloon foresails. Sappho got off first, and after rounding the flag-ship set a

balloon jib, Kilmeny second, Wavecrest and Luna together. The latter drew ahead of Wavecrest in consequence of her topsail having got foul of the boom lift. They then both ran past Sappho, and the breeze coming stronger and more aft, outriggers came into requisition on the run to the Kish Light, which was rounded thus:—Kilmeny, 1h. 1m. 45s.; Luna, 1h. 3m. 0s.; Wavecrest, 1h. 4m. 0s.; Sappho, 1h. 8m. 20s.

On approaching it all the yachts had made things snug for the beat to the South Burford buoy, which lay almost dead to windward about three miles off; they were, however caught in a shower, and in going about one of Wavecrest's hands let the jib-sheet run out, which resulted in her getting into irons for several minutes, while Kilmeny and Luna got away from her. There was now a fresh breeze, Kilmeny rounded South Burford at 1h. 49m. 0s.; Luna, 1h. 55m. 45s.; Wavecrest, 2h. 8m. 0s. Thence to the flag-boat in Killiney Bay, which was reached thus:—Kilmeny, 2h. 37m. 0s.; Luna, 2h. 48m. 0s.; Wavecrest, 3h. 8m. 0s.

Kilmeny kept increasing her lead and sailing beautifully, Luna hunting her, but losing ground. The flag-boat was reached the second time by Kilmeny, at 3h. 2m. 10s; Luna, 3h. 20m. 30s.; Wavecrest, 3h. 34m. 0s., and at the winning boat the races were timed as follows:—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.				h. m. s.				
Kilmeny .....	3	17	0		Luna .....	3	33	15		Wavecrest .....	3	51	18

Sappho did not round. The Kilmeny was adjudged the first prize, and the Luna the second.

These matches will, we believe, finish the yacht racing in these waters for this season.

### SOUTHAMPTON AMATEUR CLUB REGATTA.

THIS club has become a great feature in yachting matters at Southampton, and the liberal prizes offered will be the means of its obtaining general support from Yacht owners. The commodore, F. Perkins, Esq., in 1884, gave a challenge prize of £100 value, to be won twice by the same vessel, and H. C. Maudslay, Esq., with the *Volante* succeeded in placing it in his plate locker. This year the commodore gave another of the same amount, which was sailed for on the 8th of July last. It was open to yachts above 20 tons: time race, half-a-minute per ton up to 80 tons, beyond that a quarter-of-a-minute. There were only three entries, *Niobe*, Mr. W. Gordon, *Thought*, Mr. G. Wells, and *Phantom*, Mr. F. Rosoman, but the first-named did not start, owing to the illness of her owner, therefore the two old rivals had it to themselves, which from their antecedents created much speculation amongst the knowing ones.

They started at 11h. 55m. with a light N. E. wind over a course from the station-vessel moored off the Town Pier, down Southampton Water, leaving



the Calshot light-ship on the starboard hand, round the Brambles, leaving all the buoys on the starboard hand, and the Bell buoy on the port hand, returning to the station-vessel—twice round, a distance of about 60 miles.

The Thought was soon under canvas and bounded away, whilst Phantom seemed unprepared for the start. She had the weathermost station and as soon as the crew observed the Thought's movements, started in pursuit, up went large working jibs and balloon topsails on both vessels, running for the Western buoy, Phantom still to windward, Thought tried to weather her; but the wary old dame was not to be had on that tack, and shaking her off kept to the north shore, where getting a fresh breeze she bowled along leaving the Thought behind, rounding the White buoy, the eastern extremity of the course, thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Phantom .....	1 42 20	Thought .....	1 55 12

They now got a S.S.E. breeze, and made their way westward, with every sail well piled on. Entering Southampton Water they had a strong flood tide, which they made the most of, booming out their fore-sails to catch each puff, which were few and far between, and after a tedious passage they finished the first round thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Phantom.....	3 21 25	Thought .....	3 30 35

On going for the second round they had a dead beat down, and Phantom had the best of the race until nearing the Chequered buoy, when she sailed into a flat calm, and Thought having a good breeze passed her, rounding the White buoy 45 seconds ahead, and the Bell buoy 1m. 55s.

The wind now fell, and going up Southampton Water they had to contend with the ebb tide which they bravely struggled against, and Phantom being more fortunate than her old antagonist arrived just ahead, finishing a most tedious match thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Phantom ... ..	11 21 3	Thought .....	11 22 50

A protest was entered by Mr. Wells, the owner of the Thought, that the Phantom fouled his vessel off Netley Hospital. The next match was a prize of 20 sovereigns for yachts not exceeding 12 tons.

This brought two more old antagonists to the start, viz., Folly, Mr. Parry, and Quiver, Captain Chamberlayne; the fame of these vessels is also universally known, and no doubt if the wind had been more propitious we should have to record a splendid race, but from what may be gleaned in the description of the former match this also was "yachting under difficulties," added to which Quiver met with two mishaps, the first in her cross-trees being carried away by a steamer, and the second in grounding on a ballast bank where she remained several minutes; however on getting again afloat, she bustled away after her companion, and the race was finished thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Folly .....	6 0 30	Quiver .....	6 13 30

Folly received 15 sovereigns and Quiver 5 sovereigns.

Rowing matches finished the day's sports.

## SOUTHAMPTON WEST QUAY CLUB REGATTA.

WHAT another regatta at the same place?—Aye, and it was well attended too, as witness Wednesday, July 10th, when an immense number of spectators assembled on the shore and piers. The sports began with a match for 20 sovereigns between Folly and Quiver, which at 12h. 20m. commenced with a fine S.E. breeze, the former slightly leading, with the latter alive to every movement and ready to take advantage of any chance which might occur. It was really a pleasing sight to witness the cautious and wary tactics of the respective timoneers, the manner the yachts were handled bespoke well-trained mariners at the helm.

In rounding Cracknore buoy Quiver drew a length ahead, which she increased on rounding the Man-of-war buoy the first time, when ballooners were in force as they raced up to finish the first course, the Quiver retaining the lead by 26 seconds. She was drawing it very fine, and put the Folly's crew on their mettle, and if possible more caution was used in all their manœuvres, Folly made several attempts during this round to overreach her rival but without success, and on its finish the Quiver led by one minute.

On proceeding on the last round Quiver shifted topsail, but Folly still carried her ballooners which was rather detrimental to her, as in gybing round Cracknore buoy the yard parted between the slings and outer-end of spar, and it had to be hauled down quickly. The second topsail was set and it lifted her along gloriously, giving her an advantage that placed her first by 8 seconds when rounding the Man-of-war buoy. This rather startled the Quiverites and they changed their topsail to a ballooners. Folly quickly followed suit, after fishing the yard. Now with almost breathless anxiety they watched each other, scarcely venturing to stir about the decks, and even amongst the crowd who witnessed the race a silence ensued that bespoke the interest and anxiety felt by the partizans of each vessel; and when the Quiver arrived first by 15 seconds only, the astonishment was so intense that the usual greeting to the conqueror was withheld for a brief space, only, however, to burst forth from all parties with shouts that resembled the roar of cannon. Both crews were deserving of the warmest praise.

This was followed by several rowing matches, &c., which were also well contested.

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DARTMOUTH ROYAL REGATTA.

THIS commenced on August 27th, and the day was chiefly occupied by rowing matches between local boats.

The second day, August 28th, the principal business connected with our *Magazine* came off, which consisted of two yacht matches. The first was for a prize of 40 sovereigns, for yachts belonging to the Dart Yacht Club;

time race, *cutters* half-a-minute per ton; *yawls* allowed quarter of tonnage off. The following yachts started :—Wild Duck, 20 tons, Mr. H. Studdy; Electra, 12 tons, Mr. E. M. Turner; Gondola, 29 tons, Lieut. Studdy; Ringdove, 23 tons, Mr. T. Seymour; Alicina, 30 tons, Mr. A. B. Bouldsworth; and Una, 17 tons, Mr. E. Kensington.

They started at 12h. 30m., the Electra with the lead, but her chance of holding the position was more than doubtful, for prior to the start she had the misfortune to carry away her cross-trees, and rather than not join in the fun, her owner hoisted a jib-headed topsail. There was a good breeze blowing, and on the course to the eastward the Wild Duck, Ringdove, and Gondola pressed hard upon Electra, followed by Una and Alicina. Taking advantage of the facilities for manœuvring afforded by the tacking which was requisite, Ringdove took the first place. The next three boats kept well up and frequently changed places, until on the completion of the first round the Ringdove led by about ten minutes. The Wild Duck, the second boat, beat the Electra by one minute and forty seconds, the Gondola being twenty-five seconds behind. Gondola in the next round succeeded in passing the Wild Duck, but though coming in before her she had to relinquish the second prize, as she was obliged to allow Wild Duck time for the difference in their rig. The boats started at 12h. 32m., with a full sailing breeze and arrived thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Ringdove.....	3	44	46		Gondola .....	4	6	23		Wild Duck .....	4	6	46

Ringdove received 25 sovs., Gondola 10 sovs., and Wild Duck 5 sovs.

The next match was for 20 sovereigns for yachts not exceeding 20 tons; time race half-a-minute per ton. For this the following cutters started :—Buccaneer, 12 tons, Capt. Bayly; Quiver, 13 tons, Capt. Chamberlayne; Armada, 8 tons, Mr. R. A. Daniell; and Flying Fish, 12 tons, Mr. W. Harvey.

The Buccaneer walked off with a strong lead followed by Quiver and Armada, Flying Fish bringing up the rear. After rounding the Blackstone there ensued a keen competition in beating up to the south mark-boat between Buccaneer and Quiver; these vessels seemed very pugnacious and jealous of the fame each had obtained, they singled themselves out for a regular set-to, and it was highly gratifying to witness the dexterity with which they were handled by their respective crews; however after a severe struggle the bold pirate was forced to give way to her rival, a position she maintained until after rounding the Blackstone a second time, when the wind having shifted two or three points they commenced beating up for the south mark-boat, *much further in shore than before*, consequently in smoother water. Buccaneer soon weathered the Quiver, kept the lead and came in first. Flying Fish was thoroughly beaten, and the saucy Armada was forced to retire, after completing the first round, terribly thrashed. Finale :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.	
Buccaneer (£15).....	4	47	21		Quiver (£25) .....	4	49	30

A prize of 30 sovereigns was contested by about ten trawlers, and a very spirited match took place.

The whole regatta was a success both as regards sailing and rowing, and we may anticipate a larger muster of the canvas backs next year.

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### THE FATAL END OF AN ATLANTIC VOYAGE.

THE Mary Blake, from Antigua, arrived in the Thames with a seaman named Andrew Armstrong on board, the only survivor of a crew of four of a schooner-rigged boat called the John T. Ford, which was lost while on a voyage from Baltimore to Paris *via* Havre. The John T. Ford was about 2½ tons, and of less size than the Red, White, and Blue, but unlike her she was not constructed on the life-boat principle, being more of a whaleboat. Her dimensions were 19ft. length of keel, 22ft. 6in. over all, 7ft. beam, 2ft. 6in. depth of hold. She was the joint property of the master, Gould; Armstrong the survivor, and two or three others; and the citizens of Baltimore took great interest in the success of the expedition to Paris. The John T. Ford left Baltimore on the 22nd of June, but getting short of water, one of her tanks being damaged, she put into Halifax on the 8th of July; and one of her hands leaving, Armstrong, who is a fisherman, joined her: on the morning of the 17th of July she left Halifax, accompanied by several boats out to sea. Meeting with strong contrary winds she had to put back, and anchored at Devil's Island until 1 p.m. of the 19th, when she had to shift to get better shelter in the eastern passage of Halifax. She remained there until the following Tuesday, the 22nd, and at 4 a.m. proceeded on the voyage, with the wind at S.W.

On the 26th they sighted a French schooner at anchor on the banks of Newfoundland, and went alongside about 7 p.m. on the next day. They then experienced very heavy weather, the wind being from the North. The boat laboured and shipped so much water that the crew were unable to keep their clothes dry, or have any rest. Indeed, there was only room for two below, and that in rather a cramped position, so that two of the hands were always on deck. On the 28th of July they spoke a ship belonging to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. The wind was then strong at S.W., with a heavy sea running. On the 29th, the boat being under a foresail, shipped a heavy sea, and capsized. She righted in about a minute, but the water damaged the bread and wetted the stores and clothes. Armstrong states that their condition was then getting very miserable. On the 2nd of August, weather moderate and wind N., at 1 p.m. spoke a bark belonging to Shields, from Montreal for Cork, and asked for a little bread. They could not supply any, but gave them a bottle of rum and some tobacco. On the 5th, at 4 p.m., the wind was strong, at S.W., and there was a heavy sea, which struck the boat, and she turned over again. She righted almost immediately, but unfortunately they lost all their stock of oil and the principal part of their supply of water, which added much to their distress, suffering as they were

severely from cramp and pains in their legs. On the 8th they spoke a ship belonging to Liverpool, bound to Quebec, and obtained a supply of bread and a little oil and tobacco. Shortly afterwards they exhausted their small stock of oil and had no light for the compass or to warm any food. They then cut up the boards that secured the ballast and all the internal fittings of the boat to burn and procure a light. On the 17th of August they spoke a bark bound to Portsmouth from Quebec, and she furnished them with a little bread and a few candles. Then they encountered very heavy weather, wind from S.W. to E.N.E., with a cross sea.

On Monday, the 19th, wind S.S.W., they bore up for Cork, Cape Clear, by their reckoning, being N.E., about 30 miles distant. At 10h. 30m. p.m. a heavy sea struck the boat and turned her over, and the ballast boards having been burnt in order to obtain a light, the ballast shifted, and all on board were thrown into the sea. The boat kept turning right over as the four hands struggled to get on her until the lad (Murphy) got entangled between the rigging and the mast, when she was so steadied the other three of the crew managed to keep hold of her. The craft continued in this position, two of the hands were on her mast and two on the side of the keel. They remained in this position the whole of that night, frequently being washed off and on by the heavy seas, and at 11h. 30m. a.m. on the following day they observed a brig bearing down towards them. Armstrong states that they were all cheered with the hopes of speedy relief, but instead of rendering them aid she came close to them, hoisted Dutch colours, and stood away without offering them the least assistance.

About an hour after this, the mate, John Shanny, asked Armstrong to pray for him. They all prayed together for some time, but were often interrupted by the heavy seas washing one or the other of them off the bottom of the boat. The ears of the mate were then noticed to swell very much and his eyes protruded; he shook hands with his companions and kissed his wife's likeness which he had about him. He then became greatly excited, and bit the captain's thigh. The Captain pushed him gently on the side saying, "For God's sake, John, don't bite me." The mate then fell back off the boat into the water and sunk immediately. About 7 p.m. the lad, Edward Murphy, asked Armstrong to make him in some way fast, and he was secured by his belt. He was not in that position long before a sea swept him away, and he perished, and afterwards the captain and the survivor, Armstrong, were washed off. The captain cried out "God help my poor wife and family," and then disappeared.

After great exertion Armstrong succeeded in regaining the boat, but he was often swept off by the seas which dashed over the craft; the succeeding wave frequently washing him on again. He continued clinging to the bottom of the boat until 4 a.m. of the 23rd, when the ship *Aerolite*, Captain Alleyne, of Liverpool, hove in sight, and seeing the piece of ragged canvas on the end of an oar which he held up, bore down to his aid and picked him up. When taken on board he was very much exhausted and almost insensible from the want of food and exposure. He was also much injured about

the legs and other parts of his body through being dashed so often against the boat. As may be imagined, his sufferings were most severe during the long period he was drifted about on the bottom of the craft. He suffered much from imbibing salt water. He kept chewing a piece of an old tobacco pouch, which, he says, at times brought some moisture to his parched throat. He was fallen in with in lat.  $49^{\circ} 5' N.$ , long.  $6^{\circ} 53' W.$  On board the *Aerolite* he was treated with every kindness, but for which he believes he must have died. On the following day, the 24th, he was transferred to the schooner *Mary Blake*, Captain Brown, of Brixham, from Antigua, on board which he was also treated with every attention. On being landed in the the West India Dock the American Consul provided the necessary accommodation for him at the Sailors' Home in Well-street, and in a few days he will be forwarded to his native place in America.—*Times*.

Sept. 6th.—This morning, at 8 o'clock the American boat John T. Ford came ashore at Tacumshane, on this coast. She is nothing the worse for her voyage, except that the sails were washed away, and the fittings under deck broken. Her two masts and bowsprit are standing, and in good order. In her were found a number of empty bottles, some tons of preserved meat, two compasses, and the American ensign, along with a tin box containing her papers, and some letters written by officers of Her Majesty's ship *Royal Alfred*, and forwarded in the *J. T. Ford*, from Halifax, Nova Scotia. She is a long, wide, and shallow boat, decked all over, having three hatchways. She has no bulwark or other protection and it is most astonishing how four men managed to live so long in her. Strange to say a bottle containing a paper with the following inscription was also picked up this morning a few miles to the westward of the boat. "Friday, Aug. 23.—Andrew Armstrong was taken off the wreck of the *John T. Ford* and has gone to Bombay in the *Aerolite*.—R. E. Alleyne, master, Old Head of Kinsale, N.N.E., 39 miles; wind, N.W." The boat and all the articles found in her are now in the charge of the Receiver of Wrecks.—*Wexford*.

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## THE LOSS OF A YACHT NEAR BELFAST.

### HEARTRENDING STORY.

THE *Northern Whig* publishes the following particulars of the loss of the yacht *Tana*:—On Tuesday morning Sept. 10th, the vessel put out to sea at Greenock, and about one o'clock passed the Tail of the Bank. There were seven persons in all in the schooner—Captain Knowles, his wife, child (fifteen months old), and Agnes Murray, an attendant; together with three seamen—John Dempster, Archibald Campbell, and John Ross. Captain Knowles himself undertook the management of the yacht, while Dempster was engaged as mate, as he says, "to make sail or take sail," under Captain Knowles' directions. The other two men, Campbell and Ross, had no responsible position in the vessel, but were employed to assist Dempster in the heavier duties. The three men were engaged at Greenock, and as soon

as the vessel reached Kingstown, the port for which she was destined, their engagement was to have expired.

Captain Knowles, who belonged to the 63rd regiment, left Greenock with his wife and child for the purpose of rejoining his regiment in Dublin, and intended making Kingstown in his yacht. After leaving the fall of Greenock bank some rather heavy seas were experienced, and considerable nautical skill was required in order to keep the vessel straight in its course. However, the little craft managed to steer tolerably fair until Wednesday night, when she was tacked off the mouth of Lough Ryan. At this point there was a very heavy sea, and the yacht was labouring and pitching against a strong head wind with double-reefed mainsail, and foresail, and staysail. The wind was blowing strong at this point from S.S.E. After tacking the vessel, and while she was labouring heavily against a head sea, the staysail was split and the foresail completely carried away.

Seeing the difficulty that was experienced in making their way on such a boisterous night, and apprehending that if they ventured any further some serious disaster would be the consequence, the crew advised the captain to run the vessel into some convenient harbour, and not run the risk of being swamped in making way against the head wind that was blowing. Owing to the direction of the wind, the yacht could easily have made either Belfast, Campbeltown, Ayr, Troon, or Lamlash, and then all danger would have been avoided. The captain did not appear to apprehend any danger, and would not deviate from the course he had prescribed for himself. He insisted on the men getting a new staysail bent and on their procuring a new foresail, as he intended to stand out for Kingstown, notwithstanding that the wind was straight in their teeth. In about three-quarters of an hour the repairs to the yacht were completed, and the new sail was hoisted. This took place about half-past six o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, when darkness was setting in. The yacht was kept upon the same tack, and after some time the crew observed the Copelands and the Donaghadee lights on their lee.

They had now no difficulty in determining their position, and, satisfied with the course they were pursuing, they kept upon the same tack till they made Ballyferris Point at half-past nine o'clock. The yacht was again tacked, and turned in an easterly direction, as they considered there would be less danger of striking against rocks by keeping as far off land as possible. The night was pitchy dark, and it was with the greatest difficulty the captain could see any marks to guide him in directing the course of the vessel. As the wind was now south-by-west, the crew considered there could not be much difficulty in reaching Kingstown from this point, and the vessel was again tacked, and headed, as they supposed, in that direction. As the night was still very dark, it was almost impossible to distinguish between land and water, and before the crew were aware they found themselves among sunken rocks, and in two or three minutes were in the midst of breakers. When the captain and the crew learned the danger to which they were exposed, the order was given to tack round and stand out to deep water, but,

owing to the violence of the wind, the vessel became perfectly unmanageable. In two or three minutes she struck the Scullmartin Rock with a bump, which, it is supposed, made an indentation in her side and admitted the water. She immediately filled, and shortly afterwards capsized and sank. Every exertion was made to launch the life-boat, but the catastrophe was so sudden, and the time between the striking of the vessel and her sinking so short, that it was found impossible to have this done.

Immediately after the yacht struck the rock, Mrs. Knowles and the servant, who had retired to their berths, rushed up to the deck in their night dresses to inquire what had happened. This was about eleven o'clock on Wednesday night. The servant carried the child in her arms, and, in the confusion, which ensued, she is stated to have let the child drop into the water, as it was not afterwards seen by any of the crew. John Dempster and Archibald Campbell managed to climb upon the mainmast-head, which still remained about seven feet above the water. The men stated that they pressed the captain to accompany them to the mast-head, but he refused to do so, as it was found impossible to get his wife up, and he would not leave her side. The captain was fastened to a lower part of the mast, and slung in "bowline hatches," while his wife was secured by ropes beside him, and also had the life-preserver placed around her body. The position in which Mrs. Knowles was placed allowed the water to nearly cover her body, while her husband was so situated that the water only reached his legs. The servant girl had also a life-preserver—there were only two life-preservers on board—and had managed to climb upon the foremast with John Ross, the youngest of the crew. The other two were on the mainmast seven feet above the water, and Captain Knowles and his wife about three feet below the main rigging or cross-trees.

About half-an-hour after the capsizing of the vessel the servant, Agnes Murray, was unable to maintain her footing on the mast, and in a short time after she was observed by her companion, Rosa, to sink near the fore-stay. She was not seen again. In about two hours and a-half the lashing which bound Mrs. Knowles to the mast was cut by the chafing of the gear, and she floated out to sea without any one being able to render her the slightest assistance. During the time she remained tied to the mast her condition is said to have been pitiable, and she was almost benumbed with cold. Her husband, although entreated to save his life by climbing up on the mast besides Dempster and Campbell, refused to do so, preferring to remain by his wife to the last. Campbell had also made an effort to lift Mrs. Knowles upon the mast, but her husband would not allow him, as he thought she would be more securely tied to a lower part of it. Captain Knowles, although much exhausted by remaining in the water such a length of time, continued tied to the mast till daybreak, when the cords with which he was lashed gave way. He was quite powerless and unable to do anything. The men tried to pull him up to the mainmast-head beside them, but were unable to do so. Some minutes afterwards he was seen by one of the men to float between the fore and main masts, with both his arms stretched out;



but whether he was carried away by the sea or sunk is not known, as he was not seen afterwards. The crew still managed to cling to the masts. They were observed from the shore about five o'clock on Thursday morning.

Mr. Blessenden, the chief officer of the Rodden coastguard station, with his staff, put out on observing them, and in about an hour succeeded in rescuing them from their perilous position.

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### YACHTING ACCIDENTS.

**DONAGHADRE, Sept. 15.**—A yacht schooner, the *Venture*, belonging to Mr. Dalway, of Carrickfergus, had an extremely narrow escape. It appears that she was coming to lay up for the winter at this port, but, in making the entrance of the harbour, she struck upon one of the sunken rocks about a perch above the battery, where she remained filling with water for some time, and must inevitably have become a wreck had it not been for the assistance she got from her Majesty's gun-boat the *Raven*, which was just then bearing down to harbour. The *Raven* (Captain Montague) took her in tow, and succeeded in hauling her off the rocks. The occurrence took place within arm's length of the shore, and on a continuation of the rocks upon which the unfortunate *Tana* was wrecked.

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**GREENOCK.**—While the steamer *Princess Royal* was on her passage down the river for Liverpool, she ran down, above Greenock, a yacht named *Active*, (12 tons), belonging to the R.H.Y.C. and owned by Mr. Robert Athill. The yacht, which came from Belfast, was sailing up the Clyde, and is said to have shown no lights. The *Princess Royal*, before she could be stopped, struck the yacht on the quarter, and the latter almost immediately sank. The owner was drowned, but the crew were saved by boats and landed at Greenock. The night was clear, with a strong breeze blowing. Mr. Athill was an officer in the army, and was about twenty-five years of age. He has a brother residing in Glasgow.—*Sept. 10th.*

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On Tuesday night, while the screw steam yacht *Varina*, belonging to Sir M. R. Stewart, was returning from Greenock to her moorings in Inverkip-bay, the night being dark, Captain Sinclair went forward to keep a look-out. While standing at the bow of the vessel he lost his hold and fell into the river, and before assistance could reach him he perished. The yacht was under half steam at the time. The engines were promptly stopped and reversed, and an active search was made by the crew for about an hour, but no trace of Mr. Sinclair could be seen. Deceased leaves a widow and three children, who reside on the *Gareloch*. Captain Sinclair was well known on the Clyde as a yachtsman of much experience. He was at one time captain of the Royal Northern Yacht Club yacht *Æolus*, and latterly of the *Condor*.

## THE SCREW STEAM YACHT XANTHA.

THIS fine vessel left the Tyne on Wednesday, Sept 4th, arriving at Harwich Harbour the following night, and off Erith on the next (Friday) afternoon, her speed at half boiler averaging  $9\frac{1}{2}$  knots. We learn from her owner, Lord Alfred Paget, that his object in building a steamer, after owning so many sailing yachts is to prove (notwithstanding a somewhat general impression to the contrary) that the good sea-going and sailing qualities of a yacht can be obtained by having a steamer with moderate sailing power; and to combine the two as far as practicable, his lordship obtained of the principal yacht builders at the Isle of Wight, Wivenhoe, on the Clyde, and the Thames, drawings and models, and submitted them for the consideration of Mr. Reid, H.M. Chief Constructor of the Navy, who gave the preference to the model prepared by Mr. John Harvey, of Wivenhoe, and owing to the limited time for the construction of the vessel, advised that Mr. Harvey should superintend her general finish, and that she should be built by Messrs. Palmer and Co., of Jarrow-on-the-Tyne.

Her dimensions are as follows:—Length between perpendiculars, 109ft.; main breadth, 19ft; depth, 11ft.; draught of water aft, 9ft.; admeasurement,  $180\frac{1}{2}$  tons, b. m. The description of her engines with her plan of fittings will be found hereafter. The yacht is elegantly and substantially fitted, similar to the yawl, Xantha (by Harvey), and reflects great credit upon her draughtsman and builders. She steams fast for her engine power, is remarkably steady under canvas, and in a sea way. Her hull, engines, and fittings reflect great credit upon Messrs. M'Intyre and Marshall, the manager and engineer of Messrs. Palmer's works, her engines being equal to those of the Thames or Clyde.—*The Field*.

## ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

A meeting of this Institution was held on Monday, Sept. 5th, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. There were also present Sir Edward Perrott, Bart., W. H. Harton, Esq., the Right Hon. Stephen Cave, M.P., George Lyall Esq. Colonel Palmer, and John Griffith, Esq.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, a reward of 6*l.* 8*s.* was voted to pay the expenses of the Institution's life-boat, Civil Service, stationed at Wexford, Ireland, in putting off on the 17th ult., in reply to signals of distress, while it was blowing hard from the W.S.W., and saving, after much difficulty, the crew of four men of the smack, Robert Hudson, of Arklow, which, while making for Wexford, with a cargo of fish, had stranded on the south end of the Dogger Bank. This life-boat has already saved forty lives from different shipwrecks. The silver medal of the Institution and a copy of its vote on parchment were ordered to be presented to the Hon. Auberon Herbert, for putting off in the Cromer life-boat of the Institution, when it was short-handed, on the 26th July last, with the view

of rescuing the crew of a vessel which was wrecked near that place in a gale of wind and very heavy sea. The shipwrecked men had, however, been rescued by means of the rocket apparatus before the arrival of the life-boat. The second service clasp of the Institution was also voted to Mr. William Cubitt, of Bacton Abbey, Norfolk, the hon. secretary of the National Life-boat Institution, for his gallantry on a recent occasion in saving life on the Norfolk coast.

A reward of 12*l.* was also granted to five pilots, who had capsized on the Herd Sand, at the mouth of the Tyne, in a heavy sea, on the 28th of July last. A reward of 12*l.* was also given to twelve men for putting off, and assisting to save the lives of some of the passengers and crew of the steamer *Rose* of Glasgow, which during a strong gale had become a total wreck in Brown's Bay, Ireland, on the 16th July. A reward of 2*l.* 10*s.* was likewise granted to four men for going out in a small boat in a strong wind and heavy sea on the 6th August, and saving the lives of two out of five persons whose boat had capsized on Aberystwith Bar. Various other rewards were also granted to the crews of shore-boats for putting off during recent gales, and assisting to save life from wrecks on our coasts.

A vote of condolence was ordered to be presented to his Grace the President, on the occasion of the death of his venerable father, the Duke of Northumberland. It was reported that the Institution had recently sent new life-boats to Stromness (Orkneys), Broughty Ferry (Dundee), and Hunstanton (Norfolk). The railway and steam packet companies had as usual kindly conveyed the boats free of charge to their destinations. A grand demonstration had taken place on the 4th inst., at Hunstanton, with that boat which is the gift of the Institution of the Licensed Victuallers' of England. A most imposing demonstration had also taken place at Falmouth on the 29th ult., at the inauguration of the City of Gloucester life-boat on that station.

It was decided to form a new life-boat station at Portrane, on the Irish coast. Mrs Burgess of St. John's Wood, had decided to defray the cost amounting to 420*l.*, of the lifeboat and carriage about to be sent by the Institution to Stonehaven, N.B., in memory of her late husband. During the past month a legacy of 540*l.* had been received from the executors of the late Miss Ellen Goodman, of Evesholt, to pay for a life-boat, carriage and gear. Also, an additional moiety of 31*l.* 12*s.* from the pure personal estate of the late Miss Martha Bebb, of Bootham, of York. Payments amounting to upwards of 2000*l.* were ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments.

A communication was read from the Chevalier Hebel, the Prussian Consul General, expressing the thanks of his Government for the information that had been afforded him relative to the working of the life-boat of the life-boat system on the shores of the British Isles. Reports were read from the inspector and assistant-inspector of life-boats to the Institution on their recent visits to some of its life-boat stations on the coast. The proceedings then terminated.

## Editor's Locker.

### ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

September 27th, 1867.

SIR.—After a careful perusal of the letter sent to your *Magazine* last month by the owner of the *Amber Witch*, and an equally careful examination of my report of the Mersey Regatta, one cannot help coming to the conclusion that the charges made against me are so frivolous and unfounded as to make it no easy task to find out the object of the letter, or what the writer really wants.

He rather reminds one of the graphic picture of his countryman, who is described as adorned with the national shalalah and long tailed coat, dragging the latter on the ground, anxious beyond measure that some poor wretch would do him the pleasure of treading on the same, and receive the reward of his indiscretion. Or, perhaps he has a turn for trigonometry, and is resolved, like Mr. Tallboys, upon a triangular duel, in which himself, the owner of the *Glance*, and your unfortunate reporter are to be the principals engaged.

If either of these is his object let me assure the owner of the *Amber Witch* that I have no wish to act a part in either play, as my disposition is eminently pacific. I have no longing to tread on his garment and thus come under the ban of his displeasure, nor have I, with the fate of the purser's steward before me, any idea of forming one, in a triangular duel, even though it be only of words.

There certainly is one other object that I can think of for which this letter may have been written, and that is with the view of bringing to the notice of the public the fact of the *Glance*, having, when on the port tack, put the *Amber Witch* about on the starboard tack, and that your humble servant and his report are merely used as a scape-goat for the occasion. So far as this fact is concerned it did not really come under my notice, my attention being otherwise directed at the time; but I can only say that if it had come under my notice it would have been most strongly commented upon, as I cordially echo the sentiments of the owner of the *Amber Witch* on this point.—But if I am right in supposing this to be his object, why drag your reporter at all upon the stage? But whatever the object has been in bringing me forward I must, notwithstanding the strong feeling already expressed of amiability, and a wish to avoid warfare of any kind, answer the owner of *Amber Witch*, or my silence may be construed into an admission of error on my part which I cannot for a moment allow, and I will deal separately with the two cases of bad reporting brought against me, and prove beyond doubt that they cannot possibly be sustained on reference to the report itself.

In the first place I am supposed to have said that "*the Glance was seven minutes ahead of Amber Witch at the time that the former carried away her topmast.*"

Now let any one who understands plain English writing, and English arithmetical figures, carefully read over my report, and see if they can detect that I at *any time* during the race, say that "the *Glance* was *seven minutes ahead* of the *Amber Witch*;" much less that I said so at any *particular period of the race*. I feel sure that every one reading the report will bear me out, in saying that I have made no such statement.

In the next place I am supposed to have implied that had it not been for the fact of the *Glance* carrying away her topmast, the *Amber Witch* would have been "no where."

Here again I am certain that to an impartial person the whole tenor of my report would give quite a different impression, in fact it would have been hardly possible to have made a more favourable report of sailing qualities or of a vessel than I did of the *Amber Witch*, which is a craft both owner and builder have reason to be proud of, or I should not have spoken of her as I did; but for the owner to expect me to say more of her than she merits is outrageous, and an expectation never likely to be realised while filling the post I occupy. I certainly did say that the *Glance* lost her topmast, at a moment *when victory appeared within her grasp*, an assertion I beg leave to repeat, and am confident that Mr. Wanhill, or any other person who knows anything about racing, will acknowledge that I was justified under the circumstances in drawing such a conclusion. According to the statement of the owner of the *Amber Witch* himself, the two vessels were close together at the moment of the accident, the *Amber Witch* had to allow some little time to *Glance*, while the greater part of the race, unfinished, was dead before the wind, a point of sailing on which the *Amber Witch*, on account of her rig, *never* can equal the *Glance*, or we had better build no more cutters.

Taking these circumstances into consideration I was perfectly justified in drawing my conclusion, but in saying what I did it is a mystery to me how any one can by any possibility construe my meaning with the word "no where." It is a distortion not a construction.

I am not aware that it is necessary I should say any thing further on the subject, indeed if I were to write a volume, I do not know that I could more completely answer the objections raised to my report by the owner of the *Amber Witch*, than I have done; and I think that I may reasonably ask him to give a more careful perusal in future of the report of the regattas that he may be engaged in, or call in the assistance of some kind and discreet friend, that he may avoid such unreasonable criticisms as his last on the performances of

To the Editor of H. Y. M.

YOUR REPORTER.

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#### PRINCE OF WALES OCEAN MATCH.

London, September 14th, 1867.

DEAR OLD HUNT.—You are positively juvenescent of late—your articles are of that slashing order that betoken "a fresh hand at the bellows," at the same time some of us old salts fancy there is a slight want of that dear

old gentlemanly style, that made you conspicuous among the lesser, but more "sporting" lights. It may be that you have delegated some of your heavier work to an aspirant for fame, who will tame down into quieter and less "boring up" strain, to use one of his favourite phrases.

I fancy too that he was the young author of what is called "a slashing article" about the Prince of Wales Yacht Club in your last number, if so he is exceedingly irate at the idea of the term "Ocean match," being applied to "a 50 mile coasting cruise." Some of my oldest friends have been imprudent enough (though I think it wrong to impute motives,) to say that he is what is called an "aggrieved party,"—one who has not had quite his own way—or belonging perhaps to a rival Club, or belonging to one of the vessels who did not come in first, or &c., &c.

But in sober earnest it would be kind of him to explain, why his wrath is vented on this enterprising little Club for its "Ocean match" to Ramsgate, while he is silent on the "Ocean matches" of the Royal Thames and London Clubs, whose vessels of 100 or 200 tons go 10 miles farther! The former making their programme as far on the ocean as Dover, and the London as far on the wide-wide sea as Harwich! with a land wind generally blowing softly on their quarters. It is not very long since the crack yacht of the country of upwards of 200 tons—the great Alarm, actually accomplished this perilous feat of the Royal London Yacht Club "Ocean match."

In the opinion of some of the old salts that you and I know, it was a much more plucky thing for the Dagmar or the Ærolite of 8 or 10 tons, to sail to Ramsgate, than for the Xantha to go to Dover,—a coasting cruise of 10 miles more.

Your young and healthy correspondent is also in danger of becoming bilious at the notion, of these yachts having to tow their boats astern—these boats being a greater drag for the smaller yachts than the larger. Now I believe they were tolerably well proportioned in that respect, for while the Eva's could carry six or eight ashore with ease, the little Dagmar's might have some difficulty in carrying more than two or three.

Let our esteemed friend then calm himself down quietly, and let the smart little craft of the P.W.Y.C. have their "Ocean match" to Ramsgate, while vessels of five or ten times their size have theirs to Dover.

I am, dear old Hunt,

Your admirer and friend,

SHIVER-THE-MISEN.

*To the Editor of H.Y.M.*

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#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE PARIS EXHIBITION," will be concluded in our next.

"AN EVENING IN THE BAY OF NAPLES" received, and will meet with due attention.

"PILOT MADISON" received.



*Is supplementary "Hunt's Yachting Magazine" No. 1st 1867.*

GENERAL  
**WRECK CHART**  
OF THE  
**BRITISH ISLES**  
FOR  
**1866.**

Compiled in the Board of Trade  
from their Wreck Register.  
SHOWING ALSO THE PRESENT  
LIFE BOAT STATIONS.

- *Signifies a Casualty*
- ✦ *Represents a Life Boat.*

Scale of Nautic Miles.

10 0 50 100



# HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

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NOVEMBER 1st, 1867.

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## THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1867.\*

ON one side you saw a man guiding the cloud of pluff issuing from a flue, to fix itself over a rotating copper cone, which after being swathed in wet cloths, was thrust into a boiling cauldron ; and the covering felt having been removed, was beaten, battered, stretched, steamed, baked, moulded, and cut, till it resulted in the *latest thing* in hats.

Further on you saw a dozen women in rotation, cutting, lasting, tapping, pegging, grinding, heeling, stitching, and fixing elastics, all by steam ; making, not the steam legs of yore, but dandy leather boots for every day wear.

On the other side were a trio making artificial pearl work :—one with candle, blowpipe, and wax, making and tinting the globes, another with a curved tipped pipe blowing holes in them, and the third working them up into broaches, earrings and pins. Further on, people of all nations vied in cork cutting. Then turbanned blackamoors, in cave-like workshops, turned out slippers, purses, jewellery and other flimsy oriental work. Stylish looking women you saw kneading, and rattling out brandy balls and sugar plums for the children ; and intelligent operatives either weaving Paisley shawls for their mammas ; or packing wool into funnels at one end of a machine, to come out after elaborate twistings, and twinings in cloth for their papas, at the other. Unctuous sheets of soap were rolling out and being moulded into cakes to wash them in one place ; and bubbling waters being turned into ice, and piled up in heaps of ingots to cool their thirsty throats, in another.

Next you saw wire worked like magic into hooks and eyes ; and then cotton twisted, and rolled on thousands of reels far more than enough to sew them all on with.

\* Concluded from page 448.

How the country folk, in their quaint *cauchoise* caps, or handkerchief head bandages, their shawls, and what not, did enjoy all these wonders; as they strolled along in families; and then sat down by a fountain, or at a *café*, to eat the bread, and fruit, they brought with them: whilst yonder, railway tickets were pouring out of a machine by myriads, some of them perhaps destined in a few days, to pass along these innocent rustics to their quiet homes in Normandy, Brittany, Provence or Alsace.

Did you see the little girl making enamels there; picking up first one metal leaf with her pincers, then another; trimming them with her scissors, bringing each in contact with the other, with the flame of the blow pipe, and with different coloured sticks of metal, when "presto," a beautifully finished flower, bird, or butterfly, dropped on her little bench, and she went on with another; heedless of the eager heads, and eyes darting from side to side, and peering over each other's shoulders to look at her? And the little child too twirling about iron wires in contact with flaming sticks of glass, and showering them down in a perfect hail of round glass-headed pins? The splendid show of jewels in the French department, and at Emanuells'; and the latter's silver swan in its glass case, with neck twisted backward, and beak thrust between its ruffled wings! The clock strikes two! The mild attendant keeps us a moment in suspense to add to the effect, then languidly unhangs a key and winds up the automaton. The silly thing straightens and retwists its neck, and as the corrugated glass, in imitation of water, twitters along over the little silver fish, supposed to be swimming beneath, arches down its head, and makes believe to take up one, which we see rattling about in the gullet as the head is erected, the retwisting process is resumed, and the beak buried as before between its wings; and so on in monotonous alternation till the machinery runs down with a melancholly click! You saw the wonderful peacock's feather dress in the French department? Didn't you admire the furniture and tapestry too? Do you remember the rug with Esop's wild ducks taking out the tortoise for an airing, and the poor wretch letting go its hold on the stick they carry in their mouths between them, and falling a thousand fatboms deep perhaps, on the church spires beneath?

As we were admiring these and other luxuries in the neighbourhood of *Viots*, came along a pretty little French mamma drawn in a Bath chair—a conveyance frequently used at the Exhibition by persons when tired,—her tiny olive branches clustering round her. The little things tongues were chattering, and as they gazed admiringly about they compared notes with their mother.

"Now I like that chandelier mamma," said one, certainly not

taller than the chair, "the blue is, I think, very becoming, and would admirably harmonize with the hangings yonder." "I prefer the other, Marie," the mother replied: the family party reasoning and discussing points of taste, like grown up people of education and refinement. How these things pass orally from generation to generation! how they are instilled into, and imbibed by us, with our mother's milk! What ages of observation, reflection and transmission are needed to result in such civilization as we saw, and heard around us! Did you see the machine, making fishing nets and tying the knots as artistically as old so-and-so the fisherman,—whom as a boy, we remember squatted with needle and mesh, and nets extended before him, in the village we knew so well,—used to tie them? Did you see the reams of paper going in at one end of a machine and coming out at the other in bundles of envelopes (ready stamped, and addressed of course!) Did you——? I did not! you may perhaps say. For how is it possible to see, or note, everything in such a world's show. One man sees one thing, another another, that strikes him. To tell even a tithe of what one has seen is difficult; so as Desdemona says.

"You must awhile be patient:

What I can do I will .....

..... let that suffice you!"

Talking of Desdemona,—such is the confused association of ideas engendered by the place!—reminds us of the French cutlery, which was really very fine. Poking our nose into one of the courts, we saw a perfect type of Shylock; hooked nose, age, beard, gait, everything; barring, that having been born in France, he was French, and not Venetian. The old gentleman was pricing a long spring-clasp-knife, and as he opened and shut it, passed his thumb athwart the edge in the most diabolical manner. Ugh!—Did he mutter, "just one pound of flesh"? She does not seem to heed it however, but draws forth still more trenchant weapons, rivalling our arm in length, and opens them for his inspection. How they gleamed! Have you ever, gentle reader been unexpectedly pounced upon from behind in some dark passage by a hideous ruffian, who, as he tapped you on the shoulders, waved, a streak of a light within a hair's breadth of your cheek, and enquired in husky, gin sodden accents! "Do you happen to want such a thing as a razor"? If you have, you can appreciate our feelings; if you haven't,—we'll drop the subject.

What a motley group that Toy Trophy was; and how the children did flock round it, when the monkeys beat their drums and tambourines, the rabbits played their fiddles, and a terrible *charivari* announced

that these, and the other grotesque musicians, were in full swing ! The bare legged friar however, "all shaven and shorn" strode lonely by; his spare brown frock, girt about his waist with a knotted cord, waving back and fore, and showing his rough leathern sandals as he moved noiselessly on; with his piercing black eyes glaring through his spectacles and devouring all that met his gaze. Spite of his attenuated, care worn features, and garb of segregation, he had not it seemed entirely done with the world. Intellect will assert her sway—did the children's prattle grate on his ear ? Is he another study for "*Des regrets*" ? Or has he, after the storms and buffets of a thankless voyage, at length found a haven of repose, whence now and then he peers forth into the darkness—hails the tempest-tossed bark, warns it clear of the lurking dangers which beset its course, and once more starts it fairly on its onward way ? Or, is he perchance an embryo Torquemada or Ximenes ?

Were we connoisseurs, we might write volumes in praise of Saxon and other porcelain, pottery, and glass ; moralize on the huge big bellied green Belgian bottles, large as hogsheads : and expatiate on the *objets de vertu* in these, and the Dutch courts ; which latter, not only had strange pipes of all kinds, some with a dozen or so bowls and stems twisted altogether to suit the dire propensities of some Dirk Hatterick or other smoker of Dutch cut ? but seemed to us, to show remarkable taste in the silversmith's work ; as well as applied science in the Nautical Instruments, ship's compasses, and other apparatus ; whilst the coloured Fish Atlases were quite a treat. Holland, being *par excellence*, we suppose, the country of fishermen, and that too of the most scientific kind.

The Spanish was a showy Court, there were exquisite carvings, altar pieces, gold and silver church vessels and ornaments, and dancing, and other *terra cotta* figures there. But talking of *terra cotta* figures ; will remind you of the four or five groups on a table in the French department.

Falstaff wallowing in his chair, and as he leers at Dorothy exclaiming fatuously, "*J'en suis vieux !*" and Dorothy's expression ; "*Je te préfère à tous ces jeunes freluquets !*" Shakespeare redivivus indeed ! Then Monsieur Jourdain fencing with his cook, and shouting aghast "*Tout beau ! Hola-ho ! doucement ! Diantre soit la coquine !*" as laughing maliciously she hits him a fair *botte in carte* full on his podgy paunch ! and his wife holds her sides with laughter while looking on.

That young couple love making, and the blind old grandmother's snappish "*Lise vous ne filez pas !*" when awakened from the nap she had been lulled into, by another noise than that of the quondam spinning wheel. But the painter and his subject ! who can describe it ?

Didst thou not "laugh, *sans* intermission an hour by the dial" while looking at them !

*Madame* in lace and ruffles, dressed to death, her hair puffed, curled, and powdered, or whatever way be the expression for the style of the period, and perched bolt upright in the easy chair, with her fore fingers and thumbs meeting across her lap, and a pleased simper straying over features which certainly have seen better days, seems utterly unconscious that the artist's bushy beard, disordered hair, and monstaches, are all flattened against maulstick, palette, and easel. The old lady must assuredly be deaf, or she would hear the snorings from his cavernous mouth ; though that he is not entirely insensible to youthful female charms, may be concluded from the tiny boot, glove, and other paraphernalia dropped in confusion in a corner behind. What a picture of times past, present, and to come !

How the pianos did rattle and dash outside to be sure ! And what queer podgy looking people they were who played on them, every finger seemed a sausage, and their hair—good gracious !

What a ghastly collection the *Anatomie glastique* of Dr. Auzoux was ! What a melancholy spectacle that poor suety, white and vermillion horse presented without its jacket ! We almost pitied the flayed gorilla, hideous as it was, and we shuddered as we contemplated the reproductions of our mortal items, and reflected on the ills that flesh was heir to ! What a relief it was to hie away to the bright green sward, gay parterres, sparkling fish ponds, and charming statues of the central garden, and collect our ideas by studying the *Weights, Measures, and Monies of the World*, juxtaposed in the central pavillion ! It would be a blessing indeed, and give a vast filip to the march of intellect, if one set of them, and the decimal system, were generally adopted. How soon one acquires a knowledge of the French currency, and how suggestive is the fact of our having in our hand at one and the same, French, Italian, Belgian, and other money, and our knowing that these coins pass promiscuously in the respective countries. Do not such trifles tend to bring about the truce between lion and lamb, by familiarizing us one with the other, and by making us all feel we are but individual members of One great Body Politic ?

It was pleasing to see the French soldiers walking about arm in arm, in couples, or linked together in squads ; especially among the pictures. Many of them conscripts, but recently drawn from some lovely nook of beautiful France ; where peaceful fields of ruddy corn ; or long arrays of gaunt poplars, were all they had hitherto seen. Now they crowd in gaping wonder and admiration, before shows of battle fields, military arrays, and all the pomps and circumstance of glorious war ; drink in

accounts of the stirring incidents; and gaze delightedly at the respective heroes, as one by one they are pointed out to them, by the red or yellow epauletted *experts* who have perhaps seen them before.

They seemed to regard the resemblance of these oft told tales eagerly, but with awe; and by the flush and thrill we now and then detected, a vague feeling, that perhaps a baton might be lying somewhere in their own knapsack, we thought, occasionally shot through their frame!

Some criticised the paintings generally, and made shrewd and sensible remarks on each; pointing out the beauties, and explaining the peculiarities of country, manners, or incident to their attentive, but less generally informed comrades. Meissonier's small painting of the "Retreat from Moscow," was an especial favorite with them. The down trodden snow, with a battered chako, or what not, lying here and there half buried by the way side. Napoleon on a proud white charger, worthy of Landseer, with a hand thrust in the bosom of his coat; his hat pressed down o'er his brow, teeth clenched, and eyes fixed in firm but gloomy abstraction on vacancy; as he rides along with a numerous staff of jaded marshals at his heels; one, his head resting on his shoulder being fast asleep—whilst on the left, the troops are trudging along in serried, well dressed column; the eye of every man and officer turned in anxious, but trustful scrutiny, on the clenched features of his mighty leader! All however lingered awhile in silent reverence, and heartfelt regret, before the splendid Italian statue of "*Gli ultimi giorni di Napoleone Primo*," which had been purchased by the French Government; few perhaps heeding the lovely, veiled bust of "Modesty," in its close proximity!

The siege of Tortona, and the fight for the fountain, was a great source of attraction to them; the terrible thirst depicted on the emaciated features of the combatants, the struggles for the blood stained fluid; and the armed knight hastily swilling hurried gulps over his shoulder, from the pitcher held aloft, by perhaps, his lady love,—his mailed hand the while nervously grasping his drawn sword; and one mailed foot already advanced, showing his eager anxiety to hurry against the foe.

The French portraits seemed to us good,—No. 306, one of a lady, in a white lace skirt, and blue corded silk dress; with a black lace shawl thrown carelessly over the back of the amber coloured velvet easy chair, in which she lolled, trifling with a sandalwood fan, and having a gold snake bracelet dangling from her arm;—struck us as being remarkably fine, and as a wonderful reproduction of drapery and accessories.

A Portuguese picture of a *Bean-cod* running for Lisbon, flying along through a heavy sea under jib, and half clewed up mainsail, whilst the crew are huddled amidships stowing the foresail, and a ship lying to

under reefed topsails is just seen through the mist and drizzle to leeward, was peculiarly animated and life-like. A Danish painting of Sampson grinding corn, was very forcible. The Hebrew was straining to cracking the manacles by which he was chained to the bar, every muscle standing out in hideous relief, his close cropped head bowed down in sullen yet chafing wrath as he walked round and round, with a one eyed Philistine mounted on the head of the capstan like mill, and thrusting a long goad into the rolls of muscle on Sampson's shoulders, whence the gore spurted over his arched back and straining stalwart legs; whilst through the cautiously opened door of the prison-like chamber, peeped thronging heads of hideous and jeering cowards; ready to bang it to, and flee, at the slightest movement of the captive hero. A Russian picture of a woman in prison, the floods pouring in at the high window, and the rats thronging round her, as she stands chained and desolate on her all but floating pallet, is very heart rending from the expression of mute despair so faithfully depicted on her upturned face.

An Italian prisoner led away at night by a guard, was remarkable from the effect produced by the light falling from a lantern, borne by one of the mail clad halberdiers, on the features, and dress of the faithful wife, who awaits her husband at the foot of the marble stair; this effect of light and shade quite rivalled, we thought, anything of the kind we had ever seen at the Hague, or Amsterdam.

A statue by Argenti, "*Le Sommeil de l'Innocence*," seemed to impress every one with its loveliness, as did also one of Phryne by Berzaghi. We cannot wind up our meagre account of the Exposition better, than by noticing a strange French painting of "*Après le Déluge*." The ark rests on the cloud-capped summit of Ararat, round which wheel clouds of fowl of every feather, whilst down its rugged slopes creep panthers and tigers, with skins spotted and striped in a way to drive a furrier frantic, jaunty elephants, scabby rhinoceroses, writhing snakes, gay flamingoes, paunchy pelicans, and stolid hippopotamuses with those hideously ignorant eyes and that drivelling smile of theirs we know so well; and tall stately giraffes all advance by twos and twos; whilst in the foreground two old bears, in raptures at coming on the stump of a tree, lick each other with well portrayed delight, as their ugly heads came in contact while half climbing it on either side: this curious medley being a tolerably faithful representation of the creatures in the *Jardin des Plantes* up the river.

We think every one who visited the exhibition must have been impressed with the admirable arrangements there, and with the ease, with which anything wished to be seen, could be found. The plan of galle-

ries in concentric ovals, each of which within eye range contained, and confined one's observation to, things of a similar character; prevented the sudden change of thought and distraction of vision, to which we were subjected, in our last world's show; as well as enabled us to institute a comparison between the products of the various countries. Whilst the nations being severally as it were, slices from the centre to the circumference, enabled us to study the products of each as a whole.

The lofty gallery too in the wide outer ellipse, where the machinery, gun trophies, wood work, tools, trophies of scythes and other agricultural implements, nautical models, and myriads of other things requiring a more cursory glance from the casual visitor were placed, enabled one pressed for time to take a general view on each side of, and beneath him, as he walked round; and to descend, when necessary for a nearer inspection. The general interest of the show increasing the nearer one got to the centre, where of course the ovals were of smaller diameter.

The Eastern nations must have been as much enraptured with these arrangements, as they were with the machinery, and other of the less portable objects on view. For it must not be forgotten that such sights are not altogether novel to Orientals. We must remember that an *annual* fair is held at Nischnei Novogorod where some 200,000 traders from Siberia, Persia, India, China, and the West, throng in the booths and buildings erected for them on the flats stretching away from, and between, the junction of the Oka and Volga. Where furs, silks, spices, jewels, tea, drugs, merchandise and manufactures of almost every conceivable kind, we are told, abound; the imports exceeding two, and the exports five millions sterling a year! Where, when the business of the day is o'er, the shows and theatres are opened, and motley crowds throng the streets, the tea houses, and restaurants. Where cookery and delicacies of every country abound, from Chinese birds' nests to Russian sterlets, from Persian sherbet to French champagne and Dublin stout; and where dancing and debauchery is carried on to the tune of gipsy minstrelsy, and thousands of dark-eyed damsels from every clime join in the orgies of that Babel fair.

When we live much alone, or in one class of society, we are apt to become ridiculously narrow minded, and to look on our very blemishes, as so many perfections. "He squints no more than a gentleman should," said the lady of a by-gone age when defending the notorious Wilkes! We then form ridiculous notions, set up ridiculous standards, dress ridiculously, assume ridiculous airs, and act altogether ridiculously: aping the absurdities of the respective castes, cliques, sets, professions, or occu-



pations, we wish to be identified, or associated with. Much of this nonsense is worn off by travel—Englishmen especially, though “Jocks in their own country,” are astonished when out of it, at being treated for just what they are, and soon find, that if they will look, and talk big, they must pay for it ; and just as it is with individuals, so will it probably be with whole nations. These shows enable us to see our own deficiencies, as well as other people’s superiorities, and thus expand our minds, and develope any latent energies we may possess ; for we are all of us more or less like the mouse in the fable, who poking its nose into the cupboard, out of the cheese in which it had been born, exclaimed, “Good gracious ! I had no idea the world was so large !” It is probable that the fairs of Novogorod and Debreczin have kept the inhabitants of the east, cut off from contact with the west, in a higher state of civilization than would else have been exhibited by them ; and among the nations of the earth, these meetings will assuredly conduce to elevation of sentiment, if only by the elegance of form they induce in the articles of every day use, which are gradually beginning to surround us.

Bernardin de St. Pierre was not far wrong when saying, that “not only are our habits, but our very thoughts and features affected by the “people and things constantly about us”—else why should bakers’ and millers’ daughters be so proverbially fair !

The rubbing together in trade, correspondence, and personal contact, of so many nationalities, will wear away some of the asperities of each ; and why may not the visits of a Sultan, and a Tycoon, be attended with as radical a change in their dominions, as was that of the Czar of Muscovy 170 years ago in his ? Russia was almost as little known as, and of little more political importance then than, the realms of the present putative descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba,—the redoubted Theodorus, Emperor of Abyssinia ! And to think that all these fairy sights must vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision, and leave not a wreck behind !

Already probably are the mauls ruthlessly smiting, the iron clanging and quivering ; and the palaces and temples tottering into premature decay, ’neath the iterated strokes of pick and cleaver ! Clovis and Charlemagne are again crumbling into dust, trees are being uprooted, swards down trodden or removed, fountains delapidated, and aquariums becoming things of nought. The persecuted rays have vanished from the winding pond, and sea urchins, anemones, lobsters, shrimps, sea-horses, and other strange denizens of the deep, are perhaps mingling their dust with that of their antediluvian ancestry in the Paris basin !

But a few short weeks and "*L'Exposition de 1867*," will have become "*Le Champ de Mars*," will be redevoted to the use of *Campus Martius*, established there by Julian the Apostate fifteen hundred years ago, and not a vestige of the thousand and one wonders of yesterday will remain! Heigh'o! Let us not think of it; but wearied and foot sore, let us set sail for some resting place, where we may recruit our now jaded senses. ROUEN ahoy!

H. N. P. W.

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### ISLE OF MAN REGATTA.

It is now many a year since the fair bay of Douglas has echoed the sound of the starting gun, and since those days, we, alas! miss from our yachting annals the name of many a "good man and true," who has retired altogether from the aquatic world, or at all events from the racing part of it, leaving a blank in our ranks which cannot easily be filled up, even if indeed it can be filled up at all. The loss of such men as I speak of, as well as their ready assistance at all times in promoting sport, cannot fail to be deeply felt by every one interested in the welfare of yachting, and as we strolled along the well known path that encircle Douglas Head, and wandered about the booths erected on the "ould spot," we very naturally contrasted the present with the past, and soon and sadly turned our backs upon a scene so different to that of former days.

We thought of the *last* time that we had stood on the same spot, when the flaunting burgee of the R.W.I. floated gaily over a well appointed and well stocked marquee, where the gilt button of the Crown and Shamrock shone conspicuous, and where the different members of that sporting Club vied with each other in their attention to the stranger. But now how different the scene! Instead of the the aquatic friends and aids of the joyous promoter of the sports of those days, (who though to the deep regret of all was absent himself on this particular day, yet was present by deputy and influence,) one saw nothing but Lancashire and Yorkshire landsmen, with the quaint form of a Manx policeman inside the tent, completing a picture by no means congenial to our taste, while the inner man yearned for the cleanliness and abundance of former times, amidst a chaos of dingy plates and still dingier glasses.

But we must draw a veil over our contrast, which can only awaken other feelings than those which should now prevail, and proceed to relate events more interesting to most of our present readers.

Tuesday and Wednesday, August 13th and 14th, were the days fixed upon for the different contests, but on the former day a total absence of locomotive power, so necessary on such occasions, prevented the completion of any of the sailing matches, and though, in our opinion very unadvisedly, the Committee did start the yachts, the whole affair was such a succession of cats'-paws and kedge anchors that any attempt at an account would be as wearisome to your subscribers to read, as it would be tedious to your reporter to narrate—suffice it to say that no race was finished.

However, the saying that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," is as applicable to marine as to terrene matters, and tho' the day was so extremely unfavourable for sailing it was perfection for rowing; and so the committee appeared to think, and they seemed resolved to make the most of it, as whether their object was to amuse the public or to get as much as possible out of the crews for their Cup, they certainly did work them in a manner which, though it might have interested the lookers on, would hardly have the effect of drawing the same crews towards Douglas bay again, of which I should suppose their muscles will have a lively remembrance all through the winter.

The course for the four-oared amateur match was from the Committee vessel moored off the pier, round a flag-boat anchored about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the N.E., back again to Committee vessel; this was all very well, but considering that there was a little condition in which the word "Heats" formed a prominent feature, and that four boats started, it may readily be conceived that a summary conviction of a week, to Millbank or Bridewell, with hard labour attached, would be a joke to the amount of work expected from the combatants. The only difference being that the labour at Douglas was renumerative to the extent of £20. Four boats started:—Sea Nymph of Hull, (rowed by four brothers); Hermit, Manchester; Hobbler, Douglas; Letter B., Ramsay.

After rowing four heats to the ultimate advantage of the Sea Nymph a protest was entered against the poor wretches on the grounds of a foul, which after the "most careful consideration" was so far given against the Hull crew by the committee, as to make them come to the conclusion that the deciding heat should be run over again the next day; and we may as well here state that the Hull crew once more came off victorious, and that they were greeted with the most enthusiastic, and, need we add, well merited cheers, and no doubt after such proof of their prowess, the Committee will consider them equal next year to one of those fashionable entertainment called "Ocean matches."

Wednesday dawned with a somewhat better aspect, and towards mid-

day a light breeze from the south, with a slight dash of east in it, though far too light as a real test of sailing, still promised to allow the competing craft to get round the different courses. At 11 o'clock precisely the following vessels started for the Castle Mona Cup of 50 sovs. The course round a flag-boat off Clay Head, thence round another boat to the east of Douglas Head, back to the Club flag-ship moored off the Pier Head, three times round :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
574	Glace .....	cutter	35	A. Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
705	Kilmeny .....	cutter	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
40	Amber Witch ....	yawl	51	J. McCurdy, Esq.	Wanhill

The Glance was the general favourite, as though she is able to give an uncommonly good account of herself in a strong breeze, she is perhaps better by comparison in lighter weather, and the day and course were now to her liking ; but there is always a glorious uncertainty in aquatic sports, and the present race was no exception to the rule—Kilmeny and Amber Witch went away well, while something seemed to go wrong with Glance, and consequently she made a bad start, giving the others a clear lead on running to the boat off Clay Head, which was rounded by Amber Witch and Kilmeny close together, and Glance about a minute astern, they now hauled their port sheets in “atauto” and stood for the south flag-boat, when immediately the Glance got into difficulties, and by the exercise of great ingenuity managed to carry away her topsail yard and port whisker, and by the time she had again got matters straight and set another topsail, the others had obtained that position which is described under other circumstances as

“ ‘Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;”

but which would hardly represent the feelings of those on board the Glance, when they saw the position of Amber Witch and Kilmeny after her accident. How in such a light breeze those on board the Glance managed to carry away the topsail yard and whisker is a mystery ! and shows great want of care. In running, a losing race there may be an excuse for carrying every stick out of a yacht; in a winning or doubtful match there is none; and there is no point on which a really good man so clearly proves his competency otherwise, as in the preserving or carrying away his sticks. In the mean time a most interesting match was going on between the yawl and the Kilmeny, the latter leading the first

round, which was completed :—Kilmeny, 12h. 43m. 15s.; Amber Witch, 12h. 43m. 36s.; Glance, 12h. 58m. 44s. The Amber Witch did not now however seem disposed to allow this state of things to continue, for 'ere long she collared the Kilmeny and went into first place ; still it was a hard fight as the yawl only increased her lead by inches, and the issue of the race was in doubt until the last moment. The second round past the Committee vessel was completed thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Amber Witch ....	2 48 58	Kilmeny .....	2 49 20	Glance.....	2 56 36

So that even fears on the score of the Glance could not be set at rest, as she was now straining every nerve to gain her lost ground, and with wet sails and good steering she was evidently creeping up fast upon her antagonist, and still continued to do so to the flag-boat off Clay Head ; here a dense fog came on shutting the next flag-boat completely out of sight, and shutting Glance's rivals also from her view, though so close to her ; and we never remember in this country seeing a much thicker fog. Amber Witch in the mean time continued to creep away from Kilmeny, and both of these did well in hitting the southern flag-boat, when the course W. b N. brought them into Douglas harbour; not so however, the Glance, which not having been so successful in hitting the southern buoy again lost ground, the race ultimately finishing thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Amber Witch...	4 41 18	Kilmeny .....	4 45 48	Glance.....	4 55 2

Kilmeny winning by 11 seconds !—We believe that the Amber Witch claimed the prize upon the grounds that, though by the allowance given her as a yawl she was allowed to run as a smaller vessel than her actual tonnage, she ought to count her time according to the scale allowed to larger vessels, a method of working out a problem and working double tides that the Committee very properly disallowed.

The £25 Cup for yachts of 20 tons and under, brought a most excellent entry, thanks to the central situation of Mona's fair Isle, and if the authorities had only succeeded in their endeavour to complete a pier, from the ground half way between Douglas Head and St. Aum, we cannot conceive a better place for holding a regatta; but even with the present disadvantages of anchorage, Kingstown, Belfast, Liverpool, N. Wales, and the Island itself, had each its representative. The course for this race was the same as that for the Mona Cup, only that the smaller yachts had to go twice instead of three times round. At 12 o'clock the gun sent forth its signal to the following yachts :—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1324	Saraband .....	schooner	15	H. M. Scott, Esq.	Curphy
712	Kittiwake .....	cutter	20	Capt. Iremonger	Owner
23	Alexandra .....	cutter	15	A. Bald, Esq.	Mill. In. Co.
678	Isabel .....	cutter	6	F. Thompson, Esq.	Duck
1265	Ripple .....	cutter	12	G. Brett, Esq.	Fulton
1594	Venture .....	cutter	15	M. B. Dalway, Esq.	Rogers

The breeze was still light from the south, and the yachts being very closely packed rendered the getting under way a service of no little danger, they all however canted off well and swinging clear of each other, and paying out their sheets they started for Clay Head. Ripple and Kittiwake had their ordinary working topsails, while Venture and Alexandra carried topsails of prodigious dimensions, which did them good service throughout the day, and enabled them to lead Kittiwake and Saraband round the first flag-boat, though they were unable to get the better of Ripple, which having the day just to her liking slid over the water in a surprising manner. After rounding the flag-boat off Clay Head it was a long leg and a short one for the next boat, when the breeze began to be felt a little and Kittiwake passed Alexandra and caught Ripple at the second flag-boat, but failed to collar the Venture, which with the assistance of the above mentioned topsail went better than we have yet seen her go. From this point to the committee vessel off the pier head it was "ease off again," when the little Ripple once more went away from Kittiwake, and also gained somewhat upon Venture. The flag-ship being rounded for the first time :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Venture .....	2 31 47	Kittiwake .....	2 36 50	Saraband .....	2 47 39
Ripple .....	2 33 16	Alexandra .....	2 41 28	Isabel .....	3 0 9

The Ripple now set a bigger topsail and at once began to close upon Venture, Alexandra also closing upon Kittiwake, which appeared to have no more canvas in her locker, and in fact suffered throughout the whole day for want of it. Between Clay Head and the Southernmost buoy Ripple passed Venture, and it was to all appearances "a horse to a hen," that she would repeat her Irish triumphs, when the dense fog above alluded to came on, so that it was impossible to see fifty yards ahead, making the finding the Southern flag-boat, and leaving the remainder of the race, in a certain degree, to chance, the match ultimately terminating in favour of Alexandra, which made a good cast for the harbour; the time being thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Alexandra .....	4 42 30	Isabel .....	4 49 0	Venture .....	4 51 50
Kittiwake .....	4 45 30	Saraband .....	4 51 0	Ripple .....	4 54 56

but whether Saraband and Isabel went round the Southern buoy "deponent sayeth not."

Thursday was employed in an endeavour to dispose of the Challenge Cup which had been won by the Glance in June; when we say, "endeavour to dispose," we are not sure that we echo the sentiment of the Committee, but we are tolerably sure that the yachting men would have been glad to see the Cup taken to Liverpool in the Glance's locker, even though they had been vanquished in the encounter, as these Challenge Cups are an "invention of the enemy," and an abhorrence to the racing community at large. Such wishes however, even if indulged in, were doomed to disappointment as the little Ripple has now the privilege of holding this very indifferent work of art for twelvemonths, when it will probably again form the object of another match. Nothing could be much more unpromising than the appearance of the morning, the smoke from the houses above the harbour rose in a most provokingly straight line, while outside the harbour the sea was literally as smooth as glass. Eleven! Twelve! One o'clock! and still no sign of a change, but towards two o'clock a miserable apology for a breeze ruffled the surface of the water, when these five yachts started:—

*Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1867.*

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
574	Glance .....	cutter	35	A. Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
705	Kilmeny .....	cutter	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	Fife
1324	Saraband .....	schooner	15	H. M. Scott, Esq.	Curphy
1594	Venture .....	cutter	15	M. R. Dalway, Esq.	Rogers
1265	Ripple .....	cutter	12	G. Brett, Esq.	Fulton

It has been stated by a contemporary that the Glance on this occasion did not seem to move at all, but the fact is that with such miserable cats'-paws as were then flying about one vessel often gets perfectly becalmed, or at all events less wind than may fall to the lot of her neighbour, and in this instance we might as well expect to move the Great Eastern with one of Mr. White's steam launches as to see the Glance forge ahead with the breeze that fell to her share. To make a short story of a very indifferent spectacle one may say that all gave up except the Ripple and Saraband, which continued the race in a most determined manner, and finished it:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Ripple .....	9 30 0	Saraband (not arrived at) ...	10 0 0

The Committee having in consideration of the late hour of the start kept the race open until 10 o'clock, the Ripple was declared the holder

of the Challenge Cup. The usual "long shore" attractions were in force on Tuesday and Wednesday throughout the day, and a gay ball at the Castle Mona on Wednesday night, besides other amusements.

" And gaiety on restless tiptoe hovers,  
Giggling with all the gallants who beset her,  
And there are songs and quavers, roaring, humming  
Guitars, and every other kind of strumming."

The Committee merit great praise for their indefatigable exertions, and we only trust that next year the clerk of the weather may treat them as well as they deserve.

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### THE WRECK REGISTER AND CHART FOR 1866.

WE have for many years past been in the habit of making a few remarks on the Wreck Register, prepared by the Board of Trade, and presented to Parliament; and we have done so principally with the view of directing attention to the loss of life from shipwreck on our coasts, and to the means employed in rescuing shipwrecked sailors.

We find, on examining this carefully compiled register, that the number of wrecks and casualties from all causes on the coasts of the United Kingdom, and in the surrounding seas reported in 1866, was 1,860. The number reported in 1864 was 1,390, and in 1865 it was 1,656. The annual average number of casualties during the five years ending 1866 was 1,611; and during the five years ending 1865, 1,538. The average number of shipwrecks on our coasts during the past ten years has been 1,466.

A recent statement by the Bishop of London shows that the population of the metropolis increases at the rate of 40,000 a year, and that 10,000 houses have annually to be built to accommodate this increase. A similar progression is observable in our commercial and shipping interest. Seventy millions sterling often pass in one week through the bankers' clearing-house in London. Of course this enormous transfer of money representing commercial transactions necessarily indicates the countless number of ships from all parts of the world that frequent our numerous ports, in addition to the thousands of British vessels engaged in our Foreign and Home trade. Thus it is that the aggregate number of vessels entering inwards and clearing outwards from all our ports in 1866 was 403,593, the number in 1865 being 402,255. It is not surprising therefore, that considering the enormous number of voyages thus performed, the number of shipwrecks every year on our



coast is necessarily proportionately large ; although, of course their number will depend very much on the violence of the gales of the year.

Thus in October 1859, there was the 'Royal Charter' gale, and a loss of 343 ships. In January, February, and November, 1861, there were north-east and south-easterly gales, which added 460 to the number of that year's casualties. In January, October, and December, 1862, there were westerly gales, with upwards of 540 casualties ; and in January, March, September, October, November, and December, 1863, there were westerly gales, with 930 casualties. In November, 1864, there were 264 casualties, with the wind chiefly in the south-south-east and south-west ; but, owing to the absence of any special gales of remarkable duration and violence in 1864, the total number of casualties in that year was 274 below the number in 1863. In 1865 the gales of January, February, and March, and October, November, and December, gave 766 casualties.

During the gales of 1866, that is, when the wind was blowing at force 9 and upwards, 855 disasters occurred. The gales of that year were usually from the following quarters, viz.—January, from east-north-east, south-west, and south-south-west ; February, south-west, west-south-west, and south-south-west ; March, south, and south-south-west ; October had no serious gales ; November, west-south-west, south-west, north-west, and west ; and December south-west, west-south-west, and south-south-west.

The number of ships lost or damaged in the 1860 casualties reported in 1866 is 2,289, representing a registered tonnage of upwards of 427,000 tons. The number of ships in 1866 is in excess of the number in 1865 by 277. The number of ships reported as lost or damaged is, as has been formerly stated, in excess of the number of casualties reported, because in cases of collision two or more ships are involved in one casualty. Of the 2,289 ships, 1,961 are known to have been ships belonging to Great Britain and its dependencies, with British certificates of registry, and 294 to have been foreign ships. Of the remaining 34 ships the country and employment are unknown. Of the British ships, 1,409 were employed in the British coasting-trade, and 549 were employed in the (over sea) foreign and home trades ; and of the foreign ships, 15 were employed in the British coasting trade.

Of the total number of casualties reported in 1866, 422 were collisions, and 1,438 were casualties other than collisions. Of these 1,438 casualties other than collisions, 562 resulted in total losses, and 876 in partial damage more or less serious. The whole number of casualties

other than collisions reported in 1865 was 1,302, which is far in excess of all other years, excepting 1863, when the number was 1,333 ; but in 1864 the number was 1,039, which was less than the number reported in any year since 1858.

The annual average for ten years, including 1866, is for total losses 463, and for partial losses 668 ; as against this the numbers for 1866 are, for total losses 562, and for partial losses 876.

Of the 562 total losses from causes other than collisions, we are unable to find in the Register the details of the precise cause of the same ; but we observe that in 1865, 245 of the total losses happened when the wind was at force 9 (a strong gale) or upwards, and are chiefly included in the following returns as having been caused by stress of weather, 38 arose from defects in the ship, or in her equipment (and of the 38 no less than 30 appear to have foundered from unseaworthiness); 99 appear, from the reports made by the officers on the coasts, to have been caused by inattention, carelessness, or neglect, and the remainder from various other causes.

Of the 832 partial losses other than by collision, we can find no details of the causes of the same in the Register—but we notice that in 1865, 501 happened when the wind was at force 9 (a strong gale) or upwards, and are included as having been caused by stress of weather, 137 arose from carelessness, 48 from defects in the ship or her equipments, and the remainder from various causes.

Surely a large number of these casualties are preventible ones. It is true that within late years the standard of qualifications for masters and mates of our merchant-vessels has been considerably raised. We think it might with advantage be more generally extended, as of these disasters a large proportion can be clearly traced to the ignorance as well as carelessness of man rather than to the elements over which he has no control. It should, however, be remembered that good seamen cannot save a bad craft ; and we certainly think that something ought to be done with the wretched rotten colliers that crawl along the coast at the mercenary instance of men who care more for money than for human life. Many of these vessels are so decayed and unseaworthy that Shipping Insurance Associations will not even admit them on their books. There is no law in existence to prevent them putting to sea, and so they are navigated at such cost as the Wreck Chart, which accompanies the Register too plainly indicates.

Again, let us remember that the total number of ships which, according to the facts reported to the Board of Trade, appear to have foundered or to have been otherwise totally lost on the coasts of the

British Isle, from unseaworthiness alone, in ten years, is 423 ; and the number of casualties caused through unseaworthy ships, unsound gear, &c., and resulting in partial damage, in the same time, is 586.

In 1866 there were 116 casualties to fishing-smacks alone. Excluding these 116, the number of vessels employed in the regular carrying-trade that have suffered from wreck or casualty during the year is 2,173. On this number being subdivided we find that about half of it is represented by the unseaworthy, overladen, or ill-found vessels of the collier class chiefly employed in the coasting trade.

Thus, then, amidst this dreadful havoc arising from rotten ships, and when the storm has shouted and raged in the bitter night, the wild despairing cry,

“ Of the strong swimmer in his agony ”

has been borne on the fierce cold wind to straining ears in the life-boat, or at the rocket-station on the shore ; many a cheek has been whitened, never to bloom again ; many an eye has faded, never more to shine ; and many a home has been made desolate for ever. Would it not be something then, to save even one life, with all its hopes, and to keep the home of one poor woman and her children unclouded by the pangs of desolation ? There is plenty of room here for those who wish to do good, for its own sake, through the National Life-boat Institution.

We find that the number of wrecks amongst colliers, laden, and in ballast, was 155. In addition to colliers laden and in ballast, 141 vessels were laden with metallic ores, and 154 with stone. We all know, from long experience, that the colliers of the north-east coast have an established reputation as the rottenest and worst-found vessels that leave our ports. Year after year we learn that the casualties which might be expected have overtaken them ; but still the mischief goes on, neither the provisions of the common law nor the special acts which relate to shipping being sufficient to control it. There is only one thing that will remedy the evil : if the men who navigate these wretched craft had received the education that brings intelligence and self-respect, and which, in some other countries, is the birthright of the poorest citizen, they would be less disposed to permit themselves to be sent to sea in what are no better than floating coffins.

In the eight years ending in 1866, casualties to comparatively new ships bear a very high proportion to the whole number of casualties. We find that 1,135 casualties happened to nearly new ships, and 1,981 to ships from 3 to 7 years of age. Then there are casualties to 2,506 ships from 7 to 14 years old, and to 4,185 from 15 to 30 years old. Then follow 1,528 old ships from 30 to 50 years old. Having passed

the service of half a century, we come to the very old ships, viz, 283 between 50 and 60 years old, 127 from 60 to 70, 61 from 70 to 80, 19 from 80 to 90, 8 from 90 to 100, and 4, 101 years and upwards. The age of 3,298 is unknown. The state of rottenness and want of repair of some of the coasting-ships above 20 years old, often call for remark. Even at the age of 25 to 30, it occasionally happens that a ship is so rotten as to fall to pieces immediately on touching the ground, without giving the crew the slightest chance of getting out their boats.

Of the 2,289 vessels lost or damaged in 1866, 86 were rigged as ships, 150 were steam-ships, 631 schooners, 426 brigs, 249 barques, 257 brigantines, and 167 smacks; the remainder were small vessels rigged in various ways. Of the 2,289 vessels referred to, 977 did not exceed 100 tons burden, 939 were from 100 to 300 tons, 274 were from 300 to 600 tons, and 99 only were above 600 tons burden.

As usual, the greatest number of casualties have occurred on the East coast. The numbers are as follow :—

East coast . . . . .	953
South coast . . . . .	274
West coast . . . . .	412
North-west coast of Scotland . . . . .	47
Irish coast . . . . .	144
Isle of Man . . . . .	18
Lundy Island . . . . .	9
Scilly Isles . . . . .	3

As regards the loss of life, the returns show that the number of lives lost from shipwreck on or near the coasts of the United Kingdom, from all causes, in 1866, is 896.

When it is remembered that the lives thus lost are taken from amongst probably half a million of persons who have visited our ports during the last year alone, the number may appear to the casual observer a comparatively small one. We are, however, of opinion that it is a very large number, and when we bear in mind the inestimable value of one life we are convinced that no effort should be left untried which can in any way lessen the annual loss of life from shipwreck on our coasts. And here we may remark on the noble and great efforts that are being made to save life from shipwreck. During the last year and a half the National Life-boat Institution has, by its life-boats and other means, contributed to the saving of upwards of 1,600 lives, in addition to bringing to ports of safety some 40 vessels from threatened destruction. Again, this large number of 1,600 lives is entirely independent of the lives saved during the same period by the rocket-apparatus,

which is worked by that valuable class of men the Coastguard and which is provided for by the Board of Trade out of the Mercantile Marine Fund.

It is gratifying to observe how that Department continues to work cordially with the National Life-boat Institution in carrying out the great and important work which it has undertaken to promote, and which has proved so completely successful on our coasts; when we take into account the fact that the Institution has now a noble fleet of 183 life-boats on our shores, requiring a large permanent annual income to maintain them in a state of thorough efficiency, no one can doubt that the Institution is deserving not only of the continued co-operation of the Board of Trade, but of the sympathy and support of the British public at large.

On further analyzing this Wreck Register we find that the lives lost in 1866 were in 199 ships; 147 of them were laden vessels, 40 were vessels in ballast, and in 12 cases it is not known whether the vessels were laden or light. 161 of these ships were entirely lost, and 38 sustained partial damage. Of the 896 lives lost, the very great number of 324 were in vessels that foundered, 127 lives were lost on board vessels in collision, 393 in vessels stranded or cast ashore, and 52 in vessels lost or damaged from other causes.

While the greatest number of casualties happened on the east-coast of England, it is clearly shown that the greatest loss of life during the seven years ending 1866 occurred in the Irish Sea. The number of lives lost in that sea during the seven years is more than double the number lost on any other part of the coasts. During the winter months hardly a week passes in which the life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution stationed on the Irish coast are not called out to render assistance to ships in distress on the Blackwater and other dangerous sandbanks on that coast.

The most fatal winds during the year were as follows :—

N., 37; N.N.E., 38; N.E., 97; E.N.E., 92; E., 69; E.S.E., 41; S.E., 90; S.S.E., 69; S., 129; S.S.W., 157; S.W., 206; W.S.W., 174; W., 105; W.N.W., 101; N.W., 115; and N.N.W., 45.

It is thus shown that westerly gales are far more fatal than easterly gales, the most fatal being from south-west. Seven hundred and thirty-three casualties happened when the wind was at force 6 or under, that is to say, when it did not exceed a strong breeze, in which the ship could carry single-reefs and top-gallant sails: 122 happened with the wind at forces 7 and 8, or a moderate to fresh gale, when a ship, if

properly manned and navigated, can keep the sea with safety : and 954 happened with the wind at force 9 and upwards, that is to say, from a strong gale to a hurricane.

The large aggregate of 1,860 casualties in 1866 leading to the loss or damage of 2,289 vessels has, as a matter of course, thrown a vast amount of labour on the Wreck Department of the Board of Trade, which is most efficiently administered. Their officers at the outports, and the officers and men of the Coastguard service, have also discharged their duties in this important work in the most exemplary and zealous manner.

We should also state that the Statistical Committee of Lloyd's have issued a tabulated analysis of the wrecks and casualties reported in "Lloyd's List" for the year 1866. This is the first publication of the kind, and is intended to be repeated annually. It cannot fail to aid materially in concentrating public attention on Wreck disasters, and in leading to a thorough comprehension of their causes and their remedies.

The aggregate loss of life is enormous, and so is the aggregate destruction of property. The former is a species of woe inflicted on humanity ; the latter is practically a tax upon commerce. While the art of saving life on the coast is understood (thanks to the progress of science and to the stout hearts of our coast population), the art of preserving property is as yet but imperfectly known amongst us, and still more imperfectly practised.

On reviewing this dismal record we are bound to take courage from the many gratifying facts it reveals in regard to saving life which, after all, is our principal object in commenting on this doleful Register. Noble work has been done, and is doing, for that purpose, which has not only elicited the admiration of the British public, but also that of many foreign nations. This fact was strikingly illustrated last July by the International Jury of the Paris Universal Exhibition awarding to the National Life-boat Institution one out of their nineteen great gold medals in acknowledgment of the important services it had rendered to shipwrecked sailors of all nations—thousands of whom it had rescued from a premature grave, and many homes from the desolation of widowhood and orphanage.

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## THE YACHT METEOR IN A GALE.

THE conviction that we are all bound to impart to each other our individual experiences is my principal motive for troubling you with the present communication. During my fourteen seasons of yachting I have traversed too many leagues of ocean, and been exposed to too many vicissitudes of weather, to suppose that there is anything uncommon or exceptional in a gale of wind and a heavy sea. But in all my experience, after having been hove-to repeatedly in stormy weather, I can truly say that I never experienced so heavy a gale for its duration as that which blew in the St. Georges Channel on the night of the 12th of last month. I, therefore venture to believe that a short account of my voyage may not be uninteresting to my brother yachtsmen.

My yacht, the Meteor, an auxilliary screw schooner of 190 tons had been lying at Holyhead for a week, and the wind had been strong from the south-west during the whole of our stay in port, when on the afternoon of the 11th we prepared for sea by striking topmasts, taking the dingy in on deck, and reefing mainsail and foresail. These preparations completed, we put to sea, bound for the Downs, at four in the afternoon. The wind was strong, and there was a heavy sea running up St. George's Channel from the south-west, but nothing of importance occurred during the first 24 hours of our voyage. The wind was dead ahead, and I, therefore, made long tacks from land to land, sighting Rocksbill Light, near Drogheda, at 9h. 30m. p.m. on the 11th, Bardsey Island at 5h. 30m. a.m. on the 12th, the Arklow Lightship at one p.m., the same day, and the revolving light on the Bishop's Rocks, bearing W.S.W., distant about 12 miles, at nine o'clock in the evening.

From the afternoon of the 11th until the evening of the 12th, the weather had not, as I have observed, been threatening or boisterous. Indeed, about 9h. 30m. in the evening of the 11th the wind had moderated sufficiently to enable us to shake out reefs in the foresail and mainsail, and also set the second in lieu of the third flying jib.

But after we went about off Arklow Bank the wind and sea increased, and the barometer, which stood at 29.9 at noon, began to fall, though slowly. Later in the afternoon the wind backed round, always a bad sign, by the south to the eastward, so that at five p.m., we had the wind so far easterly that we put about, and were able to lay up S. by W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  W. for two hours, then S.W. for two hours more, and afterwards S. for an hour, these courses bringing us within range of the Bishops' Light.

At 5h. 30m. some rain fell, and the wind freshened steadily, but as the barometer even at 7 p.m. stood at 29.74, I did not see any reason to apprehend a gale from the S.W. As we approached the Bishops'

Rocks, however, we found the sea—in those parts always more or less disturbed by the impetuous flow of the tide, which in spring attains a rate of four knots an hour—increasing very much, and in a short time we were battling with a tremendous head sea. All hands were called, and we took in two reefs in the mainsail, a reef in the foresail and standing jib, and set the storm flying jib. So rapidly was the gale rising that, during the short period employed in these matters, a heavy gale had sprung up with frequent hard squalls, during which the wind veered from E.S.E. to S. and S.S.W., and the barometer suddenly fell to 29.55. We accordingly took in two reefs in the foresail, and soon after, finding that we could not sail the vessel any longer without shipping volumes of broken water, we lowered the foresail down altogether, hove-to, lowered the gig from the davits, and lashed it down on deck. We then took in a third reef in the mainsail, and stowed the standing jib. Shortly afterwards the flying jib halyards gave way, but we managed to secure the sail, and lash it to the bowsprit.

As I mentioned at the commencement of this letter, we saw the light on the Bishops' Rocks, bearing W.S.W., about half-past nine. We saw the light distinctly on three occasions before we drifted beyond its range; and as, from the bearing of the light, I knew we were at no great distance from a dangerous part of the Welsh coast, and the vessel's head was pointing for the shore, I was most anxious to put her round on the starboard tack. In such a sea this was no easy task, but after three ineffectual attempts it was at length happily accomplished. This done, we lowered the cutter down from the lee davits on to the deck, securing the boat by sufficient lashings, and then proceeded to protect skylights and hatchways by a contrivance of the most simple but effective description, which is an invention of my own.

The loss of the London, owing to the defective appliances for the protection of a skylight alone, made a deep impression on my mind at the time, and I at once directed my attention to the contriving of some simple means for effectually protecting the numerous large apertures which always break up the deck of a yacht. My solution of the problem is as follows. Round the inside of the combings of the principal skylights in my vessel, and also round the companion, I have had stout battens or planking screwed into the wood work flush with the deck. These battens, so fixed, form a shelf piece or ledge, upon which strong hatches, exactly fitting into the inside of the opening to be protected, can be laid. The hatches are divided into sections of a moderate size, so that each separate part can be easily handled by one man. On the bottom of each section of hatch, and in the centre of it, a ring is fixed,



and a stout wooden bar being placed underneath the skylight or companion, fore and aft, under the centre of the deck, and thus exactly over and parallel with the keel, each hatch can be lashed to it, and the whole made perfectly secure, even in the event of the sea carrying away the entire framework of a skylight or companion. On the night of the gale, for first time since its invention, I practically tested this plan of battening down; and it was pronounced by all the seamen on board to be in the highest degree effective. With these precautions there was no possibility of danger to the vessel while hove-to; and it was possible at intervals to allow the attention to wander from the details of seamanship to the contemplation of the savage grandeur of the scene around us. The clouds were driven across the heavens with lightning speed; the moon shed a light of almost supernatural brilliancy upon tempestuous waves; the sea was tossed into the most marvellously contorted forms—forms such as it never assumes away in the broad ocean, where there is no powerful tidal movement—and the surf was dashed forward by the fury of the gale in a cloud of spray or spoondrift, emitting the phosphorescent splendour which was not the least remarkable feature of this grand, but terrible spectacle.

No sea broke upon us until about 12h. 15m. a.m., when I saw, at a distance of about half a mile, a sea more awkward in its shape than any which had gone before it, rolling upon us with impetuous speed. Except at its crest it was a broad toppling wave, such as one sees continually in heavy weather; but the wave I speak of differed from the ordinary wave in this, that its crest was not a mass of broken foam, but a steep narrow wall of green water about six feet high. This wall of water preserved its ominous perpendicularity, in spite of the agitation and heaving of the massive wave, on the summit of which it was being dashed onwards over the sea.

No vessel could have evaded the blow from this extraordinary formed sea. We were struck about the fore rigging. Fortunately the mass of water was not of overwhelming volume, but as it broke it filled the cutter up to the gunwale, and the entire lee side of the deck up to the rail. A few oars and a side ladder were washed overboard, and one of my best and oldest hands nearly met the same fate, but beyond these trifles no damage was done. Warned by this experience, in order to keep the vessel's bow more dead on to the sea we stowed the standing jib, and but for the risk of shipping another sea, in the event of our allowing the vessel's head to pay off from the wind, we should have set a close-reefed foresail and lain-to under it. Having stowed the mainsail we should then have set the trysail, and afterwards stowing our foresail,

once more we should have found ourselves under snugger canvas weathering such a gale. Meanwhile we tried the pump frequently, but found no water in any of the three compartments into which the vessel, being of iron is divided.

Seeing no prospect of an improvement in the weather, I determined about 2h. 45m., a.m. to bear up and run for Holyhead. My vessel, being very long on the keel, and having moreover a less effective rudder power than she would have if the influence of the helm were not affected by the open aperture for lifting the screw, is not always particularly handy in bearing up under canvas, unless a good proportion of headsail is set, and this was not the case on the occasion in question. We therefore assisted the rudder by setting the standing jib and overhauling main-gaff and throat-haulyard purchase, and hauling up the tack, and in about 10 minutes had the pleasure of seeing our head laid N.E. by N. on her course for Holyhead. We could not be too thankful that while we lay in the trough of the sea no wave came upon us like that which broke over us earlier in the night.

Under a reefed mainsail, scandalised, and without any squaresail set whatever, we ran back 98 miles in nine hours, and found ourselves in the race off Holyhead at noon. No words can adequately describe the formidable appearance of the sea off the South Stack light at this time ; with a spring tide running four knots an hour against the gale, which was blowing up the St. George's Channel from the S.W. The seas were fearfully deep, and as steep as walls. Two foreign vessels close to us were running for Holyhead, the one a bark, was under bare poles ; the other, a brig, was under close-reefed topsails, and the crew were so alarmed that they resorted to that extreme expedient, the pouring of oil upon the troubled waters. The smell of linseed from the casks, which had been started for the purpose, was distinctly perceptible. I saw large quantities of oil in the troughs of the seas, and perhaps, within a very limited area, the plan may have had some effect.

Another quarter of an hour, saw the screw schooner yacht *Meteor* safe inside the breakwater at Holyhead, and when we subsequently heard of the many accidents which had occurred among various vessels in the large fleet which had assembled in the port for refuge, many a poor fellow having found a watery grave, and when we read of another schooner in the pleasure fleet, the *Tana*, having gone down, and the owner, his wife, child, and servant having been lost in the vessel, we were deeply impressed with the conviction that we had abundant cause for gratitude that we had passed through so fierce a gale without injury either to the vessel or her crew.

Yours, &c., T. BRASSEY, JUN.

## AN EVENING IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

A lot of us, nearly all midshipmen, were lying about one sunny evening in a cutter belonging to our ship the "Thunder."—We had managed to catch the commander in a soft moment, and he let us take her for a cruise. The ship was lying at Castellamare, and we had been to Sorrento, and after having dinner at Mr. Tramontana's and a pleasant stroll about the lanes, we started on our return about an hour before sunset.

There was hardly any wind, but I think if anyone had proposed pulling as a means of getting home he would have been treated rather badly.

So we were (as I said before) lying about the boat, most of us smoking, *all* enjoying the lovely scenery and the soft balmy air, whilst the large sail above us swelled out occasionally with the last of the sea breeze, and gave the boat a little impetus in the right direction.

It was indeed *Dolce far niente*, a species of enjoyment not always at the command of a midshipman, so it was no wonder that we did not care about going any faster. The lazy fragmentary conversation turned upon the case of an impostor, who had come down from Naples with a list of names as long as my arm, attached to a paper setting forth that he was a distressed English sculptor, who only wanted a little help to enable him to get home and then his fortune was as good as made. We began to get quite animated talking about him, for he had managed to worm sundry dollars out of us, and after all we discovered that this was a regular dodge of his, whenever a man-of-war arrived in the bay of Naples.

"I should like to serve the beggar, as we did a fellow up the Baltic, who made himself out to be what he wasn't" said Frank Capel, one of the senior midshipmen. "How was that Frank?" asked one of the other fellows. "Oh! its rather a long story." "Just the very thing," said I, "here we are, with very little wind for sailing, and not the slightest intention of pulling, and if we go on at this rate we certainly shall not be on board for the next two hours at least.—There could not be a better opportunity Frank, so fire away." All the others backed my request, and Capel put his cigar down, we lit up fresh ones, and composed ourselves.

"Are you steering straight for the ship young-un," said Capel to a diminutive cadet who had perched himself up in the stern to steer—"Yes!" was the reply. "Mind you keep her so then while I am spinning my yarn to these fellows";—and then he commenced. "You must

know my lads, that I served with much distinction in the Baltic (as a naval cadet) in H.M.S. *Snarler*, a fine paddle sloop, I am one of the *survivors* (as a facetious friend of mine says) of that glorious campaign, and have the medal very carefully stowed away out of sight in my desk. We went up with the flying squadron, and hovered about the edge of the ice, getting very cold, and keeping our weather eyes lifting for strange Russians who never appeared. At last the big ships came up under Admiral Napier, and we came down a peg and were told off to run with mails, and occasionally a deck load of bullocks, and a perfect farm-yard of poultry. But even that low kind of work (the rest of the ships used to talk of us contemptuously as 'bullock drovers, bum-boatmen, &c.,' but were precious glad to see us, and not by any means too proud to take what we brought them;) was better than the monotony of cruising with that fleet. Watching for an enemy that had not the slightest intention of coming out, always held in readiness to do something, and never having a chance of doing it. It was sickening work I can tell you.

"When first we went up the Gulf of Finland we had one or two false alarms which gave us a filip, but latterly even that wouldn't act."

"Didn't you get a sight of the Russian fleet?" asked the youth at the helm, who was paying more attention to the yarn than the steerage. "Why you young rascal," said Capel, when he looked up to answer his question. "You're about three points off your course—steer straight, and never mind the Russians, or you'll drop in for something unpleasant.—Let me see, where was I—I recollect, I was saying we had one or two false alarms. Once, we were going up towards Cronstadt with the fleet, twelve liners, and no end of frigates and small craft; we were all under sail, but with fires banked, and all ready to get steam up at very short notice. We had heard, and every one from the Admiral down, believed, that they were coming out, so the ships were extended right and left across the Gulf within signal distance of each other, so that nothing could get past without being seen.

"There was great excitement, as you may imagine when one of the look-out frigates made a signal that a strange sail was in sight ahead, then that she saw another, and it rose to fever height when a *fleet* was reported.

"The signal was made for a general chase, and it was a sight I can tell you to see the funnels smoking up. In an incredibly short time all the ships were under full steam and sail, going as hard as they could. There was no mistake about it (everyone thought) some thirty sail, looming large on the misty horizon. One thing was certain, they were not steamers, but then the Russians *had* their two-line of battle ships

with screws. We came up with them rapidly, and oh ! the exclamation of disgust and rage, as a nearer acquaintance dispelled the mirage that had magnified a fleet of small wood boats, into line of battle ships and frigates—what a sell it was to be sure. We took them all, but they were hardly worth the trouble, and not a few were used by the fleet as targets. Another time we all chased a lighthouse that stood on a small rock far away from land, and looked exactly like a large ship at a distance. The Russians were too knowing, they had everything to lose and nothing to gain by coming out, and we 'sharpened our cutlasses' according to the signal, in vain indeed ; we might have ground all the blade away while we were waiting for a chance of using them. Excuse my breaking out like this will you, my Baltic reminiscences have come quite fresh to me, but I will get on.

"I told you just now that we were sent to run with the mails; we went to Dantsig for them, and found it a very pleasant change. On one of our cruises, a lot of us who were loafing about the town, met a fellow, who spoke English like a native, and who volunteered to show us about. He told us he was a merchant, and just as we were leaving with the wind, he popped on board, and asked for a passage to Kiel. Our captain gave him one, and as he had been so civil to us, and seemed a decent kind of fellow we asked him to come and feed with us. He had only been there a couple of days however, when we were heartily sick of him and his ways, and consequently made it rather warm for him. He then managed to make friends with the gunner, and left us (to our great joy) to go and mess with him. We landed him safely at Kiel, but had hardly anchored when orders came for us to go immediately down to Elsinore, and we were off in half an hour. We were away about ten days, and came in again one evening. There were a great many ships at Kiel then as it was towards the fall of the year, and the principal hotel was crowded with naval officers. Next morning at Frankfort, Price (our senior mate) said 'That blackguard Faber (the merchant's name) was kicked out of the hotel last night.' We asked what for, and he told us, 'after you fellows left the hotel, in came my gentleman arm-and-arm with Rowley of the Stunner. He did not see me at first, for it was in the smoking room, and about that hour it was pretty thick ; but sat down and smoked, talking away most familiarly with a lot of the "Stunners" and other fellows, in fact he seemed to be rather a swell amongst them. I knew Rowley very well, and he came up to have a yarn—after saying how do ye do, &c. 'By the way,' said he, 'have you seen Faber yet, he was dining with me to-night.' I answered that I had not, and asked him where he had picked him up. He didn't know exactly, but had met him at the hotel, and learning

that he belonged to our ship had done the civil to him. 'Of course I was considerably astonished at this,' said Price after a pause, 'and told him that Faber was only some cheap Jack kind of merchant, that we had been green enough to give a passage to in the ship. Before I could say another word, Rowley was on his legs, and walking up to where Faber was sitting, he collared him, and in spite of his howls and struggles, walked him down stairs. He took him to the door and with a tremendous kick, sent him rattling down the door steps into the street—it was most laughable. When Rowley came back, he said that during our absence the blackguard had passed himself off as one of our clerks, who had missed his passage, and consequently lots of fellows had been civil to him.' You can all imagine how this story of Price's roused our indignation, continued Capel: (having first stopped for a minute to administer a slight correction to the steersman who had again forgotten the course.) We held a council to determine how we could best punish him. He was expected on board that day, as he had gone away in such a hurry that he had left his portmanteau in the gunner's cabin, and we came to the conclusion that if he did venture aboard, he should have something to remember the ship by.

"In the course of the forenoon our friend was reported coming alongside, and immediate steps were taken for his reception. As we intended giving him a hammering, no place abaft would do, *that* was clear, the authorities would hear him howling and there would be a row. So we sent our compliments to the engineers, who had a little berth forward before the engine-room, and requested the loan of it for a short time. They were of course only too happy, knowing what it was for. Well! Mr. Faber came on board and precious uncomfortable he seemed, he said he wanted his portmanteau, it was in the gunner's cabin, and asked the quartermaster to get it for him.—The quartermaster was very sorry but *he* couldn't leave the quarter deck, and everyone else he asked gave the same answer: for the story had got wind, and the men were only too delighted at the thoughts of his being punished.

"At last seeing it was no good, he walked forward to get it himself, looking most horribly funky. As soon as he disappeared down the foremast ladder, we all rushed forward, and took up our stations round the table of the engineers' berth. Two or three strong fellows were told off to collar him at the right moment. We heard an altercation outside, Faber, (with one foot on the ladder all ready for a start) calling to the gunner to hand him his portmanteau; and the gunner telling him 'he was a lazy beggar, and he had better come for it himself,' which at last he did. Now was the time, there was a scuffle outside, a

cry of 'let me go,' a reply of 'no fear you impostor,' and then he was dragged into the berth struggling violently. 'Across the table with him at once,' said Price, and we had him over in a moment. 'Now you blackguard,' he continued as soon as he was neatly laid out, 'we are going to punish you for daring to pass yourself off as a naval officer, belonging to this ship.' 'Mercy shrieked the victim,' 'Cram a handkerchief in his mouth,' said Price, in a tone that would have done credit to a Bastille. 'Let me see, there are twelve members in the mess, suppose we each give him six?' 'I should say a dozen,' said some one, by way of an amendment. 'I don't know,' said Price, 'but I think that six each *well* laid on will be enough: we can always increase it you know, so six was agreed upon.'

"The feelings of the unfortunate beggar on the table were not very enviable while all this was going on round him, and he made frantic efforts to get up, and, when he *did* occasionally manage to get his mouth clear howled most piteously for mercy. He might just have well have asked for champagne. When all was ready Price addressing Faber said 'Now you scoundrel, you have been eating and drinking for the last ten days on the strength of your being a naval officer, by Jove you shall pay the reckoning—junior naval cadet take sword scabbard and give the first six.' I happened to be in that proud position, and I flatter myself that he felt *my* six; but bless you it was nothing to what came after, for you see, by the judicious arrangement of juniors first, all the big fellows came last, so that he did not get accustomed to it. But long before it came to Price's turn the poor beggar had left off howling and swearing he would never do it again, and sunk into a kind of stupor that made us feel quite uncomfortable. 'There! let the beggar go, although he has only had half, he's half dead already and I don't think will do it again in a hurry.' So we let him go, gave him a nip of brandy, had his portmanteau put in his boat and sent him out of the ship not very severely hurt, but *very badly* frightened—he did not trouble the hotel again. And that's the end my lads," said Capel, starting up to have a look round—verdict was "served the beggar right," by a full and impartial jury of midshipmen.

The sun was setting as he finished, the wind had died away, and the sea like a huge mirror reflected the lovely wooded hills, and the picturesque red-roofed villas that dotted them. Close to the shore the steep cliffs (along the edge of which the road ran) threw great purple shadows, that deepened rapidly when the sun had dipped below the horizon.

Presently the land breeze came stealing out ruffling the smooth sur-

face of the water, and we found we had a dead beat to the ship, then about four miles off ; so we had to make long stretches out into the bay, and then back among the dark shadows under the cliffs, gaining so little each time that it promised to be very late before we got back. The second tack we made inshore our attention was attracted by hearing two or three shots fired some little way off ; we looked all round but could see nothing. " We had better make a short tack off, and then in again" said Capel, " and we shall be able to see further along the road,—I'll bet there's some mischief going on." We were all on the look-out now and quite excited, for we had heard many tales of brigands, and were perpetually being warned not to stray into the country ; that there was a most refined scoundrel knocking about the country ; there could be no doubt of ; for, not a very short time ago, an Englishman had been taken in by him close to Sorrento, and a large sum demanded as ransom.

As the last prisoner this ruffian had taken had been deprived of an ear, which was sent into Naples with a notification that the other would follow unless the sum demanded was produced, the Briton's friends thought it best to yield to circumstances and raised the money, which was paid in some mysterious manner by the English consul. It said much for the cool cheek of the fellow, when he sent a message back by the released prisoner that he would like more *small change* sent next time a ransom came ; as he found a difficulty in passing gold in the country. The authorities were making strenuous efforts to capture this brigand, but hitherto all had been fruitless ; he was concealed by the country people, and informed by them of every move on the part of the soldiery, and they began to think he was hardly mortal. Another shot was fired, we saw the puff of smoke, and a moment afterwards had got far enough out to bring the road in sight. A tall powerful looking fellow, was running along it as if for life. Behind him were some six or eight Bersaglieri ; two of them had stopped and were supporting one of their comrades who had evidently just been hit by that shot we last heard : the others who were a little behind paused to look at them for a moment, and then rushed on after the man in front : they are all light active little men, and it was a good race. " That's a brigand for a sovereign," said one of our fellows. " Which will you back Frank," said I to Capel. " Well—I don't know, but the ruffian for choice: no ! by Jove I won't now." This last exclamation was caused by the appearance of three or four more soldiers coming along the road in an opposite direction. The hill rose up from the road here very suddenly, and was very peculiar from its barren appearance, the soil



being covered with loose stones and large boulders, while in one or two places, masonry had been built a little way up the side to prevent any of them slipping into the road. We lowered our sail and waited anxiously for the end.

A turn of the road brought the other soldiers in sight of the runaway, and with a cry of despair, he stopped, looked round sharply and then like a goat rushed up the steep side of the hill. "Well done brigand" shouted Capel very much excited, "I hope to goodness he won't get away," said I, "for theres no knowing but what he may get hold of some of our ears one day." "No ! old fellow," replied Capel, "I do not *want* him to get away but by Jove he's a plucky active fellow—bah ! how badly these fellows fire."

A shot from one of the Bersaglieri had hit a boulder about twenty yards from him. "That was nearer though," said another midshipman, "and they can go up hill well when they come to the place he started from." "They'd better look sharp then, for he's nearly out of sight—but what's that ?" The soldiers were just going to ascend, one had already got off the road, when we shouted to them to stop, to run, anything, only get out of the way, *for the whole side of the hill was beginning to move.* Yes ! there was no mistake about it, a few stones came rattling down, they gave warning, those that were furthest off ran for their lives, two who were just preparing to ascend rushed to the edge of the cliff and jumped over. We pulled towards them and stopped, for own safety, a little way off, and then had time to watch the fearful scene before us. The small loose stones were succeeded by great boulders that came thundering down and crashing across the road bounded over the cliff into the deep water, fearfully close to our boat.

A wild shriek of despair, a cry that rang in my ears for many a long day, called our attention to the brigand who was sliding irresistably to destruction. He stood clinging on to a small tree, as if *that* would save him—nothing could. On came the huge moving mass of stones, gravel, trees, and *debris* of all kinds ; and a last heartrending cry burst from him as he was carried over the cliff, and buried beneath the mass that had borne him over. It was a fearful sight, and we stood silent and awe-stricken for some time until a cry for help roused us, and we recollected the unfortunate soldiers, who were swimming towards us, and evidently nearly done. We managed to pick them up, very much exhausted, and heard from them that, that *was* the celebrated brigand Pietro. We landed them and gave them in charge of their comrades, who had evidently by their surprise given them up for lost.

No one objected to pull on board after what we had seen that even-

ing.—It quite damped our gaiety, and we were very glad to find ourselves in our well lighted mess place surrounded by eager listeners, as we related the adventure.

Next morning we saw that the road between Castellamare and Sorrento was quite blocked up for two or three hundred yards by the land-slip, and it was many days before it was in working order again.

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### SPIRITED YACHT RACE.

MUCH interest was aroused recently amongst the members of the pleasure navy, not only at Preston and Lytham, but in Liverpool, owing to a match made between two little craft well known in these waters, and between whom no less than three previous struggles had taken place to determine which was entitled to the palm for superior speed. The names of the rival clippers are the Hermit and Annie. The Annie was built about six years ago by Morrison for Birkenhead; a builder whose name is favorably connected with many of the fastest little craft belonging to the Windermere Sailing Club; and under the management of her former owner Mr. Paley of Preston, a member of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, proved herself a fast, able, and handy vessel on the Mersey; she is now the property of Mr. T. Miller, who seems equally able to develop her best qualities, and as confident of their existence. We believe the Hermit was built at Fleetwood last autumn—but we know nothing of her antecedents beyond the fact, that out of the three contests before alluded to with Annie, she won two: she is the property of Mr. T. Dawson of Preston. So confident were these gallant yachtsmen in the powers of their respective vessels, that each backed his flag in the respectable sum of 100 sovereigns, and so many admirers had the wee craft—as equally confident in their powers, that a reliable correspondent informs us that no less than 500 sovereigns changed hands upon the occasion, irrespective of the stakes; this has been the most spirited little bit of nautical speculation in the way of betting we have heard of during the season of '67.

Monday the 14th ult., was the day fixed upon to decide with which flag should be intertwined the "Blue Ribbon" of the Ribble. The course was from Lytham Pier to a mark stationed up the estuary of the Ribble, thence back westward round a buoy on the bearing of Blackpool, and up to Lytham Pier again. Lytham beach was crowded with eager spectators at an early hour, and wind and water gave promise of satisfactorily testing the abilities of the rival "canvas backs." At 10

o'clock the signal to start was quickly responded to by the active and excited crews, and amidst the encouraging cheers of the almost equally excited throng on the sands, the Lancashire blue jackets went to work with a will, and soon had their little ships staggering along under every stitch of canvas that circumstances and skill warranted prudent, perhaps never was there a struggle during which more care and nautical talent were devoted to the pure ambition of winning the laurel of victory. The Hermit went away with the lead to the frantic delight of her backers, who evinced their partizanship after the fashion that jolly British mariners are wont to indulge in, but their triumph was short-lived, for the cautiously handled Annie, crept up hand over hand upon her dangerous rival, and collared her cleverly about a mile and-a-half from the starting point: now came the moment of exultation for the "gentle one's" devoted adherents, a perfect storm of joyous hurrahs hurled any amount of odds at the "Hermit," and as a burly pilot of the "Lune Deep" innocently perpetrated, the "wageriu" became came "Annie-mated,"—As they swept past Lytham on their course to the Blackpool buoy, it became evident to the "nautical" initiated, that that to use a turf-phrase, the Annie was "pulling double," otherwise she was just doing her "goodest" to run away with her crew; but the "Hermities" consoled themselves with an expression of opinion that it was a "vein of wind" she was in, and that Blackpool buoy would unravel the secret; whether they thought there was a "vein" waiting there for the Hermit we cannot say, but the Annie kept resolutely cherishing the vein of going she was in, and took the Blackpool buoy well ahead of the Hermit; some of the latter's lovers now began to look askance, and vigorous friction was pretty general upon the field lenses of their binoculars, which were levelled with a rapidity and average frequency that denoted a doubt in the accuracy of the medium; however the gallant little Annie was rapidly diminishing the doubt and the distance, and giving practical proof of her aversion to the "solitary's" locality by coming a rattling bust of sailing up the estuary, and gallantly landing the laurels and the stakes in her owner's plate locker at a little after two o'clock, nearly thirty-two minutes ahead of the Hermit. As the victory just leaves them even still, we understand it is likely the rivalry must have a final and conquering settlement, if not this season—early in the next; when the Ribble will again prove the battle ground of these gallant clippers, and another treat of sailing being afforded to the Prestonians.

Both vessels have the same length of keel—viz:—28 feet, but the Annie has a foot more beam.

## UNREPORTED REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

**LYMS REGIS REGATTA.**—A committee of gentlemen, consisting of W. Treeby, Esq., M.P., Capt. R. Moore, R.N., W. Hingeston, Esq., Lieut. Elton, R.N., Majors Bayly and Brandram, Capt. Spurway, and G. Clayton, Esq., met on the 15th August last to carry out the programme of the regatta, and their exertions were highly appreciated by all parties engaged in the various matches.

The first race was for a prize of 20 guineas, divided into the sums.—which see below.

The entries were four in number, viz:—Swallow, 4 tons, Mr. J. M. Donne, Ida, 7 tons, Capt. Arscot, Slow, 4 tons, Mr. J. Hussey, Vixen, Mr. W. Rugg.

This match was started precisely at twelve o'clock, and the four competitors went on beautifully together, and had to go twice round the course. The first yacht to show in advance was Swallow, which was followed by Ida, Vixen being next, and Slow last. This order was maintained round the first mark, Swallow slightly increasing her lead, while Slow, which, we understand, had only been started to make a race, fell further astern. There was no material alteration in the respective positions of the yachts, except that Slow became more hopelessly in the rear, and had not completed her first journey round when the others were half way round for the second time. In going round the Golden Cap mark the second time Swallow was leading Ida by half a mile, and the distance of about a mile separated Ida from Vixen. Before rounding the Pinney mark to come home the wind died away, and Ida slowly and surely gained upon Swallow, and they passed the mark within three minutes of each other. Ida now gradually gained on Swallow, and a most exciting race ensued, as she presently passed her opponent, and only had to make up her time to win. The little Swallow kept her course gallantly, a little air of wind rendering her chance better than it was before, and she eventually won by a minute, Ida having to give her three minutes and a half. Vixen was a long way behind, and Slow gave up and returned to the harbour. The following is the time, as given by the committee:—Ida, 3h. 39m. 30s.; Swallow, 3h. 42m. 0s.; Vixen, 4h. 25m. 33s.

The Swallow received 12 guineas, Ida 5, and Vixen 3.

Next followed a race between sprit-sail boats, for a prize of £10, which owing to the wind dying away was a very tame affair.

Several rowing matches were contested for various amounts.

**BABBICOMBE REGATTA**—August 15th, this affair came off—under the stewardship of Sir L. V. Falk, Bart., M.P., Sir Walter Carew, Mr. W. Chatto, Mr. R. S. S. Cary, Mr. W. Metcalfe, Major Bolton, Mr. Strickland, Mr. G. Thorne, and Capt. G. Browne, R.N. The weather was particularly fine, but the wind was very light, by reason of which the sailings were not over until past eight o'clock. The summit of the hill was crowded with visitors.

The first prize offered was £10 for boats not exceeding 14 tons, the first to receive £7 10s., the second £2 10s. For this race there were entered the Flying Fish, 12 tons, Mr. W. Harvey, Torquay, and the Minnie, 12

tons, Mr. C. Gardner, Dartmouth. Several efforts were made to get a third boat to enter, but without success. The start was effected at 2h. 40m. The Flying Fish had the lead, and kept it throughout.

The next was for a prize of 6 sovereigns for yachts not exceeding 10 tons. Only two entered—viz:—Phantom, Mr. Steatford, and Gannet, Mr. A. Hunt. After contesting three rounds—the former came in about four minutes ahead and received 4 sovs, and Gannet 2.

Other matches followed by fishing boats, and rowing.

**TEIGNMOUTH REGATTA.**—The aquatic meeting took place August 26th. Over £90 was collected, better prizes were offered this year than have ever been offered hitherto, and the arrangements generally improved. The weather was very propitious, the only drawback during the day being that at one period the wind was somewhat too light for the sailing matches. In the morning it blew freshly from the southward and westward, but throughout the day was lighter and variable. The attendance of spectators was very numerous, crowds lining the shore along the Teign to witness the matches. This being the first regatta held since the completion of the pier, a large number of persons were also expected to fill that favourite promenade. The committee were:—J. B. Mansfield, W. L. Mansfield, T. Norsworthy, G. Payne, W. Maunder, W. Lander, W. Morris, Shephard, W. Norsworthy, G. Rowell, W. Cotton, R. Gilpin, T. Morris, G. H. Jarvis, W. W. Hele, C. Oldham, T. Lee, — Halls (secretary), and T. G. Newman, the major part of whom were present throughout the day assiduously carrying out the well-organised arrangements that had been made. The sports were as follow :

A prize of 20 guineas, being a 15 guinea prize cup, and an additional prize of 5 guineas, for yachts of any rig not exceeding 15 tons ; three to start or no race ; time for tonnage, one half minute per ton. This was to have been the grand match of the day, but there was a scarcity of attendance of yachts of this class, and consequently a paucity of entries. The entries were:—Buccaneer, 12 tons, Captain Bayly ; Flying Fish, 12 tons, Mr. W. Harvey. The match did not come off, as there was no third entry.

A prize of £4, for sailing boats not exceeding 22ft. ; first boat £2 10s, second £1, third 10s ; three boats entered:—Shadow, Hutchings; Foam, Harvey; Fire Fly, Hale ; the course for the sailing matches was from a mark-boat off the end of the pier to mark-boats off Dawlish to the eastward, and mark-boats beyond the entrance of the Teignmouth river, back to the pier, to leave all marks on the starboard hand, a distance of about 12 miles. In this match the boats were to go once round the course. They started at 1h 20m, and returned at—Shadow 4h. 17m., Foam 4h. 24m., Firefly 4h. 58m. The Firefly in the early part of the race made a mistake in rounding a mark-boat, and failed to recover the distance she lost in remedying that mistake.

A prize of £5, for fishing boats belonging to the port ; first boat £3, second £1 10s., third 10s. There were five entries:—Love, Matthews; Florence, J. Scoville ; Fairy Queen, Ruddles ; Richard, R. Ward ; Edith,

Norworthy. The Edith was protested against because she belonged to Torquay, although that town is within the port of Teignmouth; the other four boats sailed. They started at 2h. 8m., once round the course, returning at—Love 4h. 21m., Florence 4h. 31m., Fairy Queen 4h. 33m., Richard 4h. 46m. The Love took the lead at starting, closely followed by the Florence and Fairy Queen. The Love throughout increased her lead; the Florence and Fairy Queen had a close run.

A prize of 10 guineas (being a prize cup of 8 guineas, and an additional purse of 2 guineas), for yachts or pleasure boats not exceeding 9 tons; first boat the Cup, second £2 2s.; time for tonnage, 45sec. per ton. There were five entries; distance, twice round the course. Pixie, 12 tons, E. H. Le Breton, Tern, 7 tons, M. Strickland; Brunette, 8 tons, S. F. Windham; Swallow, 4 tons, J. M. Donne; Psyche, 12 tons, Captain Flamank. They started at 2h. 31m., returning on the second round—Pixie 5h. 30h., Fern 5h. 33m. 30s.; Brunette 5h. 35m., Swallow 5h. 45m. At starting Tern took the lead followed by Swallow and Psyche, with Brunette fourth, and Pixie last; but at the end of the first round they had all fallen into the positions in which they closed the race.

The time taken in some of the sailing matches in going over the distance is accounted for by the lightness of the wind.

Rowing matches concluded the day.

ULSTER YACHT CLUB REGATTA.—The first aquatic *fete* of this newly-established club was held on Monday, August 19th, and proved a complete success, although the weather was far from agreeable to the pleasure part of the community, being thick and hazy, with slight showers of rain.

The arrangements for the racing, which gave great satisfaction, were confided to the following gentlemen:—Commodore, Lord Dufferin and Cladiboyle; vice-commodore, John Mulholland, Esq., J.P.; rear-commodore, Marriott R. Dalway, Esq., J.P. Sailing committee:—John M. Higginson, Esq., J.P.; Wm. Carson, Esq., and James Neill, Esq.

The course was comprised in a straight line drawn from the commodore's boat, which was stationed off the shore opposite to Cultra to the red buoy beside the light-house, thence to the red buoy at a point of the county Antrim shore, between Greenisland and Carrickfergus, thence to a boat stationed off Grey Point, and finally back to the commodore's boat. The whole distance contained within those limits was about twelve nautical miles. The yachts in the first race had to make three circuits of the course; those in the second race, two circuits; while those in the third had to complete but one circuit, compliance with the regulations of the racing compelling the yachts to keep to the starboard side of all the buoys. The conditions were those observed on the Thames.

For the first race, which was for a silver cup, value £15 in specie, and which was open to all yachts above ten tons and not exceeding twenty-five. Entrance money 15s. The following entries were made, all the vessels coming to the start:—

Ripple, 12 tons, Mr. G. Brett ; Glide, 15 tons, Mr. D. Fulton ; Alexandra, 15 tons ; Mr. A. Bald, Venture, 15 tons, Mr. M. R. Dalway ; Saraband, 10 tons, Mr. H. M. Scott.

The start took place at nine minutes past one o'clock, the Ripple leading, followed closely by the Alexandra and Venture. The Glide having been 2 minutes and 40 seconds late in the start, was the last in getting out. The vessels passed the Mussel Bank in the following order :—

Ripple, Alexandra, Glide, Venture, Saraband. Between the Mussel Bank and the buoy at Carrickfergus the Glide took second place. This point was passed at 2h. 40m. by the Glide first, the Venture being considerably to leeward. In the tack from Carrickfergus to Greypoint there was very judicious management exhibited in sailing the Glide to windward. This point was passed by the Glide first, Ripple, Alexandra, Venture, and Saraband in the order named, within 20 minutes from first to last. The vessels made very fine sailing from this point, which they experienced much difficulty in rounding, to the commodore's yacht, which they passed in the same order as above.

This completed the first round, and it was then agreed by the committee that another should decide the race, which was an excellent arrangement considering the density of the mist. On they sped, Glide and Ripple singling themselves out as especial competitors, finishing the race within two minutes of each other ; the Glide being first, but owing to the allowance of three minutes to the Ripple she was declared the winner.

The second race started for a silver cup, value £10, or specie, open to yachts above 5 tons, and not exceeding 10 tons. Twice round. Eight yachts started, and after some smart work, Mr. N. Boyd's Lady Alice came in the victor.

The third race was for a prize of 5*l.*, open to yachts not exceeding 5 tons, five entered and started, Mr. W. Scott's Pearl taking the lead, which she kept throughout, finishing two minutes ahead.

We congratulate the club on its success, and hope next year to give it a more prominent position.

**DAWLISH REGATTA.**—This was held August 19th, favoured by beautiful weather, and a fine breeze from the southward. The Committee vessel (Captain Barne's Isabel,) was moored about 400 yards off the jetty or landing stage, and the course for yachts was from this to a mark-boat at the S.W., off the Parson and Clerk, and back to the committee vessel ; distance about seven miles.

The first race was prizes of 10*l.* for first yacht, and 5*l.* for second. The following entered—Buccaneer, 12 tons, Capt. Bayly ; Firecloud, 11 tons, Mr. Mansfield ; and Flying Fish, 12 tons, Mr. Blake. There was some difficulty in making up this race, as early in the day there was but little wind, and the Flying Fish did not enter until late, when the wind freshened. At last, however, at 2h. 43m., some other matches having been started meanwhile, the Buccaneer and Flying Fish went away, the former leading.

Firecloud, not coming up to her moorings in time, was unable to run with the other yachts. Flying Fish picked up a little ground, and at one time seemed likely to prove a tight match for her antagonist. The Buccaneer, however, finished the first round with a decided lead, the time of the boats being Buccaneer, 3h. 36m. 30s., Flying Fish, 3h. 39m. In the second round most unfortunately the Flying Fish became disabled by the loss of her top-sail, and consequently lost all chance. The Buccaneer was timed in the second round 4h. 31h. 40s., and in the third round 5h. 31m.

Yachts not exceeding 9 tons, 10l. Three times round the course. Time race. The following started:—Swallow, Mr. J. M. Donne, 4 tons; Ida, Mr. T. Arscott, 8 tons, Pixie, Mr. E. Le Bretton, 9 tons; Edith, Mr. Haynes, 7 tons. Pixie went a head at the start, and continued to lead in a beautiful race with the Ida. Swallow for some time held the third place, but being a vessel of latteen rig, on the breeze freshening she dipped so considerably that she soon dropped to rear. In the first round the yachts passed the committee boat thus:—Pixie first, Ida second, Edith third, Swallow fourth. In fact the race was finished in the same order—Pearl taking first prize, and Ida second.

A race followed by pleasure-boats not exceeding 20 feet from stem to stern-post—three prizes of 50s., 20s., and 10s. Twice round. The following boats started:—Dove, Goldsworthy, 20ft.; Little Wonder, T. Tapscott, 18ft.; Montaignie, T. Priscoombe, 18ft.; Julia, W. Knight, 20ft.; Shadow, T. Hutchens, 20ft. Montaignie took the lead at the start, closely followed by Julia, Little Wonder being third. In a short time Montaignie went to the rear of Julia, and then, having carried away her mast, gave up the contest. The Julia came in first at the finish, Little Wonder second, and Shadow third.

Sailing matches by Dawlish boats, and rowing matches by Dawlish men brought to a close a very good regatta.

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### ROYAL HALIFAX YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE 1st of August is the day in each year on which the sailing match for the Prince of Wales' Challenge Cup, among the yachts of the Royal Halifax Yacht Club, comes off. The weather was all that could be wished for such sport. Three boats entered, viz.:—Goshawk, W. Hare, Esq.; Wave, D. H. Pitts, Esq.; Whisper, E. Mosely, Esq.

The Goshawk did not start, and thus the contest was left to the Wave and Whisper. The match was watched with much interest by many of our citizens, and with some anxiety by the members of the club, as if the Whisper was victorious the costly and much valued prize would pass to the hands of her owner.

The course was from the committee's vessel, moored off the club's property at Richmond, to Meagher's Rock Buoy and back, a distance of about



seventeen miles. The two boats started. Both were admirably handled during the race, but the Whisper, from some cause or other, scarcely maintained her reputation for fast sailing, and was beaten by her opponent by 1m. and 5s., after making the customary allowance for tonnage. In remarking upon the sailing of the Whisper, we do not mean to disparage the sailing qualities of the Wave, or to infer that it was to the falling off in the speed of the former that the Wave was victorious; on the contrary, in this match the winning boat surpassed any of her former exploits on our harbour. *The cup still remains in the hands of the club*, and we hope may yet be the means of bringing about, what was no doubt the wish of the Royal donor in presenting it—an increase in the fleet of the club, and be the means of infusing a laudable spirit of competition among its members.

It is somewhat over ten years since the patriotic Dr. Cogswell invested 400 dollars as the nucleus of a fund for the encouragement of aquatic sports among us. It is the interest of this sum, with the entrance fees, that constitutes the money prize that accompanies the winning of the Champion's Belt, at the sculler's race that now comes off in our harbour annually on the 1st of August. The Royal Halifax Yacht Club furnish the belt—which is valued at 150 dollars. This has to be won five times before it becomes the property of the Champion.

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#### ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

On the 3rd October, a meeting of this Institution was held at its house, John-street, Adelphi; Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. There were also present, Sir E. Perrott, Bart.; Admiral Sir Wm. Hall, K.C.B. F.R.S.; Admiral Gordon; Captain Arrow, deputy master of the Trinity House; J. Griffith, Esq.; Admiral Ryder; Admiral M'Hardy; A. Boteleur, Esq.; Captain De Ste Croix, Captain Ward, F.R.S., inspector of life-boats to the Institution; and Richard Lewis, Esq., the secretary.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read the silver medal of the Institution, and a copy of its vote on parchment, were ordered to be presented to Captain Edward Kearon, and a reward of 30*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* to the other men of the crew of the Institution's life-boat at Arklow, Ireland, for putting off on the night of the 11th ult., during a fierce gale from S.E., and in a very heavy sea, to the smack Kate and Mary, of Arklow, which was riding at anchor in that bay in a dangerous position, with only a boy on board. The master of the smack, who had been taken off in a life-boat, was placed on board his vessel, which subsequently got away in safety.

A reward of 16*l.* 10*s.* was also voted to pay the expenses of the Institution's life-boat at Whitby, in putting off on the 30th ult., in a gale of wind and heavy sea, and rescuing the crew of four men of the schooner Commot of Whitby, which had stranded on Whitby sands.

The sum of 17*l.* 1*s.* was also granted to pay the expenses of the Institution's Scarborough life-boat in going out at midnight on the 29th ult., and saving four men from the brigantine Sybil, of Yarmouth, which had been

in collision with another vessel in Scarborough Roads, and was in a disabled state. A coble had previously gone out to this vessel, but on account of the heavy sea that was running, she could not venture alongside to rescue the crew.

A reward of 5*l.* 15*s.* was likewise voted to pay the expenses of the Institution's life-boat at Howth, Dublin Bay, in putting off during a heavy gale on the 12th ult., to the assistance of the schooner *Splendid*, of Dublin, which was seen making for the harbour in a disabled state, and had afterwards anchored near the Baldoyle sands. The life-boat took off the captain, and also brought the schooner safely into Howth harbour, and moored her alongside the pier.

A reward of 9*l.* 10*s.* was likewise voted to pay the expenses of the Institution's life-boat at Orme's Head, in putting off on the 20th ult., in a strong wind, and with the assistance of a steamer, taking the disabled smack *Jane*, of Carnarvon, and the four persons on board, safely into Beaumaris.

A reward was also granted to the crew of the Institution's life-boat at Newbiggin, for putting off during a heavy gale, and bringing safely into harbour, seven fishing boats and their crews of thirty men, belonging to North Sunderland, Newton, and Craster, which were in imminent danger while making for the south.

Rewards, amounting to 40*l.* 13*s.*, were also granted to the crews of the Institution's life-boats at Castletown, Dundalk, Margate, and New Brighton, for various services during the recent heavy gales.

A reward of 15*l.* was voted to the crew of the yawl *Eclat*, of Caister, for putting off in a strong N.E. gale and heavy sea, and rescuing, on the 26th July, from a small boat ten persons belonging to the sloop *Favourite* and schooner *Unity*, of Goole, which had been in collision, and afterwards became total wrecks, on the Norfolk coast.

The committee expressed their condolence with the family of the late John Diston Powles, Esq., on the decease of that lamented gentleman. He had been an active member of the Institution for upwards of 40 years, and had been one of its best and warmest friends.

Payments amounting to nearly 4,000*l.* were ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments, making a total of 23,290*l.*, which the Institution had expended on its life-boat stations during the current year. It had also during the same period, contributed to the rescue of 762 lives from various shipwrecks, and had been directly instrumental in saving 16,663 lives since its first establishment.

It was stated that the pressure on the funds of the Institution, in carrying on its great and national work was very heavy at the present time, and that some of the funded capital of the Institution would probably have to be sold out to meet these pressing demands.

It was reported that legacies had been left to the Institution by the late Miss Maria Irlam of Dibbinsdale, Chester, 1,000*l.* duty free; the late Mrs. S. D. Woodhouse, of London, 100*l.* free of duty; and the late Robert Shepherd, Esq., of Rochdale, a reversionary legacy of 1,000*l.* The executors of

the late Mrs. Morgan, of Cheltenham, had also placed at the disposal of the Institution 650*l.*, from the residue of her estate. A contribution of 60*l.* had also been received from the Ancient Order of Foresters, through their able secretary, Samuel Shawcross, Esq., in aid of the support of life-boat "Forester," at Newquay, Cardigan Bay. The order was also collecting funds in aid of an additional life-boat.

It was also reported that the Institution had recently sent new life-boats to Mullion in Cornwall, Brighton, and Dundalk in Ireland.

Several of the railway and steam-packet companies had kindly sent free conveyances to the boats. A grand demonstration had taken place with the Mullion boat at Penzance on the 10th ult. Similar demonstrations had also taken place with the Brighton and Dundalk life-boats. These three boats were the gifts respectively of the Wesleyan Methodists of the London Sunday Schools, and of the Stockport Sunday School, to the Institution.

It was reported that another of the large safety fishing boats of the Institution had been built and launched. It had been taken charge of by some fishermen belonging to Anstruther, N.B.

It was decided to form a life-boat station at Amlwch, on the Anglesey coast. A lady in Berkshire had also placed at the disposal of the Institution 420*l.*, to pay for a new boat and carriage. She wished the boat to be named the "Florence."

Reports were read from the inspector and the assistant inspector of life-boats of the Institution on their recent visits to the coast.

The proceedings then terminated.

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### THE SAILOR BOY'S LAST VOYAGE.

THE Young Sailor,\* to whom the following lines refer—written by one who knew him well, and who admired and loved him—became possessed, early in life, with a predilection for the sea, which resisted all attempts, on part of his family, to overcome. His wishes were—as a necessity—eventually acceded to, and he was placed on board the training-ship "Conway," where he distinguished himself, by his talents and irreproachable conduct. After two years' preparatory studies he made a voyage to China, on board the ship "Gossamer." When homeward bound, he was smitten with Moon-blindness, from which he did not recover, until after that vessel's departure on her following voyage—which circumstance, as the sequel shows, led to fatal results. Notwithstanding that affliction, and experience already acquired, of the perils and vicissitudes of a sailor's life, his love for the sea remained unchanged; and, when sufficiently recovered, he resumed it, on board the ill-fated ship "James Crosfield," bound for India, which, on her return voyage, was wrecked, during a snow storm, on the rocks, off Langness Point, Isle of Man, and all on board perished—not one, out of about forty, having survived, to tell the sad story of her destruction. He was a brave

\* Alluded to in "Yachting in Scotland," *Hunt's Magazine*, Vol. 13, page 97.

and noble-minded youth, and endowed with sense beyond his years, as his sentiments, herein truthfully recorded, will exemplify. He died as he lived, under the blessed influence of religion, and in a firm reliance on the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty, which, no doubt, supported him when under the fearful dangers which surrounded him at his last moments.

J. L.

*Dunoon, 1867.*

A sailor went o'er the sea,  
To far distant shores he was bound ;  
No danger he dreaded, for he  
His bible had read and there found,  
That God is, for ever at hand,  
And, if he thinks right, he can save,  
The sea will obey his command ;  
His voice still the wild stormy wave.  
"Dear Mother !" he said, "do not fear  
Your words I shall ever forget—  
Be assured," and he let fall a tear—  
"My doings shall cause no regret.  
If e'er I feel tempted to sin,  
I'll think of your love-beaming face,  
And, then, the right path I shall win,  
Nor you, nor dear father disgrace.  
The bible you gave me, shall be  
My comfort and guide, day and night ;  
I'll pray, as you taught me, that He  
The ALMIGHTY, may guide me aright.  
Oh ! say not, as oft' you have said.  
You feared on the sea I might die !  
Why dwell on the thought, with such [dread—

Or heave such a sad mournful sigh ?  
Those kindly emotions command.  
The poet has said—"heaven is near  
By water, as 'tis by the land"  
In God, I devoutly confide,  
His wisdom, and mercy are great ;  
If, when on wild billows I ride,  
I should die—'tis a happier fate,  
Than lingering sickness, at home,  
'Mid friends, whose sad looks but appal.  
And, what if my shroud be the foam,  
And the dark blue sky be my pall ?  
The body will soon pass away,  
And fall into dust, whence it came ;  
Will perish, and swiftly decay—  
On sea or on land—'tis the same.  
Dear Mother ! I'll constantly try  
To live, as you wish that I should ;  
And so, be quite ready to die  
The death of the just, and the good.  
He parted, but sealed with a kiss,  
The pledge which affection had given  
Then said—"If we meet not in this,  
We may in the next world—in heav'n."  
The ship she was staunch, good, and fair,

Was beautiful, fast, and well found ;  
Well fitted and finished with care,  
Each block, and each rope taut and [sound  
When looking ashore, from the deck,  
He heav'd a deep sigh—shed a tear,  
A tear which he could not well check—  
He thought of those absent and dear.  
Her moorings she cleared—then away  
She went like a fair thing of life.  
On shore, some did inwardly pray,  
And sobs came from mother, and wife.  
A father most fervently prayed  
To God, that his son he would save—  
He hoped, but, at heart felt afraid  
The sea might to him, prove a grave.

\* Fast onwards, she sailed—the wind blew  
Quite fair, and the weather was bright—  
And, soon, every form of the crew,  
In distance was lost unto sight.  
At last, the long voyage was run,  
The outward-bound perils were o'er,  
He stood, under India's sun,  
'Midst strangers that crowded the shore.  
He thought of kind friends he had left,  
His eye-lids then filled to the brim  
He felt quite alone and bereft,  
But knew that God watched over him.  
He gazed upon wonderful sights,  
And noted them down, full, and well ;  
At home, and its fireside delights,  
He hoped his strange stories to tell.

\* The ship now, at length, homeward [bound,  
The port of Calcutta she clears ;  
Kind words, and good wishes abound,  
And hope rides triumphant o'er fears.  
The voyage was adverse, and long  
The ship was in gale, after gale ;  
The timid, the brave, and the strong,  
At times felt afraid, and grew pale.  
The mother looked forward with joy,  
To that happy moment of bliss—  
When she might, once more, clasp her [boy,

And greet him, with many a kiss.  
Weeks pass'd and the ship was unheard  
The mother's misgivings were great ;

<p>She thought that each gust which she          Was telling the young sailor's fate,          Each sound made her suddenly start,          The night-winds, so cold, and so bleak,          Thrill'd painfully, through her poor          And chased the warm blood from her          The ship, which had weathered each</p>	<p>Was nearing his own native shore,          But, oh ! tis a heartrending tale—          Poor boy ! he ne'er look'd on it more !          The vessel, by hurricane tost—          No skill could it guide or control—          She rush'd on a reef—all were lost—          In heaven, above rests his soul.          Where dear sister " Loo-loo " resides,          He never will part from her more ;          There, storms, nor false treacherous          Nor breakers lash, thunder, and roar.</p>
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### FINE ARTS.

IN June and August last, Mr. Foster, of Billiter Street, the well-known publisher of nautical prints, and especially celebrated for his series of portraits of the most notable yachts of the day, issued two remarkable additions to the gallery that has been created by his energy and enterprize—and when we say " additions " we mean it in every sense of the word ; the last portraits we had occasion to notice were those of the American schooner yachts, immortalized not only by their performances, but by the talented pencil of that clever artist Mr. T. G. Dutton. Again has Mr. Foster enlisted his genius in the production of the portraits of two vessels well-known amongst yachtsmen, and both of which have gallantly won their laurels, together with berths in Mr. Foster's gallery of British clippers. First in order comes the Aline schooner of 216 tons, which has so long and worthily carried the broad pendant of the popular commodore of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, Charles Thellusson, Esq. ; to recapitulate the performances of this vessel, would be superfluous, every yachtsman has them at their fingers' ends ; suffice it to say she was built by Camper and Nicholson, of Gosport, for Commodore Thellusson in 1860, and is about as fine a specimen of the pride of our British yacht clubs as ever floated.

Mr. Dutton has represented her under all plain lower working canvas, with both gaff-topsails set, close-hauled on the port tack ; a good clean full, ensign and pendant flying, standing up for the eastern entrance to the Solent. The skill of this well-known marine artist has seldom had a more worthy subject for exercise ; and that he has " greatly exercised " mind and pencil, the print before us gives ample evidence ; it is what it professes to be—a thorough and truthful portrait of a remarkable and noble vessel. The lines of the external free-board are admirably preserved, whilst from the slight list to starboard she evinces, the deck plan and arrangements are at the same time cleverly shewn—and every spar, rope, and yard of canvas is depicted with a master's hand ; in fact this portrait possesses a duplicate value, irrespective of its interest as a talented specimen of marine scenery, it has the additional recommendation of being almost a draughtsman's plan of one of the fastest clipper schooner yachts of her day, but denuded of the

dry details of such a severe study. The accessories, too, receive the same careful treatment ; the tide-gage light-ship indicating a weather-going tide, the fishing-boat running large along the land, the two schooners bound away free to the southward, the steamers' smoke blown flat in the distance, hinting a stiff sou'-wester outside, the man-of-war under her topsails and fore-courses, standing in for Spithead, are each, though trifling as they may seem, little studies in themselves, contributing to make a charming and clever picture, thoroughly to be appreciated by a nautical eye. We can heartily recommend this print of the *Aline* to our genuine blue-jackets, in all its details it savours of "salt," and as a portrait 'tis *A1*. Lloyd's.

Of the second print we can also say it is worthy of "Dutton." It is a portrait of the brave little cutter yacht *Sphinx*, 47 tons, the property of Herbert C. Maudslay, Esq., as she appeared on that memorable day in 1866, when she won her greatest laurel and the "Albert Cup" of the Royal Albert Yacht Club, at Southsea, she is represented under a treble-reefed mainsail, double-reefed fore-sail, reefed bowsprit, and third jib ; with her topmast sent down on deck, topmast gear all unrove and stowed away, topmast stay seized to the mast-head cap, and the defiant fighting flag flying from an iron spindle driven firm into the mast-head, a very symbol of a true yacht-racer's motto "to the end !" The details of this eventful match we have already given, and how the wee *Sphinx* nobly performed her "*dévoir*" amidst a sea and wind, and periods of storm burst and squall, that well might daunt the crew of a bigger ship ; it is just one of these exciting moments and when hauling round a flag-boat to face a dead-noser, that Mr. Dutton has selected for giving us the portrait of the daring little clipper, and there she is to the life, stripped to the last rag that fighting speed will allow, the crew are told off to the main-sheet, the fore-sheet, and the jib-sheet. No finching there though she's down to the covering-boards, and every rope-yarn hums again as she yields to the fierce hurtle of the gale ; one can almost fancy the wicked ripping hiss of her knife-like stem, as she launches up fearlessly to meet the heavy head-sea, the combing caps of whose waves is swept off in flying spindrift 'ere they have time to surge, and the quick stern orders of the watchful skipper, spit forth with all that important singleness of grammar and intensity of purpose that racing skippers do delight in, when winning,—“Now my lads—now's your time—quick work, and no shamming—there she goes—the beauty—hoorah !—Well that jib-sheet—well—the fore—well the main—and well done all—now back to your places !”

These two last yachting portraits of Mr. Foster might be appositely entitled "Peace" and "War ;" the stately and handsome *Aline*, in all the security of lovely weather, clear atmosphere, beautiful scenery, smooth water, a favourable tide, with her powerful crew grouped about her spacious deck, and every stitch of snowy canvas spread to woo the breeze, laden as it is presumed it was, with odours of the Isle of Wight flowers ; all peace and pleasure, and quiet enjoyment. On the other hand, the wicked-looking little *Sphinx*, stripped to the deadly strife, the sky wild and torn, the sea

black and heaving, with the storm mist reft from its caps ; the giant men-of-war rolling and pitching violently in the distance, the flag-boat plunging to the kinklet heads in the advancing wave ; the battlemented, dusky-looking fort on the main-land, and the saucy, venomous-looking little canvas back herself, the centre-life—the eye-arresting phantom in this hurly-burly strife of wind and water, 'tis war—war—war to the knife ; and wicked war, as many a blue-jacket knows.

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## Editor's Locker.

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### PRINCE OF WALES OCEAN MATCH.

October 9th, 1867.

MR. EDITOR :—Until reading the letter of "Shiver the Mizen" which appeared in your *Magazine* of this month, I never fully appreciated the truth of the old English proverb that "there is no accounting for tastes," and all one hopes is, for the future success of your valuable *Journal*, that such an opinion as "Shiver the Mizen" expresses in his letter, and more particularly in that part referring to the account of the Prince of Wales Ocean (heaven save the mark) match, is shared in by few of your readers.

Your correspondent seems exceedingly partial to what he terms a "gentlemanly style of writing," and probably to many palates this species of composition is very agreeable, nay ! we can even picture to ourselves your "gentlemanly reporter" got up in "best black frock coat and silk facings to ditto," well brushed Lincoln and Bennett, and well polished boots, as with lightest waterproof slung at his back he would stroll towards a forthcoming Regatta to take his little notes ! Such an exterior would of course be an index of the gentlemanly mind within, and the writings of such a reporter would doubtless be of that courteous and affable nature which would be as flattering to the victor as it would be soothing to the vanquished, and all matches of whatever kind, however badly conducted or however foolish in conception, would still be reported so as not to wound the feelings of the managers, or the originators, or in any way offend their too sensitive natures.—Such we presume from "Shiver the Mizen's" letter is his *beau idéal* of a reporter."

Now, for our own part we are tired of this "gentlemanly style," as one reads of nothing but how "this" yacht weathered "that" yacht, and how "that" again weathered "this", interlarded with eulogies on a vessel and owner possibly wholly undeserved, and perhaps also on the committee of management still less justifiable.

The account of the Prince of Wales' match was an exception to these "milk and water" effusions, and is told with an amount of truthfulness, salted with a little pungency, quite refreshing. The whole account shows, the writer, whoever he may be, to be a master of his art, and far from a young hand as your correspondent in his inexperience seems to imagine, and all I hope is that the same pen may be wielded, many a time and

oft, in the accounts of the Regattas of 1868.—At the same time we should have imagined that the person complaining of the want of that "good old gentlemanly style" on the part of your reporter would have scrupulously confined his own pen to that species of composition, instead of which I think his letter far from bearing the much desired stamp, as though "dear old Hunt" might have been a very endearing and pleasant soubriquet from an old school-fellow, when in your teens, such epithets, when we are in the scar and yellow leaf, rather jar upon our nerves, and certainly do not savour of a "gentlemanly" manner of address. Nor indeed does any part of "Shiver the Mizzen's" letter give one an idea that he has studied that style which he seems to expect from your reporter, or at all events if he has studied it he has not given us the benefit of those studies.

With regard to other remarks made by your correspondent, it is hardly worth while perhaps following him through them, they have so often been discussed in your columns, but it certainly does seem ridiculous to call a match, an Ocean match, where one of the conditions enforced was that the yachts should tow a boat astern! as who at sea would have his boat astern? It is useless arguing as to the *relative sizes of punts*, the only thing we have to say is that the smaller the boat the greater the chance of it being swamped when towed out at sea, and we have a strong idea that both for comfort and safety an eight-tonner and her boat had better take no part in an "Ocean match," if we are still to be saddled with these absurdities.

Yours faithfully,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

A YACHTSMAN.

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#### ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

Dublin, Oct. 22nd, 1867.

SIR.—I should not again trespass on your valuable space were it not that your correspondent who signs himself "Your Reporter," in your last number, endeavours to make it appear that he did not in his description of the match between Glance and Amber Witch, convey the idea to his readers, that the latter would have been *nowhere*, but for Glance losing her topmast. Now I shall only ask anyone who may take so much interest in this trifling affair, to turn to his account of the race in your August number 1867, and if they do not come to the same conclusion that I did, I think a pair of spectacles must at once be resorted to—which would also be of use to "Your Reporter" in looking at matches in future, if he did not see the occurrence of which I complained with Glance obliging Amber Witch to bear away, although the latter was on the starboard tack, whilst he admits having seen Glance weather Amber Witch at the Crosby *where this very occurrence took place*.

As to the other irrelevant matter introduced by Your Reporter into his letter it requires no comment from me.

I am sir, yours truly,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

J. McCURDY.



# HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER 1st, 1867.

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## THE PAST YACHTING SEASON.

WHEN we penned our observations on the glorious first of June, we certainly anticipated the discussion of a very different course of events to that which we now have to review. In common with many of our most enthusiastic yachtsmen we confess to a grievous disappointment; 1867 has passed away, the great aquatic problem, which seemed on the point of solution, is just as far from it as ever, nay, further, let truth be told we have not made by any means an average, much less brilliant appearance in the matter. There is no use in writing love letters to ourselves, we don't seem a bit nearer tackling the American difficulty, although every opportunity has been afforded us, nay the gauntlet flung far inside the fairway buoys of our harbours. Are we therefore to consider the question as finally settled, to sit down and acknowledge ourselves defeated; and why? Are we deficient in brains, or in bravery, in skill, or in money? or has that bold dashing, fearless thirst for adventure, that hungering after difficulties to grapple with and overcome, thoroughly deserted and left us tame and spiritless? Surely we cannot acknowledge such incapability, we the descendants of the Vikings, the heirs male of the fearless sea-rovers!

It is with sadness and in humiliation of spirit we write it, for we feel strongly on the subject, but our yachtsmen have come but very

lately indeed through the season of 1867; what a glorious opportunity has been thrown away; even a defeat, a thorough-paced decent thrashing; anything would have been better that betokened a spice of the old leaven yet existing amongst us, rather than the ignoble silence, the tacit admission that we were unfit to contend, or feared to be beaten. Where were all these bold and prominent spirits of our clubs whose names are meeting after meeting identified with everything metaphorically calculated to promote and improve yachting to the seventh heaven amongst us; are we to suppose after all has been said and done, that the post-prandial speeches we read with such approving gusto, are but merely the beatific inspirations of a spirit very foreign indeed to salt-water, and that the race of bold sailor yachtsmen we so loved to look at and to listen to, are become but shadows of a far bygone time.

That we are unable to meet the American yachtsmen is an idea we have ever, and will ever scout: but why this apathy amongst us; are we to think that amongst the thousand sail of canvas-backed clippers that our Royal Yacht Clubs display upon their lists, there is not one fit to contend against the minature flotilla, the few, but gallant barkies, whose names adorn that mystical house at Hoboken. Or must we fall back on the novel idea that out of the many gallant yachting gentlemen who yearly don the weather-beaten jacket and the shiny little hat, *that one* who is to recover the lost prestige of the British Burgee is yet to come; of a truth there seemeth something in this notion, and for those who in their bitterness of spirit writhe over the triumphant departure of the unchallenged star spangled burgee from our waters, there may be some comfort in the hope that the mantle of Yarborough may soon find a fitting wearer in the generation of youthful yachtsmen now springing up, for verily the sages of our time passeth understanding. Let us hope for better things and accept the situation as it at present suits; but we shall never cease in these pages agitating the question, until the day and the hour cometh, when we fondly hope, nay confidently believe, a British yachtsman will be forthcoming to re-assert the superiority of the old flag, and fearlessly and successfully to meet in friendly contest, the bravest and best clippers that ever flew azure buntin off the Hook.

Of the doings of the various clubs during the season, we have the average records, and shall summarise the events described. Fir

in order came the Prince Alfred Yacht Club, with their cross Channel match from Holyhead to Kingstown, a nice little sixty mile cruise for an early summer day; rather however a fresh idea to send a fleet of vessels away to sail a race home; why not make a match out and home? In this match the Enid, Amber Witch, Echo, Kilmenny, Aquiline, Luna and Torch distinguished themselves, arriving at Kingstown with a leading wind after some half dozen hours running, and in the order of their names; but when the test of time allowance came to be applied, the little Torch was declared the winner, not only of the first prize, but also of an extra one given for her class, the Amber Witch was adjudged second laurels in the shape of a binnacle and compass, and the Luna worthily won the third prize, consisting of the entrance fees of the ten starters.

We regret that this spirited match should have the drawback of a lamentable accident, but the Dione unfortunately lost one of her crew overboard, and her owner very properly at once hauled down his racing flag. At starting the Wave Crest unfortunately shoved her bowsprit across the Enid's boom, and the latter catching the topmast stay, relieved the poor Wave Crest of her spar, and her chance of a prize.

We do not at all endorse the melancholy croakings of some correspondents, who have written respecting the principle on which this excellent club sail their matches; namely having the crews of the vessels composed of members of the club; if we calculate upon the dangers of a pastime or pursuit alone, we may as well jump up to the neck in the mid's't of them at once; Jack is not a bit more exempt from the chances than his master; besides are there no dangers attending hunting, steeple-chasing, shooting, skating, and many other manly sports? where would our British pluck and enterprize be if we thought of nothing but danger: it is a fine school to make thorough practical sailors of amateur yachtsmen; and long may the Prince Alfred flourish say we.

Moreover, excellent croakers, no man can call himself a thorough sailor yachtsman, who is either unable or afraid to do anything afloat he would order another man to do.

The second leading event was that of the Royal London Yacht Club on Wednesday, May 29th, at which "assisted" the Vindex, Niobe and Phryne. The re-appearance of the old favorite the Phryne, and in such veteran hands too was somewhat productive of

a "sensation," which rather relieved the disappointment felt at so small an entry; the fourth vessel the *Sinbad* although anxiously looked for up to the last moment, came not to the buoys, for the very good reason that she could not get enough of water on the treacherous neaps which had deluded her crew to put her on the "hard" the day previously, in order that no grass should be left to grow between her and the handsome prize. There was a very pretty display of canvas handling during this match; the *Niobe* appears to have been the pioneer of a new order of nautical eccentricity, in the shape of "wind traps," for they don't deserve the name of sails, to which they bear about the same analogy that "chignons" do to the "real article" on the feminine head divine; and are as disgusting abominations. Notwithstanding the genuine and dangerous light weights that were pitted against her, and that the weather on the "Thames Ocean," was all in their favour, the *Phryne* maintained her ancient fame grandly; although there were not a few who stoutly asserted that 'twas the "man" not the "ship," for that he knew the short cuts, and the "soft" and the "hard" spots of the river so well, that 'twould take a naturalized "bargee" of fifty winters to puzzle him; however that may be the brave old *Phryne* made the silver gilt jug and its cups slide safely into her plate locker, whilst the hardy little *Vindex* added the claret jug to her stock of articles of *vertu*.

As usual the Royal Thames followed suit to the London, and on Thursday, May 30th, sailed their hundred sovereign first class cutter race, making the course from Rosherville to the Mouse light and back. Another small entry, the *Vanguard* (taking the place of the *Niobe*) the *Phryne* and *Vindex*: the canvas tactics this day were even more fantastic than on the previous; but indeed the weather was of that nature, that any effort to relieve the monotony of a drifting match was excusable; the *Vanguard* however put an end to these vagaries by the solemn operation of a protest, which occupied all hands in "sea law," until the Nore was reached, when to give an air of variety as there was scarcely an air of wind, the course was shortened by the club steamer letting go her mud-hook, the *Phryne* holding the lead; as if to make up for the slowness of the early part of the day, a nice breeze set in with the afternoon flood, and a very pretty struggle ensued to windward up river, during which the *Vanguard* and *Vindex* unfortunately had a small difference, terminating

in another protest, fatal unfortunately for the well sailed Vindex whose victory it otherwise would have been on time allowance; however after this unfortunate collision, the Vanguard went hand over hand up to the Phryne, and collaring her on real merits saucily went to the front, finishing at Rosherville at 7h. 18m. 50s., with Phryne at 7h. 20m. 30s., and Vindex at 7h. 21m. 30s., the latter clearly the winner; but these protests—oh, they are terrible annoyances when everything seems so rosy at the flag-ship, and accordingly this rosy hue of success was dimmed by the decision of the committee, which was simply that the match should be sailed over again in consequence of the Vanguard's arguments presenting sundry "Gordian Knots" that nothing save another days "river ripping" could unravel.

A private match over the same course and at the same time was sailed between the schooners Egeria and Albertine for 50 sovereigns aside, the Egeria disposing of the question at issue in a very satisfactory manner, by taking the lead and keeping it from start to finish.

On Saturday June 1st, the Prince Alfred Club held their "tournament" of the season in Dublin Bay, when the renowned Kilmeny held the lists against such formidable antagonists as the Amber Witch, Echo, Glance, Secret, and Luna, and succeeded in adding a tea service to her already numerous articles in the "house-keeping line," together with the helmsman's badge of renown in the shape of a golden ring with the club burgee in ruby enamel, probably the more prized trophy of the two.

Friday, the 7th of June, saw one of the "olden time's" fleet of clippers, with the most modern additions admitted as a favor, leave the time-honoured precincts where yachts do flourish in the Mersey, not far from that mysterious spot, where many a briny joke, and hard day's match has been, 'ere now concocted, yclept the Sloyna.—No less than twelve rare canvas-backs did the excellent Rear-Commodore Drinkwater despatch on that memorable morning, memorable amongst those who sailed the match as reminding them of merry days of the past, when never a week but the "Liver" burgee had two or three representatives always bound sea-ward to settle their difference; and it was as rare to see that flag alone, as it is, or used to be, to see a "Rantypike schooner" without her consort being within hail. A rare match it was too all the way to the dear old harbour of Douglas, a turn dead to windward for 75 miles, with as many rain

squalls, and as much wind and sea, as a stiff and vicious nor'-wester can make that road pleasant with when its temper is on the cross. With a broken gaff, the Fiona had to do battle under her trysail, hunted to the death by the Ariadne, Phasma, and Kilmeny, the schooner at the last saving her time in Douglas Bay and winning the prize, the Phasma narrowly escaping that honor by ten seconds.

On the self-same day, with the nor'-wester rather modified in consequence of its land passage, the disputed race for the Royal Thames hundred sovereign prize was brought to an issue over the "Great River." This time it was reduced to a match between the Phryne and Vanguard; this was a thorough good treat, and a wickedly sailed race, with not much to spare on either side, but that "not much" rather in favour of the "frail one" up to the first half of the course; when unfortunately a little hummock that some vile lug-worms had raised on the Maplin Sand, caught her heel, and before she could make a clear cutting to slide through, the Vanguard handled to a "marvel," launched past her as if she had struck a vein of sperm oil, and the flag at Rosherville was reached with six-and-a-half minutes to her credit, and Phryne defeated.

Co-incident with the cutters, the Egeria tried an issue with the Pantomime, but the latter proved a tougher antagonist than the Albertine, turning out the victor on time, being within her allowance (from Egeria of five minutes) by two minutes twenty seconds.

On Saturday the 8th of June the Royal Londons sailed their Ocean Match from the Thames to Harwich. How far it is legitimate to dignify a coasting cruise by the title of an "ocean race" is to our mind questionable, but as one of our able correspondents has been taken to task upon the subject by an equally able and valued contributor, we shall leave these gentlemen to decide the matter, satisfied that it cannot be handled by more experienced judges. The London Club's Ocean Race afforded three classes of vessels an opportunity of displaying their respective powers, which arrangement had the effect of securing a remarkably good entry, no less than two schooners, four yawls, and four cutters unfurling their battle banners to the breeze. The schooners and yawls being classed, rather considerable interest was evinced as to which rig would carry off the fifty sovereigns. The weather was not so favourable for a satisfactory trial as might wished, the wind being very unsteady, however the veteran Gloria schooner showed the two-stickers the way to win, the Julia an

Minstrel yawls being next in order, and of the cutters the Phryne after a wicked struggle with the Vanguard and Niobe, opened her treasure chest to the forty lovely portraits of the Queen,—God bless her.

On Whitsun Monday, June 10th, the Royal Thames held festival all the way from the Nore to Dover, their ocean match; with a prize of a hundred sovereigns to the first, and fifty sovereigns for the second vessel, for schooners only, and five brave barkies came to the start; when the Egeria proved her claim to the championship of the two-stickers by going away at once with the lead and keeping it to the end; the only vessel that at all made fight with her being the Pantomime. On the same holiday Monday, the working amateurs of the Prince Alfred Yacht Club, in a very handsome spirit presented the yacht owners whose vessels they had handled during the season with a very handsome prize; such an expression of feeling shows the "esprit" of this gallant little club, and if proof were wanting, speaks volumes for the thorough yachting spirit that has been created by its means amongst the rising generation of blue jackets on that station. Eight of the well-known ramblers of Dublin Bay did "*devoir*" for the much coveted prize; after a fierce battle, and many vicissitudes of wind and sea, resolute sailing and indomitable pluck and seamanship was rewarded in the person of Vice-Commodore Putland, a name that is a household word amongst Irish yachtsmen, and for that matter amongst English and Scottish too, and never was a brilliant and well won victory hailed with more genuine enthusiasm, than when the smart little Luna launched past the flag-ship, a clever winner, and a striking instance that fortune must smile when wooed with a stern determination.

The Prince of Wales's Club, which erstwhile was as certain to open the year on the Thames as the time ball to fall at one o'clock at Greenwich, did not put in appearance of racing burgees this year until Thursday, the 13th of June, when their second class match was cleverly won by that well known little clipper the Queen, with the Dione (12 tons) second.

On Saturday, the 15th of June, the Prince Alfred fleet were again busy about their noble Bay, a prize of twenty sovereigns brought six of the amateur handled barkies to the starting buoys, when the Torch, so famous at flag-ships, after a splendidly sailed race scored a victory on time allowance; the Luna and Wave Crest being her

leaders, and giving her all she knew to keep within the slippery minutes.

The Royal Western of Ireland brings us to the 20th of June, when the Queen's Cup was to have been sailed for, but did not eventuate in a match for reasons duly set forth in our report of that regatta; instead thereof a forty sovereign match was attempted, but put an end to by a calm; and on the following day, Friday, weather enough was found to put this prize handsomely into the locker of the *Dione*, (44 tons), defeating the *Secret*, *Avalanche*, *Heroine* and *Torpid*.

The 26th of June, and on a Wednesday, did the Harwicheneers summon the rovers of the coast to that ancient trysting place, which a briny legend declares once upon a time to have been disposed of in a remarkable manner, thus:—

“Deal, Dover, and Harwich,  
The devil gave to his daughter on marriage;  
And to make the dowry better still,  
Threw in Helvetiays and the Brill.”

Who the lucky bridegroom happened to be, deponent sayeth not, but we trust he was furnished with a spoon of the prescribed length.

The *Sphinx* sailed a game race against the *Phryne* and *Vindex*, carrying off the forty sovereign prize, and the *Vindex* the second of ten sovereigns, the *Water Witch* taking the first schooner prize, with the *Scandal* second; and in the small class cutter match the ever-green *Satanella* took the fifteen guineas, the *Dione*, (12 tons), accepting the alternative of five guineas second prize.

(To be continued.)

## SUMMARY OF THE SEASON OF 1867.

In the following tables we have endeavoured to give as complete an account as possible of the racing of last season, which will enable the reader to ascertain at a glance the names of yachts receiving prizes, the owners, amounts won, and the starters in each match.

Owners noticing any inaccuracy in the description of the doings of their yachts, will confer a favour by sending particulars that we may include them in the “*Table of Amounts won*” which will be published in the January number, 1868.

[Vessels in *Italics* came in first, but did not receive chief prizes.]



Regattas and Matches	Date	Winning Yachts	Rig	Ton	Owners	Vah. £	Starting Yachts
PRINCE ALFRED..... HOLYHEAD TO KINGSTOWN.....	May 25	Torch .....	cut	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.		Enid, 1 Amber Witch 2, Echo 3, Kilmeny 4, Aquiline 5, Luna 6, Torch 7, by time
DUBLIN BAY.....	June 1	Amber Witch .. Luna .....	yl cut	37 25	J. McCurdy, Esq. C. Putland, Esq.		
		Kilmeny .....	cut	26	D. W. Finlay, Esq.	30	Amber Witch, Echo, Glance, Secret, Luna, Wave Crest
	10 15	Luna .....	cut	25	C. Putland, Esq.	21	Kilmeny, Wave Crest, Siren, Torch, Myrrha
		Torch .....	cut	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	20	Luna 1, Wave Crest 2, Torch 3, by time, Kittiwake, Venture
	July 13	Myrrha ..	sch	5	A. Falkner, Esq.	7	Torment
		Dione .....	cut	45	Fascoe S. French, Esq.	35	Enid, Kilmeny, Amber Witch, Torpid
		Ripple.....	cut	12	G. Brett, Esq.	15	Luna 1, Wave Crest 2, Ripple 3, Torch, Siren, Alexandra
ROYAL LONDON .....	May 29	Phryne .....	cut	55	T. Groves, Esq.	70	Vindex, Niobe
		Vindex .....	cut	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	20	Second prize
To HARWICH .....	June 8	Gloriana.....	sch	185	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	70	Julia, Minstrel, Anita, Load Star, Avoset disabled
		Phryne .....	cut	55	T. Groves, Esq.	40	Vanguard, Niobe, Thought
ROYAL THAMES .....	May 30	Egeria.....	sch	161	J. Mulholland, Esq.	50	Albertine.—This was a private match
	June 7	Vanguard .....	cut	60	Capt. Hughes.....	100	Phryne.—This match was originally sailed May 30th, when Phryne came in first, but was protested by Vanguard.
To DOVER .....	10	Pantomime .....	sch	132	Col. Markham.....	50	Egeria.—This was a private match
		Egeria.....	sch	161	J. Mulholland, Esq.	100	Pantomime, Gloriana, Albertine, Intrepid
	29	Pantomime .....	sch	132	Col. Markham .....	50	Second prize
		Vampire.....	cut	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	30	Satanella
		Buccaneer .....	cut	12	Capt. H. E. Bayly ..	20	Octoroon
To HAVRE .....	July 4	Alarm .....	sch	246	G. Druppa, Esq.	100	Julia, Condor, Marina, Columbine, Zoraida, Minstrel
		Julia .....	yl	122	G. F. Moss, Esq.	50	Second prize

Regattas and Matches	Date	Winning Yachts	Rig	Ton	Owners	Value £	Starting Yachts
ROYAL WESTERN ... (IRELAND.)	June 21	Dione .....	cut	44	Pascoe S. French, Esq.	40	Secret, Avalanche, Heroine
	22	Esk .....	cut	10	J. Beatty, Esq. ....	20	<i>Calypso</i> , Esk, Erin—won by protest
	July 20	Fiona .....	cut	78	E. Boucher, Esq. ....	100	Albertine, Dione gave up
ROYAL HARWICH.....	June 26	Sphinx .....	cut	47	J. S. Earle, Esq. ....	40	Vindex, Phryne
		Vindex .....	cut	45	A. Duncan, Esq. ....	10	Second prize
		Water Witch.....	sch	21	H. Allenby, Esq. ....	25	Scandal, Ariel
		Scandal .....	sch	12	E. Fitzgerald, Esq. ...	10	Second prize
		Satanella .....	cut	15	Capt. P. Bennett .....	315	Dione, Bessie
		Dione .....	cut	12	T. Field, Esq. ....	35	Second prize
ROYAL MERSEY.....	June 28	Amber Witch.....	yl	38	J. McCurdy, Esq. ....	50	Glance, Secret
		Torch .....	cut	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	30	Kittiwake, Alexandra, Saraband, Frolic, Mag net
		Alexandra .....	cut	15	A. Bald, Esq. ....	10	Consolation Stake
CHANNEL MATCH ...	June 7	Fiona .....	cut	78	E. Boucher, Esq. ....	cup	Ariadne, Phasma, Kilmeny and eight others
ROYAL NORTHERN... July 5	July 5	Oimara .....	cut	165	C. Tennent, Esq. ....	120	Fiona, Phosphorus, Menai
		Denburn .....	cut	31	S. King, Esq. ....	30	Glance, Kilmeny, Luna
		Torch .....	cut	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	20	Venture, Ellen, Carina disabled
		Gipsy King .....	cut	4	T. Bain, Esq. ....	10	Excelsior
		6 Albertine .....	sch	156	Lord Lonsborough...	60	Egeria, Aglaia, Fiery Cross, Petals
		Egeria .....	sch	152	J. Mulholland, Esq. ...	20	Second prize
		Fiona .....	cut	78	E. Boucher, Esq. ....	80	Phosphorus, Menai
		Phosphorus .....	cut	50	J. Addie, Esq. ....	20	Second prize
		Kilmeny .....	cut	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq. ...	30	Glance, Denburn, Secret, Luna
		Torch .....	cut	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	20	Carina, Glide, Ripple, Venture, Ripple (2)
ROYAL CORK .....	July 18	Fiona .....	cut	78	E. Boucher, Esq. ....	75	Leah, Dione
		Leah .....	yl	97	J. W. Cannon, Esq. ...	25	Second prize
		19 Calypso .....	cut	20	E. T. Harvey, Esq. ...	15	Erin, Laura, Esk

Regattas and Matches	Date	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Ton	Owners	Value. £	Starting Yachts
<b>ROYAL IRISH.....</b>							
	July 10	Luna .....	cut	25	C. Putland, Esq. ....	20	Ripple, Siren, Wave Crest, Saraband, Torch Alexandra
	12	Glance .....	cut	35	A. Wood, Esq. ....	35	Kilmeny, Secret, Torpid retired
		Fiona .....	cut	78	E. Boucher, Esq. ....	100	Dione, Egeria
		Ripple .....	cut	12	G. Brett, Esq. ....	25	Venture, Alexandra, Luna, Wave Crest, Torch, Saraband, Siren
		Myrrha .....	cut	8	A. Falkner, Esq. ....	7	Torment, Climene
<b>ROYAL YORKSHIRE</b>							
	July 17	Vindex .....	cut	45	A. Duncan, Esq. ....	gs60	Arosset, Ellida
		Arosset .....	yl	89	Sir H. H. Bacon, Bart. ....	gs20	Second prize
	18	Ellida .....	cut	30	G. N. Duck, Esq. ....	gs25	Ivy, Nettie
		Ivy .....	cut	18	Capt. Cator, R.M. ....	gs 5	Second prize
<b>ROYAL EASTERN .....</b>							
	June 29	Kilmeny .....	cut	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq. ...	50	Ellida, Crusader gave up
		Carina .....	cut	15	E. R. Ball Esq. ....	30	Ivy, Amlia and Water Witch gave up
<b>ROYAL SOUTHERN ..</b>							
	July 27	Vanguard .....	cut	60	Capt. Hughes .....	100	Fiona, Volante
		Phantom .....	cut	27	F. Rosoman, Esq. ....	40	Nicob, Sphinx
		Nicob .....	cut	40	W. Gordon, Esq. ....	10	Second prize
		Folly .....	cut	25	W. L. Parry, Esq. ....	25	Quiver
<b>ROYAL SQUADRON ..</b>							
	Aug. 6	Aline .....	sch	216	C. Thellusson, Esq. ....	g100	Egeria, Gelert, Pantomime, Intrepid
	7	Vanguard .....	cut	60	Capt. Hughes .....	70	Fiona, Hirondele, Menai, Dione, Volante, Vin- dex, Phryne, Splinx (Handicap)
		Dione .....	cut	44	Pascoe S. French, Esq. ....	20	Second prize by time
		Hirondele ..	cut	68	Lord H. Lennox .....	10	Third prize
	8	Pantomime ..	sch	140	Col Markham .....	g100	Egeria, Gelert, Cambria
	9	Fiona .....	cut	78	E. Boucher, Esq. ....	50	Vanguard, Dione, Hirondele, Splinx, Vindex, Phryne
		Vanguard ..	cut	60	Capt. Hughes .....	30	Second prize
		Dione .....	cut	44	Pascoe S. French, Esq. ....	15	Third prize
	12	Egeria .....	sch	152	J. Mulholland, Esq. ....	g100	Lufra l, Pantomime 3, Volante 4, Hirondele
		Lufra .....	yl	193	Earl of Stafford .....	100	Tradesmen's cup

[disabled]

ROYAL WELSH .....	Aug.	Glance .....	cut	35 A. Wood, Esq. ....	gs50	Kilmeny disabled—Saraband ashore
ROYAL ALBERT .....	Aug. 6	Quiver .....	cut	12 Capt. Chamberlayne...	21	Queen, Folly
		Gipsy .....	cut	15 T. Fuller, Esq. ....	20	Dewdrop, Dora, Stormfinch
	7	Fiona .....	cut	78 E. Boucher, Esq. ....	100	Omar, Sphinx, Volante gave up
		Phantom .....	cut	25 F. Rosoman, Esq. ....	30	Thought, Vampire
	10	Gipsy .....	cut	15 T. Fuller, Esq. ....	25	Dewdrop, Algerine on shore
ROYAL VICTORIA ...	Aug. 13	Gloriana .....	sch	133 A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	75	Aline, Witchcraft, Load Star, Zouave
		Fiona .....	sch	78 E. Boucher, Esq. ....	75	Omar, Condor 2, Menai 4, Sphinx 5
	14	Aline .....	sch	216 C. Thellusson, Esq. ...	125	Pantomime, Egeria, Witchcraft, Prima Donna
		Fiona .....	cut	78 E. Boucher, Esq. ....	65	Volante 1, Condor, Menai, Marina
	16	Egeria .....	sch	152 J. Mulholland, Esq. ...	100	Selene, Pantomime, Menai, Marina, Witch-
		Volante .....	cut	59 H. C. Mandslay, Esq. ...	100	craft and Condor disabled
ROYAL WESTERN ...	Aug. 20	Omar .....	cut	165 C. J. Tennant, Esq. ...	50	Aline, Egeria, Witchcraft, Zouave
(ENGLAND.)		Sphinx .....	cut	47 J. S. Earle, Esq. ....	15	Sphinx, Vanguard
		Vespa .....	cut	8 W. Clarke, Esq. ....	15	Second prize
	21	Omar .....	cut	165 C. J. Tennant, Esq. ...	g100	Mystery, Glance, Armada, gave up
		Phantom .....	cut	25 F. Rosoman, Esq. ....	25	Vanguard, Lufra, Sphinx
		Folly .....	cut	12 W. L. Parry, Esq. ....	10	Ringdove
		Vespa .....	cut	8 W. Clarke, Esq. ....	10	Stella, Ida
		Brunette .....	cut	8 S. E. Windham, Esq. ....	10	Brunette, Glance, Armada disabled
ROYAL HALIFAX ....	Aug. 1	Wave .....	cut	D. H. Potts, Esq. ....	5	Second prize
		Queen .....	cut	15 Capt. Whitbread .....	gs20	Given by H.R.H. Prince of Wales
PRINCE OF WALES...	June 13	Ærolite .....	cut	Dowdell and Cooper .....	gs10	Dione
To Ramsgate .....	July 6	Vampire .....	cut	20 J. Cuthbert, Esq. ....		Dagmar
		Satanella .....	cut	1b Capt. P. Bennett .....		Silver Tankard, Satanella 2, Ærolite, Dagmar, Gipsy
			cut			Silver cup—Second prize

Regattas and Matches	Date	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Ton	Owners	Value.	Starting Yachts
<b>RANELAGH</b> .....	May 28	Ærolite .....	cut	10	Dowdell and Cooper..	10	Novice, Dagmar
		Novice .....	cut	6	J. Gardner, Esq. ....	5	Second prize
<b>NORFOLK-SUFFOLK</b>	June 29	Red Rover .....	cut	14	S. Nightingale, Esq....	15	Ariel, Waveney Queen, Water Lily
	July 4	Fleetwing .....	cut	9	J. R. Aker, Esq. ....	7	Spray, Fleur-de-l'ys, Vampire, Oberon
		Spray .....	cut	7	F. G. Foster, Esq. ....	3	Second prize
	Aug. 1	Fleur-de-Lys .....	cut	6	G. Gamby, Esq. ....	10	Fleetwing, Spray, Vixen
<b>SOUTHAMPTON</b> .....	July 8	Phantom .....	cut	25	F. Rosoman, Esq. ....	100	Ch. Cup.—Thought
(AMATEUR)		Folly ..	cut	12	W. L. Parry, Esq. ....	15	Quiver
		Quiver .....	cut	12	Capt. Chamberlayne...	5	Second prize
<b>WEST QUAY</b> .....	10	Quiver .....	cut	12	Capt. Chamberlayne...	20	Folly
<b>GREAT GRIMSBY</b> .....	July 18	Vindex .....	cut	45	A. Duncan, Esq. ....	60	Surf, Ellida
		Ma bella ..	cut	28	E. Davis, Esq. ....	30	Sapphire, Ivy, Active
<b>CLYDE</b> .....	July 27	Kilmeny .....	cut	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq. ....	30	Denburn
		Rival... ..	cut	15	R. Tennant, Esq. ....		Glide, Swallow, Carina, Torch, Water Witch
		Ripple .....	cut	9	J. M. Forrester, Esq....	15	Silvia, Hermit
		Gipsy King .....	cut	4	T. Bain, Esq. ....	7	Brunette, Seabird
<b>STONEHOUSE</b> .....	July 28	Buccaneer .....	cut	12	Capt. H. E. Bayly.....	15	Ida, Stella
		Vespa .....	cut		W. Clark, Esq. ....	10	Glance Mystery, Dream, Nelly
<b>GREAT YARMOUTH</b>	July 30	Satanella .....	cut	15	Capt. P. Bennett.....	25	Eva
		Eva .....	cut	20	Bulmer & Low, Esq....	5	Second prize
		Enchantress .....	cut	10	H. Barber, Esq. ....	12	Vixen, Belvidere disabled
		Ariel .....	sch	12	T. M. Read, Esq. ....	10	Scandal
		Scandal .....	sch	15	E. Fitzgerald, Esq. ....	5	Second prize
<b>BRAY</b> .....	Aug. 9	Amber Witch ...	yl	37	J. McCurdy, Esq. ....	35	Aquiline
		Kilmeny .....	cut	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq. ...	30	Luna, Wave Crest, Sappho
		Luna ..	cut	20	C. Putland, Esq. ....	20	Second prize

Regattas and Matches	Date	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Ton	Owners	Valu. £	Starting Yachts
BABBICOMBE BAY ..	Aug. 15	Flying Fish .....	cut	12	W. Harvey, Esq. ....	7	10 Minnie £2 10s.
		Phantom .....	cut		Streatford, Esq. ....	4	Gannet £2
DAWLISH .....	Aug. 19	Buccaneer .....	cut	12	Capt. H. E. Bayly .....	10	Flying Fish disabled
		Pixie .....	cut	8	E. Le Breton, Esq. ....	10	Ida, Edith, Swallow
ULSTER .....	Aug. 19	Ripple .....	cut	12	G. Brett, Esq. ....	15	Glde, Alexandra, Saraband, Venture
		Lady Alice .....	cut	8	N. Boyd, Esq. ....	10	Followed by 3 other yachts
		Pearl .....	cut	W.	Scott, Esq. ....	5	Followed by 4 yachts
TORBAY .....	Aug. 23	Vanguard .....	cut	60	Capt. Hughes .....	40	Phantom
		Quiver .....	cut	12	Capt. Chamberlayne ..	14	Folly, Flying Fish, Buccaneer retired
		Kolly .....	cut	12	W. L. Parry, Esq. ....	7	Second prize
		Pixie .....	cut	9	E. Le Breton, Esq. ....	8	Tern, Swallow
		Tern .....	cut	7	Strickland, Esq. ....	4	Second prize
CLYDE.....	Aug. 24	Aglai .....	sch	44	F. Powell, Esq. ....	20	Kilmeny, Coolin, Ripple, Swallow, Silvia, Gipsy King
CORINTHIAN .....		Kilmeny .....	cut	30	D. W. Finlay, Esq. ...	5	Second prize, by time
DARTMOUTH .....	Aug. 28	Ringdove .....	cut	23	T. Seymour, Esq. ....	25	Gondola, Wild Duck, Una, Alicina
		Gondola .....	cut	29	Lieut. Studdy .....	10	Second prize
		Wild Duck .....	cut	20	H. Studdy, Esq. ....	5	Third prize
		Buccaneer .....	cut	12	Capt. H. E. Bayly .....	15	Quiver, Armada, Flying Fish
		Quiver .....	cut	12	Capt. Chamberlayne ..	5	Second prize

## ROUEN.

" E Rou esgarda la vile e lunge et leé,  
 Et dehorz et dedenz là sovent esgardée ;  
 Bone li semble et bele, mult li plest e agréée."

(ROMAN DE ROU.)

AT Rue St. Nazaire were a host of returning excursionists. One youngster, with flushed face, and nervous excitement, soliloquizing: "He had had enough of it. Oh yes! He came across the night before last, and had had nothing but coffee and bread and butter ever since. Ten francs for a bed! Five for a dinner he could not touch, stewed frogs for all he knew!" "Been to the Exhibition?" "Not he! had seen nothing! Was precious glad to be off! When he once got home, catch him—(this in a bitter, and suggestively bitten tone)—going to France again! Ha! ha!! Not he!!!"—with a sardonic grin—"He knew what it was; and had had enough of it!" A sandy Scot from Fifeshire, on the other hand, in broad northern brogue, spoke rapturously of what he had seen. He had busied Paris all over under Cooke's tutelage, had seen Tuileries, Louvre, Panthéon, Jardin des Plantes, Luxembourg, Gobelins, Nôtre Dame—everything! "I canna tell ye what I ha' na' seen," quoth he delighted. How did he like the Hôtel? "Aw uts rough an reedy, jest like our hielan' bothy life ye ken! Plenty to eat and help yersel!" These were his first travels, and his shrewd Scotch intellect noted, and grasped all he saw. He had some 700 miles still to go, and to be at home by the second morning following: yet spite of his having had to pinch himself somewhat for the journey, he didn't begrudge a bawbee! "It enlightened a man, opened up his mind, and dispelled his prejudices," he said. The official at length opens the railway pen; and the herd with their portmanteaux, scrudge through the wicket, and scramble into the respective carriages. A shriek of the whistle, and a jolt or two, and off we go: bidding adieu to the triumphal arch, and the Exhibition we see far beyond it, on our left; rattle over a bridge and through Asnières; note pheasants feeding fearlessly in the green glades of the Forêt St. Germain; and admire the *coquelicots*, and other pretty red, and blue, wild flowers by the rail side. The fir trees, and the grapes clustering round the short stakes in the vineyards behind them, give way to trees red, as the mountain ash, with huge cherries; and these in turn, to orchards, bending with the weight of apples of every hue. Away on our right the mottled slopes of the Vexin smile with party-coloured crops. Here and there, in the windings of the gently swimming river, lonely fishermen ply their trade with net, or line; and

hauled up on the slimy, hedge grown banks ; or snugly moored in some quiet nook, under the poplars and willows, we see unused punts ;—fish the while leaping, and splashing delightedly, in the eddies among the poplar ridged aits, as we puff by. About mid-way to Rouen, far up a bend in the river on our right, crumble the ruins of *Cœur de Lion's* "*filie d'un an*," *Château-Gaillard*. Then we skirt gradually increasing hills, and high cliffs on our left ; with cultivated vales and gorges between them ; and fruit trees, and shrubs, struggling away up towering heights, to the fields and forests behind. Now a chateau or propriété starts into view, haymakers mowing the lawns. Then the cheery sound of scythe whetting ; or the merry laugh of children and their "*bonnes*," playing in the orchards overlooking the large square, lily-covered fish ponds adjoining, falls pleasingly on our ear. The merry young Frenchmen, who, between their naps, have hummed all the new airs they have heard in Paris, not forgetting "*Le chapeau de Margue-ri-i-é-i-ta* ;" and who have skylarked, tickled each other's noses, and roused each other up, a thousand times, with their canes,—get out for Elbeuf : whilst we, after crossing the river, and rumbling through the Cote Ste Cathérine tunnel ; exclaim : "At last !" And add,

"Once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen."

(HEN. VI.—PART I, SCENE II.)

We are tired to death with our ten hours a day at the great Paris show, and can thus spare you, an infliction concerning *Gang Roll*.

When you visit the Hôtel-de-Ville gardens to hear the band however, and take a chair by his statue over among the trees. Where he stands with outstretched finger pointing sternly to the ground, conquered by the good sword he grasps on his hip. His long moustaches, shorn face, tight steel cap, and shirt of linked mail, telling his Scandinavian origin. Think how old Rogvald the Norseman's son was exiled for "*strand-hug*," (sheepstealing ?) how he came swooping south with other exiles and chieftains hostile to Harold Harfagher's yoke. How 970 years ago they swept up the Seine in their tall two sailed barks, sacked and burned the rich abbey of Jumièges ; and making Rouen their head quarters, carried fire and sword abroad among the effete descendants of the Romans, and degenerate sons of the Franks : till after sixteen years of war and rapine, all Neustria was settled on Rollo by the Simple Charles ; and Rou founded the dynasty still filling our English throne. For is it not written in the book ycleped "*Thierry's Norman Conquest*" ? Which if you have *not* read gentle reader, we assuredly recommend you to, forthwith.

Rotomagus however, was very different then, from what Rou-en is



now. The Seine at that time probably flowed over the Champ de Mars, close to the Cathedral, and up the valley of Maromme on one side, on which side too, it received the clear waters of the Robec and Aubette: whilst on the other, the river probably spread over, or meandered through the fens and marshes of Sotteville, the reedy haunts of the heron, the bittern, and of wild fowl in abundance.

From the crumbling battlements of the city too at that time, could at night be heard, the howling of wolves and other beasts, chasing their prey through the dense forests that clothed the surrounding hills. We are not going to describe Rouen Cathedral. You have seen Rollo's tomb there, and those of his descendants; that of the Duke of Bedford, who burned Joan of Arc; and the marvellously carved tomb of the Cardinals d' Amboise, whose red hats still dangle from the lofty ceiling in the nave. You have admired the "Butter" Tower, built with money raised from indulgencies granted to eat that comestible in Lent, and the Tour St. Romain; and have *not* admired the tall iron scaffolding, that towers from the centre of the church, like a factory chimney 490 feet aloft.—You preferred the original spire, shewn in the ancient drawings, and paintings, in the library, and museum, at the Hôtel-de-Ville. You have doubtless taken your stand in the cathedral square, looked up at the fine portals, the grand windows, and the elaborate lace-work, and fretted carvings, with which the entire Fane is covered; and then turned round, and looked at the quaint old *alto relievos* on the house fronts opposite. You were enraptured with the unique elegance of St. Ouen, still larger than the cathedral, with its beautiful western spires, æry central crown, splendid eastern chapel, and glorious rose windows; one of which latter, constructed by Berneval, the architect, prompted the murder of his apprentice, who excelled him in designing the other; you saw Berneval's outline on the wall; and admired the tall fascies of slender columns, the gothic arches, and the stained glass, reflected in the black holy water font on the right as you enter. You crept along the triforia perhaps and wound up narrow stairs to the roof; where you found carvings all about you; trees in the gardens, and red specks moving to and fro in the fish pond beneath you; house tops and church spires under you, and hills and lovely scenery on all sides around you!

You have seen St. Maclou, with its rich gothic ornamentation, triangular filagree work, wonderfully carved wooden doors, and stained windows; and the restored Tour St André, all now left of the church of that name once standing where the new Rue de l'Impératrice now is. You admired the old tower of St. Laurent, at present a store house, stable, or dwelling; as dozens of the old churches, abbeys, and ecclesiastical

tical buildings at Rouen now are : with a paper patched lattice here, a wisp of straw there ; and coloured raiment fluttering in rags, out of what were once rich stained windows, toned by fumes of Eastern incense ; and vibrating to the sound of solemnly swelling harmony !

You have lounged in the Solferino Gardens close by ; and admired the taste displayed in their arrangement ; the trim turf sloping down to the crescent shaped piece of water, with its tall reeds, and floating lilies ; the aloe and shrub covered rock work rising abruptly opposite, concealing the band, and the shady walks behind.

What ease of manner this out of door life gives the French ! How free they are from *mauvaise honte*, or affectation ! How naturally, and politely, they greet each other when they meet ! And how all classes mingle together, animated by one feeling, when music or other amusements invite them. The soldiery with their short Roman swords flapping against their red knickerbockers, whiff their cigarettes, and stroll about arm and arm, men and officers occasionally together ; the private touching his hat to the corporal, notwithstanding. Little children chase each other in and out among the crowd, not boisterously, but merrily. Grisettes in tiny caps, with those pretty corsets that so grace the figure, and plain, well fitting stuff dresses, amble to and fro, with that oscillating gait, not peculiar to the Rouennaises only, but to ladies of all cities with old pavements, and where high-heeled shoes are worn. Ladies lounging on the wire chairs, promenaders, music, everything respires an atmosphere of refinement. Did you visit the old church of St. Eloi, where the service is performed by a smart little clergyman with piccadilly sweepers ; and contrast the business like, puritanical character of Calvinism there, with the solemnity of high mass celebrated at the Cathedral : where a red robed Cardinal, and gorgeously dressed priests and assistants, swept along the aisles midst clouds of incense rising from the clanking censers ; and where the organ rolled forth volumes of sound, that echoed among pillars, and swelled to the lofty arches of the roof ? When they bore round the bread baskets of sponge cake looking "Eulogies" too, did you think of their being refused to poor "Merowig" at Tours : and remember that about 1,300 years ago, here, at the corner of Rues de l'Impératrice, and des Bons-Enfants, Prætextatus, Archbishop of Rouen, officiating "*iti Brunichildis reginæ conjungitur, eamque sibi in matrimonio sociavit ?*"

We merely mention that what is old of St. Gervais, is all that's left of the Abbey founded there by William the Conqueror. Hither was he brought, after the bruise in "*his fat belly*" he got up the river, at the burning of Mantes. Here he died. His attendants, his relatives, his

very children, then fled, scattering themselves on all sides, either to seize other folks' goods, or to secure their own. The servants stole the very sheets from under the corpse of him, whom a few moments before they could scarcely contemplate without awe: and the body lay naked and forlorn on the floor, till one Herluin, at his own cost, conveyed it to Caen. There, Asselin Fits Arthur refused it burial, till paid for the land William had wrested from him, to found St. Stephens; where the dust of the oppressor, now mingles promiscuously with that of the oppressed. You perhaps remember the fine painting of the latter subject, in the gallery of the Luxemburg. You have seen the Peter the Great like statue of "*The Emperor*" in front of the Hôtel-de-Ville; and the picture gallery and library in the latter: and were agreeably surprised, when the custodian unlocking the metal clasps of the huge vellum folio, dated 1642, disclosed to you the beauties of the Psalter. The music and words of each hymn in this being not merely illuminated with quaint letters and daubs of gaudy colour; but being adorned with the highest finished, and most elaborate pictures.

Who has not visited the Museum, and after wandering among the Roman Antiquities in the court, and gazing at the Normans' mouldering chain armour dangling rustily from the walls, and at the richly jewelled cauchoise caps, now fast disappearing; and had thrust into his hand by the toothless octogenarian who has done the same thing to the English any time these thirty years,—the tiny glass box containing some shrivelled, rose leaf looking remains, labelled "*Cœur de Richard, Cœur de Lion—Duc de Normandie, et Roi d' Angleterre, &c., &c.*" Thinking of what Richard *is*, not of what he was; or not thinking at all, can alone give that grey haired old man, and us, the heart, to handle Cœur de Lion's thus!

You have seen in the Ursuline Convent gardens the Tour du Donjon, where Joan of Arc was imprisoned, and you have stood by the fountain in the Place de la Pucelle where in 1431 she was burnt. The Duke of Bedford, however, could not have gloated on this Heroine's agonies, from the window the *ciceroni* point out in the Hotel du Bourgtheroulde opposite, which has the story of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, &c., carved all over the front of it,—simply because this palace was not begun, till over fifty years afterwards. You have wandered along the Rue de la Grosse Horloge, noticed the mediæval houses, and perhaps heard the Conqueror's *couvre-feu* sound from the queer old clock, as it has any night these 420 years; and you have scanned the fine sculpture under the arch there; and indeed against the walls, gates, and fountains, in many a gabled street, and back lane, of this fast

modernising, quaint old mediæval city—if you have *not* done so, be in time!

You have seen Roger Anglo's Palais de Justice, and like ourselves perhaps, little thought this structure dated from the 15th century. You entered the large court yard, gazed round at the steep pinnacle-windowed roof, &c., &c. You mounted one of the tall flights of steps, passed through the Westminster-like hall,—the next in size to ours in Europe we believe, and reminding one, with its old oak ribs and keels, of Rollo's, ship turned topsy turvy;—and stole into the Cour d' Assises.

Advancing to the rail, keeping off the public from the body of the magnificent, gorgeously ceilinged hall, you saw three wigless judges in red cloaks, sitting behind the bench at the end facing you; a medallion of *Napoléon I.* on the wall on their right; an "*Ascension*," probably, behind them; and a medallion of *Napoléon III.* on their left.

Their black square, lancer-shaped caps each with several gold bands, and that of the red cloaked Avocat-General, sitting in a desk at their right too, being all laid on the desks in front of them. The prisoner, guarded by gendarmes sat in a pew on the Avocat-General's right, and the counsel in the pew in front of her: whilst in pews over opposite, sat the twelve jurymen. The usher, seated in a chair on the left of these latter, calls for the mayor of — as a witness. A little old man in a long yellow thick coat amidst titters of, "*Mons le Maire*," from the spectators, takes his seat in an old fashioned chair nearly twenty paces in front of the bench, in the centre of the hall. "*Levez la main; Mons, le Maire*," says the judge, who when the mayor has thus taken the oath, cross questions, and dismisses him, and so on with the other witnesses. The prisoner, accused of child murder, stands in the dock, snivelling; and making swine-like noises in her handkerchief. "Take it away!" thunders the judge, "Stop that horrid noise, and answer me in a proper manner, you are only injuring your cause by that nonsense. You should have thought of all this before!" "*He! he! oui, Monsieur!*" snivels she, as the judge interrogates her from a *précis* he has before him, laying down in the most logical manner, everything the poor wretch thought, and did, on the night in question. The Avocat-General then rises, and lashes her right and left: then her counsel, a dark, thin young shaveling, with plain black cap, and stuff dress, addressed the jury, and eventually, this very ugly looking widow was acquitted.

You saw the corn sacks in the large Hall au Blé; and the cottons and stuffs in the musty chambers of the old Ducal Palace: in whose courtyard you have perhaps on a market day, wistfully trodden amidst the legumes, butter, eggs, melons, fruits, Neuchâtel cheeses, cutlery, knick-

nacks, and crockery. Where you have seen queer, hare looking Norman rabbits, squatted snugly in little baskets just fitting them; or panting and huddled in large wicker crates; whilst ducks, fowls, and pigeons, tied together by the legs in dozens, with outstretched wings lay helpless and miserable all round you. And as the market baskets bobbed, and crinolines thumped against you, and old Norman capped market women gazed up at you from where they squatted, you perhaps thought of some old Flemish painting! If you are fond of this kind of thing, you should get up early and visit the several markets. Such pumpkins, carrots, salsify, artichokes, radishes, cabbages, lettuce, beans of all sorts, cauliflowers, leeks, tomatoes, melons, apples, pears, peaches, and plums of every conceivable kind! Such queer shaped, chip fish baskets, packed in with straw, and huge sickly looking congers and other fish sprawling out of them! Lobsters too rattling their claws on the marble slabs, near their appetising neighbours, the smelt, prawns, and red mullet!

A man in a smock frock mounts a table, and on the tip of his finger holds aloft for inspection a tiny turbot, handed to him from one of the baskets hidden by the surrounding crowd. A queer old fellow in a tall black hat, black suit, and spectacles, and seated at a kind of desk, points to the fish with a long willow wand he holds in his right hand, and gabbles over like lightning the *centime* bids; *trente! trente cinq! quarante! quarante cinq!* &c., &c., rattles he and then knocks it down at *14 francs!* A woman seated on his left noting in her book, "*Turbot F14*";—and so on, with each and every individual fish. And why might not *Leicester Square* be turned into a market in imitation of these, or the splendid *Halles* of Paris? say we.

We will suppose you have been for a drive to Maromme by the omnibus; that you have seen the house where Pelissier was born; and have noticed the huge clapper of George d' Amboise, (cast into cannon in 1793), resting against one of the cottage fronts on the road; and that you have enjoyed the pretty country you passed through. We will now dismount together, and stroll along the quays for a change. Is not that a good idea, of sticking the boards with the names of the vessels built there, all over the front of the slip; it has quite a *regimental-colours* effect! See what a number of shipping line the wharves. The Norsemen often think of Rollo here we'll be bound. What piles of timber, coals, bricks, tiles, drain pipes and stone there are! What bales of cotton, cloth, and stuffs! What casks of oil, wine, cyder, and beer! What heaps of log-wood, and carboys of acids! What a variety of merchandise is discharged here, and at the Stores across

the river; and what a bustle there is along the quays! Strange, long, crate looking, wagons; and others having long launching ways projecting beyond the horses' heads in front, and all but trailing on the ground behind, with purchases to heave up the casks or stones between them—rumble along, drawn by splendid Norman cattle, with broad lyre-shaped wooden collars, blue or red sheep skin housings, and their strings of bells jingling as they go. How the teams of five or six in a line, or others strangely yoked in a double row, tug their neat rope harness, a leathern thong dangling from the nose of each horse, and the driver smacking his long whip in a succession of irritating detonations! Omnibuses come rattling and jingling by; and *citadines* hurry to and fro! Noah's-ark looking ferry boats are splashing across with their long square loomed sweeps, and Hull, Cardiff, London, and other trading vessels, are either blowing off their steam, or else preparing for a start. One of the dredge-like *remorqueurs* is winding herself along the chain that stretches a couple of hundred miles up the river bed, all the way from Caudebec to Montereau; and towing behind her at a centime per ton per kilometre, a string of huge Dutch built lighters with cargoes of four or five hundred tons a piece! That is the *Eothen*. Isn't she a beauty? and that is Mons. Deliquaire, of No. 19 Quai de la Bourse, honorary agent for some of our Yacht Clubs we believe, who speak English like a native, and is ready at all times to afford his assistance to yachting men; which latter as the *Argonaut*, *Gabrielle*, *Nellie*, *Wolverine*, *Kelpie*, *Christina*, *Oriole*, *Hablany*, *Si-Seep*, and others, have been up the Seine this year, and seen its beauties, will we suppose soon begin to make this one of their summer trips. The Ohio-looking steamer is the *La Bouille* boat, and a very nice trip you can take down the river in her, and be back at Rouen in time for dinner: the other little thing is the *Furet* in which we shall by and by run down to Havre. We'll hurry past the Morgue, cranes, tetes de pont, Douanes, sentry boxes, Custom-house, fruit stalls, fishing gear and bait stands, and the ball and toggle lignes Torrès life buoys hung at intervals all along the Quai, and sit and rest awhile in the Place de la Bourse. How nobly the French recognize talent, and what an incentive their doing so must be to others, to emulate the fellow citizens all are so proud of! The great Corneille's statue is in the little space made for it, at the end of *Isle Lacroix* at the centre of the stone bridge. That of the composer of "*La Dame Blanche, vous regard-e, en face*." How pretty it is to see the little children playing about here, while their mothers, or *bonnes*, are plying their needles in the shade. How they coax them for a sou, and hurry off to the tiny tricolors flutter-

ing at the corner; where they stake their venture for sweatmeats, at the old woman's whirligig. The St. Helena décorés, with hands crossed on the tops of their sticks planted sturdily between their knees, look on approvingly from their comfortable seats under the trees; or else chat and talk of other days, with the wrinkled old dowagers in faded cauchoise caps. Now isn't that triangular double ladder on wheels, a nice thing for pruning trees from? Look at the little toddles clambering all about it, and hear the tiny girl half way up, half pleased, half afraid, clinging, hard, and in trembling tones, *politely* expostulating "*Oh Monsieur! oh Monsieur!*" with the sturdy little blue bloused, close cropped, urchin laughingly rattling it under her! When you go to Rouen, and if you have not been there you certainly must: you should take up your quarters somewhere on the Quays. The Hotels d'Angleterre, d'Albion, &c., suit those to whom "money is no object"; that of "*Les Trois Empereurs*," &c., those to whom it is; and who having a smattering of French like ourselves, wish to see something of country people, and ordinary French life. On we go along the Cours Boieldieu with its flat topped, flat sided trees on our right; and hotels, libraries, shops, and photographers on our left; past the suspension bridge, and next the stone bridge on our right. *By Jove!* that soldier *has* caught a fish. A fine bream too! The first we have seen landed these many days though the quay is lined from dawn till dusk with patient anglers of all sorts, sizes, and ages, each with his willow rod, and round tin box of gentles. But what swarms of fish there are turning, twisting, and glancing, in the discoloured waters of the dirty Aubette; which whirls out cabbage leaves, onion husks, and other equivocal refuse, from the arch under Quai Napoleon.

H. N. P. W.

(To be continued.)

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## MY SECOND VISIT TO MANX LAND.

BY A YACHTSMAN.

## CHAPTER I.

"Slow sinks, more lovely 'ere her race be run,  
Along C——'s hills the setting sun ;  
Not as in northern climes obscurely bright  
But one unclouded blaze of living light !  
O'er the calm deep the yellow beam he throws  
Gilds the hush'd wave that trembles as it glows."

THE CORSAIR.

It will be no matter of surprise to those of our readers who travelled with us on our first visit to the Isle of Man, to find that after our experience of the sea-going qualities and sailing powers of the good ship H—, we were in no hurry again to trust our uninsured life to her keeping, or to try conclusions in her with the vasty deep. Sea bathing had certainly been recommended to us, and it was a remedy much to our liking under such circumstances as those of a bathing machine, or indeed rocks at hand with a towel and dry suit as an after act ; but to be forced to take a dip at night time, without the smallest prospect of a dry suit for hours, and the possibility of its being one's last dip, rather took away from the pleasures of sea bathing in our eyes.

"*Est natura hominum novitatis avida*" however, is a proverb that holds as good now as it ever has done, and not being different from the rest of our species we got tired of doing the aquatic swell on the sea beach to admiring shrimpers, and of talking briny to the would-be salts frequenting the port of C—, so resolved, "*faut de mieux*," once more to seek change through the medium of our old friend.

And how innocent to all appearances were those jib-sheets as they hung in graceful festoons over the bows of the H—, as she stood high and dry upon the beach ! they really looked as if a child might handle them : but having a most lively reminiscence of the trouble they had once given us, we took care this time to consult the old family glass before fixing upon the day of our departure on our fresh cruise, and we also took care to mark out such a course as would ensure our having one port ahead, another under our lee, with a third to windward, so that it should puzzle rude Boreas to give us such another turn as he had done upon a former occasion.

At length the aforesaid glass gave promise of fair weather, so we resolved to start for the Island of B—, which gave us a course coinciding



with our views of comfort and safety, and at the same time held out the great inducement of wild scenery and fresh regions to visit.

The wind was extremely light as we left the harbour, and we were in a great measure, if not entirely, indebted to the good services of a strong ebb tide for the progress we made; as, if the H— was a bad hand in getting to windward in a breeze, it was positively heart breaking to steer her in a light wind; in fact, she would have made nothing of it on this occasion, despite all our coaxing, but for the strong spring tide setting out of a narrow Channel.

By exercise of great ingenuity we at last got fairly out to sea, and the dear old craft at once gave us a taste of the comforts that we were likely to experience for some little time to come, as once away from land the little breeze that had hitherto befriended us entirely died away, leaving us a helpless log in as nasty a ground swell as one would wish to avoid, and the H— began to kick about in a manner which showed an utter disregard to the equanimity of our inner man; and it really seemed; that as on shore there is no medium between a knave or a fool, so at sea there appeared to be nothing between half a gale and a calm, at all events that could fall to the lot of the good ship H—.

I am not quite sure which of the two is the more disagreeable, half a gale, or a flat calm with a fine old ground swell; on the one hand every thing on board gets horribly wet, and the general appearance of things is decidedly wretched, one's commissariat arrangement, despite the best endeavours of yourself and cabin boy and general good organization, completely, breaks down; you try a fire, but the forecastle fills with smoke, to get rid of which the cabin boy opens the scuttle at the moment when you are obliged to put your helm up as you have not way enough on your little craft (as of course I am speaking of small vessels) when the most spiteful sea that has yet struck you comes clean on your weather bow making its entry into the forecastle, soaking your last dry coat hung up by the stove, at the same time getting into the soup which was on the point of being put upon the stove; until at length you are compelled to forego a fire and content yourself with biscuits and sherry; but even this moderate bill of fare is only obtained under difficulties, and you are obliged, while recruiting exhausted nature, to retain your equilibrium by convulsively clutching the side of the skylight with your hand, and planting each foot against the boards of the sofa, while you have to retain your glass between your teeth with a force which threatens destruction to the brittle flint, until at length the amateur is forced to confess that such is not the pleasure he came in search of. We certainly may be an exception in our dislike to this

sort of thing, and it was only the other day that we heard a young Tyro talk of a gale of wind in connection with balloon topsails, and an eight tonner, as a rather agreeable episode in his aquatic exploits; so we presume that there are constitutions above feeling the inconvenience, that many men experience under such circumstances, all we can say is that we envy those digestive powers immensely, and that to us any thing like a gale in a small craft, with all its attendant inconveniences, and with all the responsibilities on one's shoulders, is by no means a pleasant situation.

On the other hand a calm is very trying ! There is the difficulty of killing time in such inactivity ; the annoyance to an active mind of hour after hour finding oneself in the same spot ; the swagging to and fro of every spar ; the creaking of the different jaws ; the thumping of every block that can thump, and the perpetual flap of the sails become excessively irritating, in proportion as the length of the calm continues. Then one cannot read, as the broiling sun converts your cabin into a species of oven, and the creaking and flapping distract one's attention to such a degree that literary pursuits are out of the question ; then one tries fishing, but there is either thunder in the air so that the fish will not be allured by any cunning device, or one happens to be becalmed when there are no fish ; so that this, as well as every other source of amusement fails you most completely, while the deluding, ever approaching, never reaching cat's-paw adds the feeling of a Tantalus to your already sorely tried disposition. It is true that the commissariat department stands a better chance, and one may consume a certain amount of time in eating and drinking ; still this cannot go on all day as there is a limit even to a sea-going appetite, as there must also be a limit to "another glass of sherry," so that with the best of appetites and digestions, and the best endeavours to kill time one still has much on hand without the means of destroying the enemy. Perhaps on the whole the balance is in favour of a calm, though we remember thinking the one in which we were caught sufficiently unpleasant, and as night came on and found us still kicking about but a few miles from our starting point, we sighed for activity even though it should be purchased at the price we had paid for it off the Calf of Man, shewing that one is no more satisfied, now than they were in the Roman poet's time when he so truly sang—

" O fortunati Mercatores ! gravis armis  
Miles ait, multo fructus membra labore ;  
Contra Mercator, navim jactantibus Austris,  
Militia est potior \* \* \* \* \*

Then the next day brought us no relief, and there certainly was no

"jactantibus Austris" for us, as the day broke with the same hazy, dull appearance, and with the same calm unbroken sea as its predecessor, so that not only was our life monotonous, but, in the hot sun with no cabin to retreat to, it was positively disagreeable, and being to a certain extent tied to time, the prospect of our reaching the latitude of B— became extremely doubtful.

To make, what to us was a long story, a short one, the calm was a singularly lengthened one, and after being driven by the ebb to be brought back by the next flood, tide after tide, for some six and thirty hours, in a rocking sea and much broiling sun, we were obliged to relinquish our project and with the "smallest taste" of a fair wind return to our harbour; much to the amusement of aforesaid shrimpers, who of course expressed the intense anxiety that they had felt for our welfare during such weather, and a desire also to know what sort of anchorage we had found at B— Island. This was our last effort in the good ship H— and we did not see her again for many a year, other scenes and occupation keeping us inshore, but, when we next visited the same locality, in an old stone boat that we saw kicking, plunging, and struggling, manfully but not very effectually, against a strong foul wind and slack tide, we thought we

"Recognised the flavour of our old dog Tray."

The sight of the old H— however brought back our longing for aquatics, and we resolved to procure some floating locomotive power without delay, and having on the one hand no ambition to vie with either the skipper of the "Red, White, and Blue," or the more unfortunate captain of the "John T. Ford," nor on the other hand the wish to become possessor of a vessel with a gold banded captain, who generally considers the yacht as belonging to himself instead of the owner, or at all events as being subservient to his convenience, we tried the happy medium and became the possessor of an eighteen tonner, which her quondam owner assured us, "though not fast," was one of the "very best sea boats."

Now this way of "damning a thing with faint praise" always provokes me, and such commendations of the presumed redeeming point in the character of a slow boat, seem to me very like the lavish praise of *amiability* heaped upon an exceedingly ugly w man by her friends and acquaintances, who cannot of course be jealous of her, and therefore have no objection to give her this credit. As with such a one of the fair sex so with a slow vessel, which never being cause of fear or jealousy is sure to be described by other yacht owners as "such a good sea boat;" but under what peculiar circumstances a slow craft

shows herself to be a better sea boat than her faster sister, I am at a loss to conjecture. A slow boat off the Rundle Stone bound from the northward in a strong S.W. wind, and momentary expectation of the flood making, is not the craft we should like to be in, as we should not care, through her want of speed, to be obliged to witness her good sea going qualities through a long dirty night in such a locality with a head sea running high, but would prefer a vessel whose finer lines would enable her to weather the desired point in time and enable us to run before the freshening breeze for Falmouth. Give me your speedy racing vessel with a good man at the helm, and there is no fear of her being anything but a good sea boat.

My eighteen tonner was certainly not possessed of the qualification of the latter class of vessel, yet she afforded me a vast amount of amusement; and what with mackerel fishing, and a frequent cruise to different places, we got as much out of her as could very well have been got, and being both a yawl and a cutter rigged she was a most useful hack; but then she drew but little water, and if you attempted to press her against a strong wind and an adverse tide she would prove undeniable dung-hill, and bitterly disappoint you if you were rash enough to keep any confidence in her powers of going to windward. Hove-to she would possibly be described by some as being an easy vessel, and so we suppose earned her reputation of being a good sea boat; but as we did not care to keep a vessel whose best qualification seemed to be ease, when no ease could possibly be experienced under the circumstances, we resolved to dispose of our eighteen tonner after having taken some three years wear and tear out of her, and run over many a mile of the vasty deep under her auspices.

Having made up our minds to change our floating power, our next consideration was as to the best method of promoting the object in view, and as we had experienced no little difficulty when in the market to buy, and seen quite enough of second hand craft, we thought it on the whole better to turn builder ourselves, and thus get a craft entirely to our liking and of the particular size that we required. We therefore sold our "good sea boat," as a gentleman usually sells anything he has to dispose of, and forthwith commenced upon a thirteen tonner, choosing this size as being no less adapted to our locality than to our treasury. There was some little difficulty in making up our minds as to the model of our intended craft, but at the time I speak of the America having just arrived, and by her performances run every one riot in her direction, we thought it better to follow the stream and borrow considerably from her lines.

It is needless to describe the vast amount of trouble that we took to ensure a well built craft, or, as we lived some nine miles from our builder's yard, the number of rides that we took in all weathers to be constantly on the spot, in order that we might act as a species of Lloyd's surveyor over friend chips ; knowing full well that the most constant supervision was required to prevent errors and any running of the work ; suffice it to say that after having the vessel in frame in August she was launched the following May, amidst the deafening cheers of every loafer in the neighbourhood, and that despite all the trouble we had taken and the many annoyances we had to endure, we were well repaid in seeing the growth of our little craft, and in the feeling that she was so put together as to render much exertion at the pump a very remote contingency.

Having now launched our vessel we thought in our innocence that all our troubles were at an end, little imagining that they were in reality only beginning ; we thought that—given properly drawn lines with a good rule of thumb carpenter to carry them out—the yachting problem was solved ; but we soon found out our mistake and saw that the Q.E.D. was still in the hazy future ; in short our first trial speedily convinced us that much yet remained to be worked out, and that though the S— might have been built to our lines, ballasted to the proper water line, and rigged with the utmost care and due regard to other vessels of her class, we had yet to make her sail, and we are forced to confess that our first efforts in that line by no means met with the success we anticipated.

In light winds the S— was slow, in heavy winds she missed stays and went ashore, shewing a state of things so antagonistic and perplexing, and at the same time so disheartening, that we almost despaired of being able to solve such an aquatic mystery. Of course under such circumstances all our friends had something to suggest. "I told you how it would be," says one kind comforter ; "She has no bearings," says another : "shift your mast" says a third, until we got quite bewildered with advice and strange ideas, and finally expected to hear that the S— did not sail fast, because the mast head was not properly varnished, or the deck caulked with marine glue

However we went to work with a will, one day trying one remedy and another a different panacea, until by constant perseverance and not allowing ourselves to entertain any other idea than the S— was destined to be a success, we at length succeeded in getting her to sail very creditably, and even to contend with some success in the regattas of those days.

It was during the slow days that the S— got the credit of being a "good sea boat," a trait in her character which roused the aquatic zeal of an old friend, and induced him in an unguarded moment to accept a berth in her to the Isle of Man, at which favourite *locale* a regatta was about to take place.

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## CHAPTER II.

"How gloriously her gallant course she goes  
Her white wings flying—never from her foes—  
She walks the waters like a thing of life  
And seems to dare the elements to strife."

My friend was more of a shore, than a sea-going, party, and though much addicted to every kind of field sports he had seen but little of the "vasty deep"; his yachting experience had been confined to smooth water sailing, with the usual delightful accompaniments of pic-nics and pigeon pies, champagne and crinoline, which may be considered the great attraction on such occasions, and as he had great reputation as general purveyor in those campaigns, we left the arrangements of the lockers entirely under his control, taking care on our part that in other respects the good ship should be ready for the voyage. Friend A— acquitted himself admirably of the task he had undertaken, though he certainly rather over did it, laying in a stock sufficient for a voyage to the Cape, and as if really the sea in St. George's Channel was always like a mill pond, or at all events that every stomach, his own included, was proof against all Neptunal attacks.

We were both of us excessively busy in making our preparations; as for A— his occupation had been all absorbing, so that he had no thought beyond preserved tins and bottles of various shapes and sizes, and the state of the barometer had entirely escaped his notice; but though this was the case with our purveyor it was not so with ourselves, as we had observed for some little time past that the weather had become more and more unsettled, until the day of our departure the aspect of affairs aloft looked anything but promising for the amateur aquatic; go however we must! so we left C— under whole trysail to anchor that night at B—, and leave early the next morning for our destination.

I really know of no sensation so very fresh and cheery as that of finding oneself fairly under way in a tidy craft, well found in everything both digestible and indigestible, and with all your little comforts around.

you ! The sudden cessation from all the troubles which necessarily attends the preparation for a cruise, together with the fact of your being about to realise a long-looked for pleasure, are very "*rémonstant*;" and when you get your boat on board, which may be considered as the last link between you and all shore going bother, you really do feel a free agent and that you are about to glide

"O'er the glad waters of the deep blue sea,"

with an unmixed feeling of cheerfulness and happiness. There was only one drawback to the feeling in our case, and that was the aspect of the weather, which we did not at all like ; as certain dull doubtful looking clouds were being swept o'er the mountain tops with suspicious speed, and other indications also were not wanting to confirm our impression that we were likely to have a bad time of it ; there was nothing for it however but to start, so we up trysail and storm jib before the ever freshening breeze.

I think it will not be out of place to describe the S— and her living freight, as the better acquainted the reader may be with both vessel and her crew, so much the more pleasure will he feel in following them on their little expedition. The S— registered as I have said some thirteen tons, she was about forty feet over all with a beam of nine feet, she had a very fair forecastle, a pantry and W.C., a main cabin nine feet square; the internal management being completed with a small berth aft main cabin, and washing apparatus opposite ; she drew some six feet of water and had good height between deck, so that taking her through and through, she was not a bad sort of craft for a short cruise ; and thanks to my care and attention she had the crowning qualification that, no matter how bad the weather, a very short spell at the pump kept her clear.

Her crew consisted of author, owner and skipper, "three single gentlemen rolled into one"; friend A—, one of the best of companions, whose particular rating it would be perhaps difficult to describe, but which one may perhaps safely call "cabin passenger," as I think he performed the duties attached to that arduous post with greater regularity, during this voyage than any other; one Ned, as chief officer, and a cabin boy, who would not be kept clean at any price, despite our best endeavours of persuasion by words as also by an occasional appeal to a rope's end. It seems odd that, though you may pick up with a very tidy shore going lad, a clean sailor boy cannot be obtained at any price, at least in all our experience we have never been able to meet a specimen of the kind; do what you will it seems impossible to get them into cleanly habits, and they really seem to care little what they do ; going so far

even as to use your tea pot for an oil can, thinking no doubt the spout a most excellent funnel, thus giving your best Souchon a flavour better adapted to the taste of a Greenlander than the more civilised Britisher. In other respects we were very fortunate, as though Ned was the most difficult fellow to manage, and required much the same handling as a pig, he was very trustworthy and a right good sailor, and then friend A— was built of quite the right material, and of great assistance so long as Neptune did not assert his supremacy in too decided a manner.

The run down to B— was pleasant enough, a fair wind, smooth water, and an eight knot breeze, making the bright side of the picture for which we so often look but, alas ! how seldom realise ! and even now, though we were realising it, we could not but feel that it would be most transient as it was impossible to shut our eyes to the appearance of weather. On arriving at B— we found that already a very considerable sea, for the locality had risen up and that the wind was coming down the mountain passes with renewed vigour, so giving the S— all the chain we had and ourselves an infusion of "hot stopping," we turned in for the night.

How we slept ! I suppose that the motion of the S—, coupled with the aforesaid "hot stopping" had a most somniferous tendency, for I well remember that it was by no means as early as we could have wished, when we put our head outside the companion the next morning, to see what sort of weather it was. The sight that greeted our half slumbering senses was not assuring ; if it had blown as we came to an anchor what was it doing now ? Rain, wind, spray and everything intolerable seemed to have a vested interest in that morning, and to have visited our locality in their worst form ; while the cutter was pitching bows under in a manner, as if to warn us of what must be going on outside.

A faint voice from the cabin making enquiries about the weather, and the sort of night we had passed broke our contemplative mood, eliciting a not very gratifying report as regards the former, while our reply to the latter brought on a fit of jealousy as extravagant as any unsuccessful suitor ever experienced, friend A— not having found either the "hot stopping" or the notion to act the part of a sedative ; he was game however to start breakfast, which we both considered the one thing necessary before making up our minds for future proceedings.

The first breakfast of a cruise in a small craft is never a very comfortable meal, as nothing is yet in its place and you forget where half the comestibles are stowed away, the usual difficulties being much increased in this instance by the way in which the S— was plunging into each wave, and really so far as motion was concerned one might almost as well have been off the Kish in a south-easter, as at our present anchor-



age ; eventually we managed pretty well, though A's efforts of making incursions into the various delicacies he had provided, were hardly crowned with the success he no doubt anticipated, while towards the latter part of the meal he found the cabin too close for him, and had an idea that boiled eggs were not very digestible ; a change of air therefore was considered advisable, so we proceeded on deck.

It was now full time that we should make up our minds as to future proceedings, as if we were to go to the Isle of Man at all, there was no doubt but that we ought to leave our present anchorage at once, so as to arrive before night set in ; but the idea of a start was not pleasant, as it was now blowing something very like half a gale, with every appearance of worse weather. A council of war, which it really was under present aspects of the elements, decided that we should start, A— advocating the most plucky council, so we forthwith set to work lashing the boom on to the taffrail, getting the topmast on deck, and close reefing the bowsprit, and when this was done we commenced the difficult task of weighing the anchor. After many a "now then," and "heave with a will," we managed to get in sundry fathoms of chain, when suddenly all efforts to get in another foot proved ineffectual, and we were getting quite disheartened at our frequent but fruitless endeavours to move the S—, when the little D— of some ten tons, belonging to the same Club, bound to the same port, hove in sight, scudding before the breeze under close-reefed mainsail, and going like a steamer ; there was only time for a cheery voice to sing out "come along," when the D— crossed our bows and was gone like some phantom spirit.

It was all very well to say "come along," but the idea rather reminded one of Glendower calling "spirits from the vasty deep," and was likely to be attended with the same success, while we had a strong suspicion that had not the D— started from much snugger anchorage, she would never have been where she was ; still there she was now, and after such a challenge we resolved to do our best to bear her company, so we got the trysail and storm jib on the S— to work her up to her anchor. And a nice time my crew had of it !

If any of our readers have ever tried the experiment of working a craft about the size of the S— up to her anchor in half a gale of wind, they will be able to form some idea of the difficulties that we had to contend with, and if they add to the difficulties ordinarily attached to such a task, the fact that a short distance right ahead of us was a sand bank, whose geographical position became momentarily more apparent, as the ebb tide was fast leaving it, while immediately under our lee was a huge pier, whose piles studded with great nails offered a very unpleasant sort of grater to rub against, they will frankly admit that our position

was not pleasant, and that the task of avoiding this Scylla or Charybdis would be no easy one.

The first tack was well enough, and so far answered the desired end as to get the S— sundry fathoms nearer to her anchor, but after that she seemed to defy all our endeavours to move her one way or another; she was as if rooted to the spot; and the sails *would* not be filled, until a lucky puff a trifle more to the southward filled them, and enabled us to shorten our cable yet a few feet, when the S— began to drag.

In the meantime those forward had been having a wet berth of it, as they were of course obliged to stand by the bitts the whole time, and every plunge the S— made she let the crew know it, but now that she began to drag, matters were beginning to look serious, as we saw at a glance that in another minute we should be so far to leeward as to render the weathering the pier a matter of impossibility, while a few minutes more would see us against the pier and ashore; unless prompt measures were adopted to prevent such a very undesirable termination to our voyage; there was therefore nothing for it but to shout out to Ned, to haul over the weather jib-sheets while we eased off the trysail-sheets with all speed, and put the S— before the wind.

It was a dangerous experiment, as of course should, by any accident, the anchor again hold, something must be carried away, to be followed in all probability by a general crash against the pier, a bumping against rocks with wreckers in the distance, so that after putting the helm hard up we watched the result in fear and trembling; "*Pas de pceur mais beaucoup de danger*" sung out A—, as by great good luck the anchor did not hold, and we weathered the pier slowly dragging the Trotman after us. But though we had then got rid of our Scylla and Charybdis, we had a heavy job before us to get in the anchor, as every now and then the water would shallow, and we found it impossible to get a foot of chain in, so that it was not until we had passed P— Island, some four miles from our anchorage, that it was fairly stowed away.

And now we had one more difficulty, that of getting our boat on board, as during all this time we had entirely forgotten everything but the one matter on hand, and it was not until we had got into tolerably rough water that, casting our eyes astern, we remembered the dingy; we made one or two useless efforts to get it on deck when we gave it up as a bad job, rove an extra painter, and left her to her fate.

It was now a case of "Adieu, my native land adieu," so we made it eight bells, steered a N.-E. course for Douglas, with the wind dead aft.

Certainly our friend the Britisher comes of an odd family! and now that many a year has passed since this little incident occurred, one

comes to the conclusion that this same course was by no means a prudent, and certainly not a wise one ; here we were leaving, at all events a safe, though not perhaps a very snug, anchorage for the wild scene before us, hurrying from a protecting shore; to what ? An answer that none could give ; as it was now blowing the best part of a gale, and we were rushing madly on to a lee shore, which we could only just reach before night fall. It was to say the least of it the act of a creature of impulse which we acknowledge ourselves to be.

And now being fairly off we began to look out for the D— and to see what progress she had been making ; no eyes or glass could make her out in the mist ahead, but on looking towards the land we saw her white sails standing in for shelter, having evidently given up the idea of running over until the blow was over. As for ourselves having started we could not make up our minds to swerve from our purpose, so leaving the D— to follow her own devices, we continued our headlong course with unabated speed.

On leaving the protection of the land the sea of course became more and more turbulent, while the wind, though it ceased to blow in those heavy gusts that it ever does when coming direct from the mountain passes, came on with a steady force that foretold no cessation of its violence, and the sea as far as the eye could reach was one white mass of fervid foam. Neither the wind however, stormy as it was, nor the sea, with all its wildness, gave us any uneasiness, as they were both dead aft, but as we got further away from the land the thickness of the weather so dreaded by the sailors increased, and the heavy driving showers became more frequent, shutting every thing, even a few yards distant from our view so that we felt no slight misgivings on account of the visible darkness.

Then our boat was likely to be no slight source of trouble, as it began to yaw about fearfully in the heavy sea, and occasionally to be driven so close to the stern as to make us apprehensive of seeing it any moment stove in under our counter ; at length one huge toppling wave bore the little dingy on its foaming crest, and literally hurled it with fearful force right on to the taffrail, where for a few seconds it hung on the balance half over the deck and half over the water ; fortunately the wave that bore the boat onwards was like a huge hill over shadowing us, so that it gave me timely warning, for had I not seen it some part of my frame-work would doubtless have been stove in, and I should have been on the sick list for the remainder of the voyage ; as it was I let go the helm, moved on one side and then seized the bow of the boat, shouting lustily to Ned for help, hoping with his assistance to

get it on deck, and have no more trouble with it; before however Ned could reach me the same wave lifted the bow of the S— up, and gave the stern the wrong angle so that the boat overpowered me, and was once more launched into the deep, snapping one of the painters as if it had been pack thread.

After this we were determined to make more effort to secure the boat, so we dived down into the cabin, where friend A— had been for some time, in order to persuade him to come on deck, and lend us a hand to get the dingy on board; but the scene that presented itself put all ideas of help from that quarter out of the question. On one of the sofas lay the stalwart, but now alas! inanimate form of friend A—, and on the locker in the forecabin was stretched like a lifeless log the little cabin boy, who, unaccustomed to the short pitch of the S—, which he had lately joined, was completely "*hors de combat*", while to complete this touching picture, placed by the cabin door about mid-way between them, was the ship's bucket containing their morning sustenance.

It seemed hard hearted and cruel, as I felt sure it would be useless, to disturb this interesting group, but the case was urgent, so I appealed to A— for assistance, but his natural pluck, great as it was, could not bear up against the force of circumstances, and all I could get out of him was that so far as he was concerned the boat, and "this child" also might go to a certain brimstoney place, which cannot be named to ears polite, but which is supposed to be paved with good intentions, and he further gave us to understand that he did not much care if the whole concern went to the bottom. We therefore gave up all idea of again interfering with the dingy, or of being able to tow her much longer, yet strange to say we carried her in safety to Douglas, though half full of water during the whole passage.

We must have been about half way across when Ned bethought him of getting up the rigging to look out for the land, but considering that we were at least twenty-five miles from it, and that one could not see many more yards ahead, it was hardly probable that he would meet with much success, when the cry of "land ho!" broke upon my astonished senses as Ned ran aft to the trysail-sheet.

Land we knew of course to be out of the question, but turning our eyes to the spot pointed out by our mate, we saw but a few yards from us a large thousand ton ship, standing on a wind under close reefed topsails and foretopmast staysail, looking as grand and stately as ever a ship looked as she stalked out of the mist in all her grandeur.—It would have formed a perfect picture for a painter! Our little tiny bark bending like a willow to the threatening storm and the majestic ship,

pitching into the huge waves, defiant alike of the fierce squall as it struck her as of the broken waters that washed up her coppered side. She was close aboard of us when we made her out, and when Ned mistook her for land, so that his presence by the trysail-sheet was much needed as we luffed up to get clear of her ; and as the lilliputian S—, half smothered in the sea, passed under the counter of the great Brobdinag, the waving of the skipper's hat gave us a mute cheer as we once more passed on our lonely path.

The weather still continued detestable, but though the wind was as boisterous and whistled as loudly through our rigging as ever, and though the cross seas were breaking if possible more angrily around us, yet the little S— bore herself right bravely and shipped no water to speak of, making as fine weather of it as could possibly have been expected from a vessel of her class ; we were of course battened down and prepared for any emergency, though anticipating no necessity for such precaution so long as we continued running before the wind, but as the atmosphere still continued as dense as ever, we knew that it would be madness to stand on much longer towards the land, and that we must shortly heave-to for the weather to clear, when my mate and myself would have had as nice a time of it as ever befel a yachtsman, and when the battening down would have been a matter of absolute necessity.

According to my reckoning we must have been about ten miles from Douglas, still rushing madly on with the aspect of affairs rather worse than better; the little S— short handed in such a gale with night coming on, rolling and surging in the heavy following waves, the trysail-sheet straining at every flap of the sail, as a sea would take the wind out of it and another squall strike it back with a heavy jerk, the jib-sheets lashing against the bulwarks with the utmost force that an extra squall would give them, and our barometer getting low beyond all precedent, when just as a general gloom began to prevade Ned and myself, the clouds lifted as by magic, and there right ahead was the Isle of Man.

I don't know what Ned's feelings were, and they no doubt depended very much upon whether his great mind had been picturing to himself the night that but a moment before seemed in store for us, but we well remember that our own feeling was that of unusual satisfaction at getting such a good view of the land we were in search of.

We shouted out to A— who soon made his appearance on deck, and who at once lost all sense of "*maladie de mër*"; his barometer immediately rose with rapidity, and instead of his sending us all to those

~~SECRET~~

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

2. Next, it is important to gather relevant information and data. This can be done through research, consultation with experts, or by analyzing existing data sets.

3. Once the information is gathered, the next step is to analyze it. This involves identifying patterns, trends, and relationships that can help in understanding the problem.

4. After analysis, the next step is to develop a solution or plan. This involves identifying the most effective approach to address the problem and outlining the steps to be taken.

5. Finally, the solution is implemented and the results are evaluated. This involves monitoring the progress of the implementation and assessing the effectiveness of the solution in addressing the problem.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be addressed. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

2. Next, it is important to gather relevant information and data. This can be done through research, consultation with experts, or by analyzing existing resources.

3. Once the information is gathered, the next step is to develop a plan or strategy. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable parts and determining the best approach to solve each part.

4. After the plan is developed, the next step is to implement the solution. This involves putting the plan into action and monitoring the progress to ensure that the solution is effective.

5. Finally, it is important to evaluate the results of the solution. This involves comparing the actual outcomes with the expected results and identifying any areas for improvement.

## THE SALVORS OF PROPERTY ON THE ENGLISH COASTS.

" Oh ! wad some Power the giftie gie us  
To see oursel's as others see us,  
It wad frae mony a blunder free us."

BURNS.

THERE is no community, and perhaps no single individual, who may not derive advantage from the study of the opinions which other communities and individuals entertain of them. Each community and each individual is so accustomed to survey its own acts solely or chiefly from its own platform and under the light of its own interests, that it is unable to take so comprehensive and impartial a view of them as to test their true value. Hence would be the great advantage, as one of Nature's true poets has, above, charmingly expressed it, of seeing ourselves as others see us.

Not indeed that it would be an advantage, either for communities or individuals, to allow others to think for them; for our moral perceptions and mental powers were given us to use for ourselves, and as our philosopher, Mr. Mill, tells us, we are, perhaps, only too apt to "run in grooves" already. We have also to remember that those who criticise our individual or collective acts are often imperfectly acquainted with them, and are just as liable to study them too exclusively from *their* own platform, and under the light of *their* own interests, so far as the latter are affected by them; and, therefore, that it is only as a corrective, to be used as a chemical test is used, to detect an alloy or an adulteration, that the opinions of others claim our attentive consideration. This is perhaps more especially the case as regards international criticism, seeing that besides conflicting interests, difference of country, of language, of habits, and often of religion, with necessarily limited personal intercourse, foster and maintain too many prejudices and antipathies to enable the people of one country to criticise impartially those of another.

We have been led to these remarks by the publication of a pamphlet in Paris entitled "*The Wreckers (Naufrageurs) of the English Coast.*" which has been recently brought to our notice, and the statements of which we may advantageously bring before the beachmen and hovellers and others who earn their livelihood by saving endangered property on our coasts; believing that, although they may not be brought to see themselves altogether as their French neighbours see them, and may be able to show that they are something very different and much better than they may seem to be when seen through foreign spectacles, yet that a little wholesome and candid self-examination will do them no harm.

The object of the pamphlet to which we have alluded, is to show that the coast boatmen of England are much more exorbitant in their demands for payment of any services rendered to foreign vessels in distress than French boatmen are, and to demand the interference of the British Legislature for the protection of foreign vessels jeopardized or cast away on our shores.

It commences with the following statement:—"For some years the salvage institutions of Great Britain have been frequently brought to the attention of the French public.

"Every one knows the immense services which they render to the shipwrecked, but there is a fact which is not generally known: it is, that by the side of the life-boats and their valiant crews there exists a fleet of boats manned by greedy mariners roaming incessantly in the neighbourhood of banks or shoals to spy out vessels and to save them, willingly or unwillingly, from a peril often imaginary, and to obtain exorbitant payments from the shipowners, by the aid of a legislation which puts the latter at their mercy.

"Their own countrymen call these men wreckers, and it is their true name. Formerly they waited on the coasts for the strays that the tempest threw there, now they go to seek them out at sea. The evil has reached such a height that public opinion is stirred, and the English Government is assailed by complaints raised by their own countrymen, whilst French shipowners themselves are often victims of extortion and violence."

Now, here is a very serious charge brought against an important and useful class of our fellow-countrymen, and, as several cases of supposed exorbitant demands and payments are quoted in the pamphlet in proof of the above charge, and especially as the charge itself is accompanied by an acknowledgment of the valuable services rendered by men of the same class in saving lives, the accusation is deserving of candid and serious consideration.

The pamphlet referred to has, moreover, been brought to the notice of the National Life-boat Institution by the French Life-boat Society, "*Société Centrale de Sauvetage des Naufrages*," which has published it in their own periodical journal, thereby making it all the more incumbent on us to give it full attention.

To commence with the title: the word "wreckers" is not now applicable to any class of boatmen in this country, and is not in the English dictionary; its meaning would, however, be in general understood to be "robbers or pillagers of wrecked property." In old times, indeed in times not so very old, the prevailing feeling, not only on our own coasts but on those of other civilized countries, was, that wrecked property was a "windfall" or "god-send," the previous possessors of which had lost or forfeited ownership by the mere fact of wreck, and which thereby became the property of the finder, or of the owner of the land on which it was cast away; and even in those cases where the rightful owners were on the spot to claim their own, it was often lawlessly taken from them by force. However, the establishment of the Coastguard and improved legislation, with a more general civilization, have greatly remedied that state of things in our own country, although we fear the old spirit still lingers here and there, and that, as in smuggling and poaching, it would again produce fruit if the strong arm of the law were withheld. We have not, however, now to do with those who deliberately pilage wrecked property, but with those who, according to the views of our French neighbours, and of many of our own shipowners, are only too



assiduous in saving it, "who roam incessantly in the neighbourhood of banks and shoals" with a view to do so, and then make exorbitant demands for remuneration for services rendered, or even for pretended services.

The whole case is very fairly put in the pamphlet before us, and every allowance is made for the difference in the laws and customs of France and England on the subject, and for other distinctions; but still the charge remains, that the owners of French vessels are mercilessly defrauded by our coast boatmen, and, as we all know, nearly every master and owner of an English coasting-vessel that one meets brings the same charge against the boatmen in certain well known localities, at the head and front of which, perhaps, stands the Norfolk and Suffolk coasts.

In the quotation from the pamphlet above given it is brought forward, apparently as an aggravation of the offence of these men, that they no longer wait for "strays" of the sea to be cast on the shore, but proceed to sea in search of vessels, &c. In a later paragraph it is acknowledged that they provide themselves with costly boats for the express purpose, and that they perform valuable services with them; but still the implication remains, that they merely provide themselves with the best instruments for extortion, just as a burglar or a brigand provides himself with the most efficient weapon that he can obtain.

It would, however, be as unjust to this class of men to assume such to be the case, as it would be absurd to suppose that they pursue their calling from motives of philanthropy; the truth being, that on those parts of the coast where the work of assisting distressed vessels is followed as a profession, it is simply undertaken as a means of obtaining a livelihood; and the men who undertake it, as distinguished from fishermen or pilots, are denominated beachmen, hovellers, or long-shore men.

In former times, when trade was comparatively little, the demand for such service was not sufficient to encourage men to engage in it as a permanent occupation; but as our present enormous trade has gradually developed itself, the demand has arisen and has been naturally followed by the corresponding supply; whilst, for mutual convenience, and to enable them to procure efficient boats and machinery, the boatmen in these localities where wrecks most frequently occur, have banded themselves together in companies, working together and possessing a common fund.

In France, we believe, no corresponding class exists; that is to say, no class of men who obtain their livelihood exclusively by saving wrecked property and assisting vessels in distress, such services being casually performed by pilots and fishermen, and other classes of boatmen, as opportunities offer; the fact being, that neither is the amount of trade so great on the French coast, nor, fortunately, are the casualties so numerous as to be a sufficient inducement to the local boatmen to undertake the salvage of property as a profession.

There are then, in this country, two classes of salvors, the one casual, the other professional, which must be separately dealt with. We believe it is against the latter chiefly, if not exclusively, that the charge of exorbitancy,

and even of violence, is brought. The former may, therefore, be classed with their French congeners, and we believe that, as a general rule, they would be content, and even think themselves fortunate in obtaining any reasonable remuneration for casual aid afforded to vessels needing their services.

What, then, are the causes of the exorbitancy and insatiableness of the professional salvors? for there is no doubt whatever that their demands for remuneration are often altogether unreasonable.

The French writer naturally enough attributes it to avariciousness of character, fostered by an unwise legislation. and such may, to a great extent, be the case; but as the characters of all men are in a great degree formed, or at least modified, by the circumstances in which they are placed it will be well to consider what other causes, if any, have contributed to produce this apparent defect.

1st.—They, as a body, possess a monopoly; for although they are often subdivided into different companies, and a keen competition exists amongst themselves, yet, as from the nature of the casualties to vessels there is ordinarily no time for delay to make bargains with rival parties, and as it is almost a universal rule with this class of men to give precedence to the party which first reaches the vessel needing assistance, a monopoly practically exists. These men have then the power, like all other monopolists, to make their own estimate of the value of their services, and are thus tempted to over-estimate them; or, to conclude, in accordance with the doctrines of political economy, that the highest amount they can legally obtain is the legitimate market value of their aid.

2ndly.—The majority of the vessels which they are called on to assist are the colliers and other craft in the coasting trade, the masters and owners of which are often very penurious, and the former of whom frequently, after urgently demanding assistance, are no sooner out of danger than they commence to depreciate the service rendered, and expect to pay for it at no higher a rate than they would for labour in the dock or on the wharfs. This treatment exasperates the men, who, in return, and knowing they will not get all they ask, acquire the habit of demanding much more than they expect to obtain, or would gladly receive. In this manner the two classes—owners and salvors—come to look at each other as naturally antagonistic and inimical, the one to the other; and, accordingly, it is very common to hear a ship-owner or master-mariner term the boatmen of certain localities pirates, robbers, and villains; whilst the boatmen in return, speak of them as parsimonious, and mean, and as “grinders of the poor,” &c.

3rdly.—Another reason is, that the avocation of a salvor is an uncertain one, the proceeds of a single service having to maintain the men and their families for many days or even weeks, especially in the summer months.

4thly.—From the common tendency of a boy to follow the profession of his father, the sons of sailors, in too large numbers, take up the same occupation, and thus the profession becomes overstocked, and in bad times the men are reduced to poverty. They are also said to be an improvident class,

and many of them in prosperous times apt to drink more beer than is necessary to quench their thirst, instead of saving their money for periods when out of work. But this habit is unhappily, only too common with the labouring classes in general in these islands.

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**PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB.**—The last monthly meeting of the Club for this season was held at Gilbert's Hotel, Westland-row, Dublin, on Monday, Nov. 11th, for the purpose of receiving and passing a statement of the hon. treasurer and secretary's accounts for the current year. Upwards of 30 members attended, presided over by Fielding Scovell, the Commodore, assisted by the Vice and Rear-Commodores. The accounts having been duly audited were unanimously agreed to and passed; they showed a balance of £19 8s. 9d. in the treasurer's hands to the credit of the Club after all outgoings. It appeared that £153 8s. 9d. had been expended upon six prizes for the ordinary sailing matches of the Club, and £5 11s. 6d. for rowing matches, with upwards of £40 in addition, contributed by the liberality of the members, for three extra prizes, including the goblets and compass for the Channel Match and the timepiece presented by members not owning yachts. Upwards of 30 new members joined the Club during the season, and now it contains 128 names on its list. Some notices of motion were handed in to the secretary for amending the rule as to the entry of yachts before the day appointed for a race, and also with respect to the rule regulating the tonnage at which yawls should be classified with cutters, and after a brief discussion the motions stand for the consideration of the next general meeting in May. The 11th January next was fixed for the annual dinner to take place, and a sub-committee was appointed to carry the arrangements connected with it into effect. A ballot was then had, and after the usual vote of thanks to the Commodore the meeting separated.

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### Editor's Locker.

#### ALLOWANCE OF TONNAGE.

*November 15th, 1867.*

**DEAR MR. EDITOR.**—You must allow me to turn to you as a friend in need, and ask you to take my part against the big boats and all the Committees who favour the big boats.

Perhaps you will surmise from this that I am the owner of a very small craft indeed. It is quite true, a dear little 4 tonner, the last offspring of my brain. I need scarcely tell you that she is perfect, and if she was only big enough would fight her own battles, but as it is, she is overpowered by the nasty great 7, 8, and 9 tonners.

Perhaps you will say "why have anything to do with them? why not play with children of your own age?" That is the very thing, my little Pet is

quite beyond her years, and could give five minutes a ton to most boats in these parts smaller than herself, whilst the great boats will only give her one minute! now is not that hard? They seem to think that a ton is a ton in whatever class you are, but I know to the contrary.

There is more difference between 4 and 7, than between 7 and 10, for 4 is to 7, as 7 to 12 and a quarter, and 4 to 9, as 9 to 20 and a quarter. Now what would a boat of 9 tons expect from a boat of 20, why at least 11 minutes, whilst she would only give the little 4 tonner five minutes.

This principle is admitted I am aware, as in any larger classes time allowance is diminished, but no provision is made in the small classes where it is most required to increase it proportionately. My opinion is that under 10 tons at least 2 or 2½ minutes should be given, and under 5 five minutes. It is notorious that in these classes tonnage allowance as a rule never compensates for size, and the reason is that the actual and not the proportionate difference is considered. I have been compelled in consequence of this to build again at a considerable expense so as to give my principle a fair chance, and consequently this evil will not affect me so much for the future, but *seriously* I do think that it would be a great boon to builders and designers of boats and vessels, if the tonnage allowance was so nicely adjusted as to test the excellence of their principles, without forcing them to go to the great expense of building boats quite up to the size of those with which they may be called upon to contend.

Hoping that your correspondents may throw some light upon the matter, or at least that the Regatta committees may be brought to see the great injustice they are doing to the smaller class of boat best adapted for models.

I am Sir, your obedient servant,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

C.E.S.

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#### LATTEEN SAILS.

November 23rd, 1867.

SIR.—May I venture to ask some brother yachtsman to give me a hint as to how the Norfolk men cut their Latteen Sails. Is the head very round, or how do they accommodate it to the bending of the yard, which must necessarily be very considerable? Any information on this subject would oblige.

Yours, &c.,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

NAUTICUS.

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#### WHAT IS FREEBOARD?

Belfast Nov. 18th, 1867

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Will you kindly insert this question in December number of the *Magazine* "What is the meaning of the word Freeboard as applied to yachts?"

And oblige yours sincerely,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

SPRIT.

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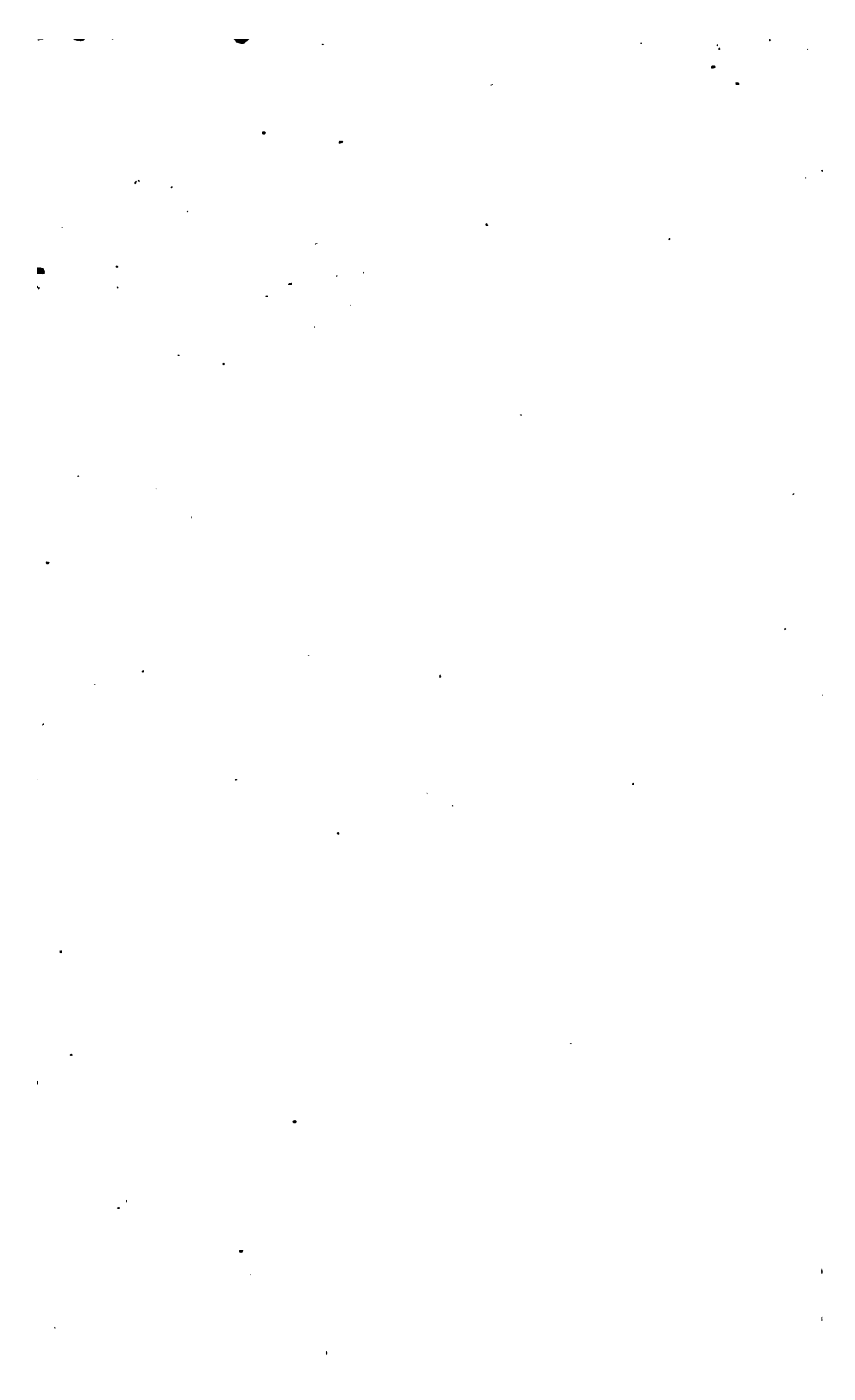
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